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The Most Tantalizing Disappearance

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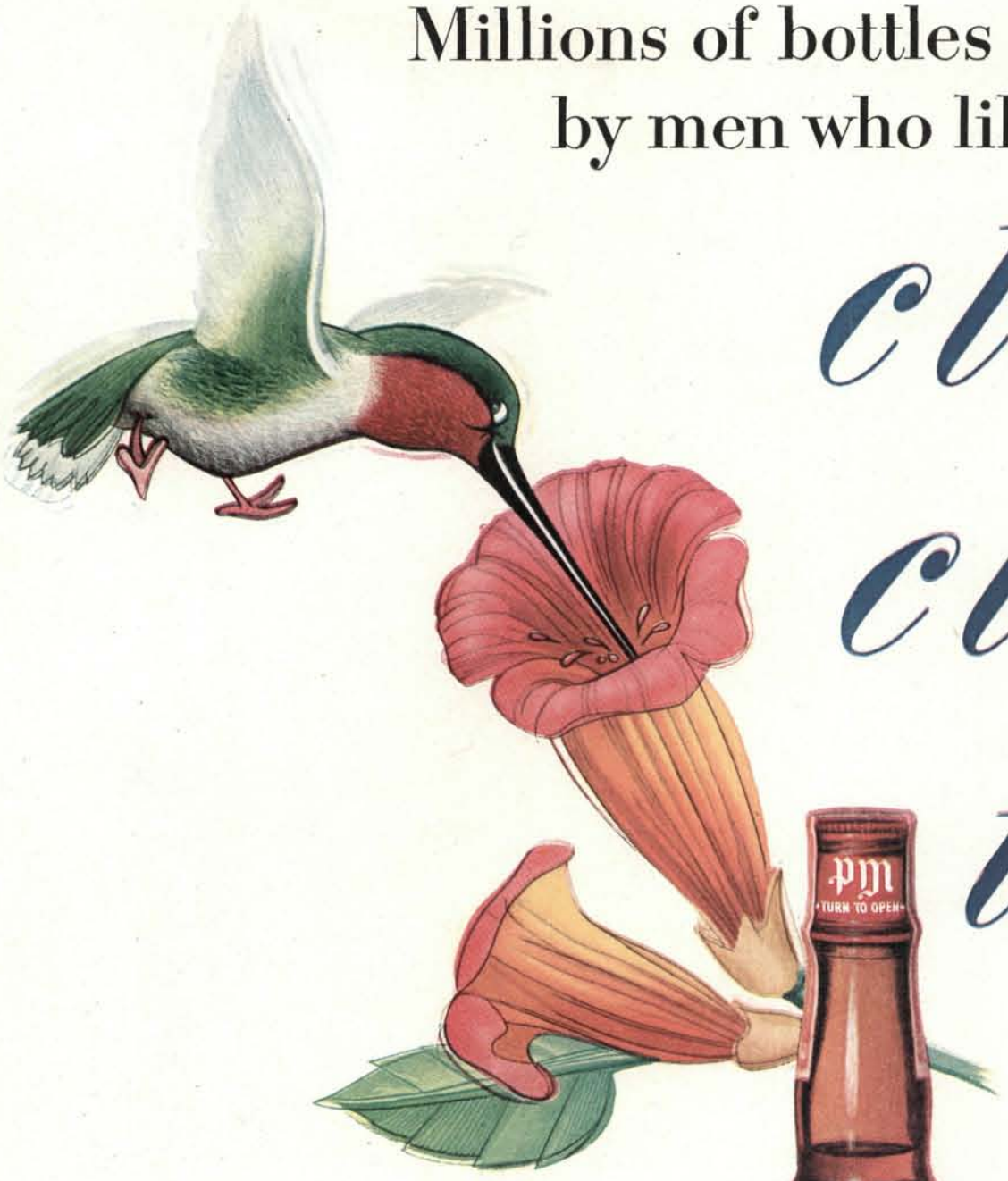
by men who like that

clear
clean
taste



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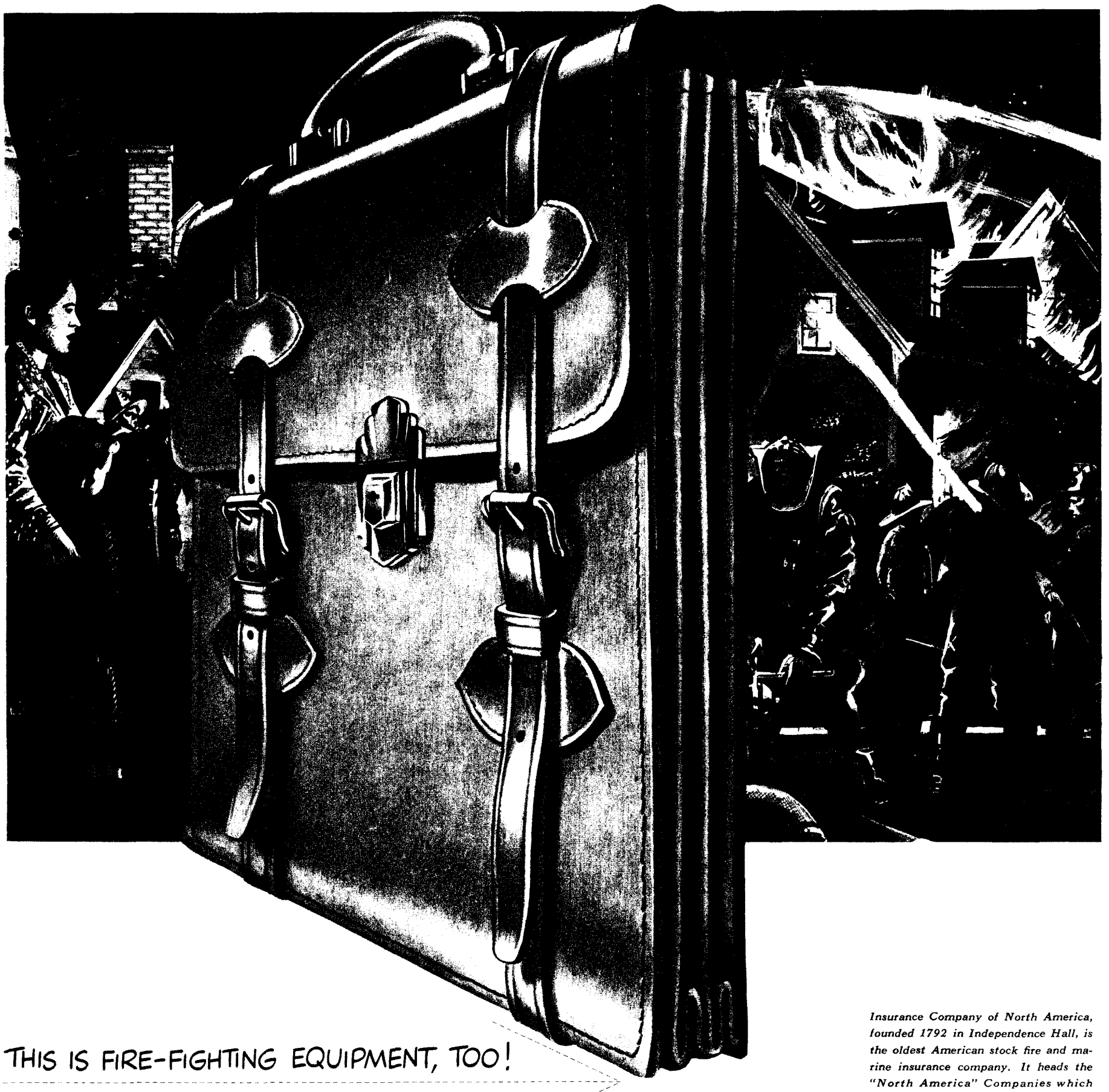

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Picture of the Month

L.A. PUBLIC LIBRARY KANSAS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

FRED ASTAIRE · RED SKELTON
VERA-ELLEN · ARLENE DAHL
in **"THREE LITTLE WORDS"**
KEENAN WYNN · GALE ROBBINS
GLORIA DE HAVEN
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Based on the Lives and Music of
BERT KALMAR and HARRY RUBY
Screen Play by GEORGE WELLS
Directed by.....RICHARD THORPE
Produced by.....JACK CUMMINGS

Up to this point, in our view the three best musicals ever made were "Annie Get Your Gun", "On The Town" and "Easter Parade". But now another candidate for leadership is in the field, and that is "Three Little Words". All of you probably know the song and this is somewhat a life story of its writers, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who created that song and many others.

In "Three Little Words" Fred Astaire plays Bert and none other than Red Skelton plays Harry. The picture is a Technicolor honey. It has great comedy, great songs and great sentiment.

Fred Astaire, who's always good, has never been better. He dances better, sings better and is, if possible, even more jauntily charming. The life of the lyric writer is perfect for him, as Fred understands the jazz spirit and plays it with an overtone that gets under the skin of everybody who has rhythm. Dancing and romancing with him is Vera-Ellen, who would rather share a cottage small than be a headliner in vaudeville.

Red Skelton plays a believable character without in any way resigning his position as the funniest man. He and Fred are a terrific team. Skelton has a mad yen for Arlene Dahl, who, incidentally, has a singing role which she handles surprisingly well.

The tunes are solid and stand out. You will hear "Where Did You Get That Girl", "All Alone Monday", "Thinking Of You", "Who's Sorry Now", and, of course, the incomparable "Three Little Words". They're available in the M-G-M Records album!

"Three Little Words" is a wonderfully entertaining motion picture, produced in Technicolor by the company with the three big letters—M-G-M.

News Note: "The Miniver Story" has been completed. Reports are that it is finer than its Academy Award predecessor, the beloved "Mrs. Miniver". Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play again the roles they made famous.

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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July 29, 1950

ARTICLES

The Most Tantalizing Disappearance of Our Time.....GORDON MANNING 13
Our Busiest Emotion.....MURRAY CAMPBELL 16
Mrs. Smith Really Goes to Town.....LILIAN RIXEY 20
The Amazing Dr. Sperti.....FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE 24
Jet Propulsion, Hollywood Type.....GLADWIN HILL 28
Malzev's Mystery Mountains.....ERNEST LEISER 32
Talent Eye.....JOE HYAMS 34

FICTION

My Last Race.....ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR 18
The Big Bed.....JOHN D. WEAVER 22
Waterfront.....FERGUSON FINDLEY 26
(PART TWO OF FIVE PARTS)
The Rebellious Zoo Keeper.....MARLISE JOHNSTON 30
Grandfather's Pal.....CHARLES EINSTEIN 40
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Who's Whose?.....KEN KRAFT 10
"You Signaled, Dear?".....SANDY SANDERSON 66
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....LAWRENCE WILLINGER

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Miss Kathleen Norris and Boyar, a Russian wolfhound from non-Communist Norway. Kathleen, twenty, recently forsook Hollywood modeling and the movies for a job as secretary to cowboy star Roy Rogers. Boyar, however, is still a model. Owned by Harold Sundt, he has appeared in two Bob Hope films and is listed with the Jeanne Fletcher agency in Los Angeles which supplies canine models for photographic assignments like this one by Lawrence Willinger.

Week's Mail

Beloved Professor

EDITOR: I should like to express my appreciation for Mr. John Conner's edifying story on our beloved professor of accounting, Dr. Gustave K. Klausner (Well Done, Sir, June 10th).

As dean of the School of Commerce and Finance of St. Louis University, I am in a singularly good position to recognize the true contribution which Dr. Klausner has made to this school and the community which it serves. It is the opinion of our faculty, as well as my opinion, that his contribution for the last 35 years has been immeasurable and that probably without exception he has been unmatched in adding to the culture and traditions of the school.

T. F. QUINN, St. Louis, Mo.

"Third Man's" Vienna

EDITOR: What would you think of a leading European magazine if it were to publish a highly fictionalized article on the U.S.A., which, by exaggerating and generalizing certain isolated facts and by completely neglecting and omitting certain others, would induce its readers to believe that Chicago is a city of gangsters, New York a hotbed of prostitution and Washington a center of intrigue and corruption? That's exactly what every well-informed and unbiased reader must think of Vienna's Crimson Shadows, by Collier's European Team (June 10th).

DR. MARTIN FUCHS, Austrian Consulate General, New York, N. Y.

. . . After discovering your article 'The Third Man' Story Is True (Vienna's Crimson Shadows), I bought several copies of your June 10th issue and sent them to fellow Viennese friends whom fate had whisked to far-off and better places on the globe, like myself.

The article by your European team is as interesting, descriptive and excellent as the two marvelous color pictures accompanying it. Such height of journalistic endeavor and accuracy is reached but very rarely by our magazines and you all deserve a fully earned verbal pat on the back for it.

WALTER GERSTEL, Berkeley, Cal.

Schools or Jails?

EDITOR: My congratulations on the splendid editorial Ignorance Is Not Bliss (June 10th). Every word contained in the editorial is only too true.

In connection with this editorial I would like to draw your attention to a speech made in the House of Commons, Canadian Parliament, on May 22d by the Leader of the Opposition, Colonel George A. Drew. During the debate on federal aid to education Colonel Drew made the following quotation:

"The more we spend on education the less we will spend on reform and on prisons. When we ask where the money is to come from, and that is a sensible question, I suggest that we could probably save some of the enormous expenditure we are now called upon to make on prisons and reform-

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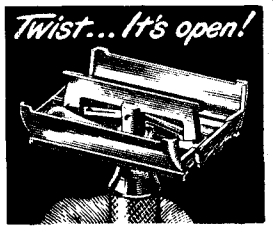

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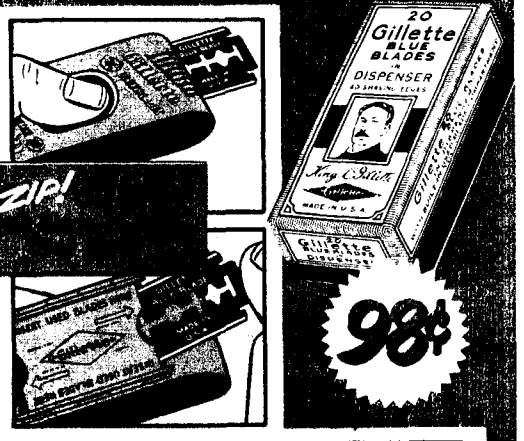

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atories if we spent an additional amount in providing educational opportunities in all parts of this great land."

You will agree that Colonel Drew's remarks are very fitting, and back up all you state in your editorial. I may add that the matter of federal aid to education is one that is being given great thought in Ontario, and has already received the support of educational bodies, service clubs, etc.

W. PLAYER, Ottawa, Ontario

Everyday Attire

EDITOR: I thought you would like to know that two of your feature writers, Jhan and June Robbins, made a mistake, or at least a near mistake.

In their article, Scholars in Full Dress (June 10th), they said: 'Since no American university requires its students to wear academic robes to class . . ."

I have written them a letter explaining that students have been wearing academic gowns daily to class at this institution since 1873, when a student-sponsored organization, the Order of Gownsmen, composed of high-ranking members of the junior and senior classes, ruled that its members must be so attired. This tradition, now almost 80 years old, is still strictly followed here.

ARTHUR CHITTY, The University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

About That Suggestion

EDITOR: You have printed an editorial which is of immense importance to reading and thinking Americans. I refer to Mr. President, May We Suggest . . . (June 10th).

May *I* suggest that you reprint this article very soon, and place it in the front pages of Collier's? LOUISE KELLY, Orleans, Mass.

. . . I have been rereading your editorial advising President Truman to appoint Dr. Bunche as ambassador to Moscow.

Your editorial is well reasoned and well put; your idea is excellent and would no doubt do a great deal of good. But would it solve a very pressing problem? Would it impress the Russians that their government is kidding them? Would it hasten the solution of the Negro problem here in the U.S.A.?

Perhaps your suggestion is sincere and very shrewd, but it lacks wisdom and understanding as well as awareness of the fundamentals involved in the "other" world's attitude toward our treatment of the Negro citizen. B. E. NELSON, Hampton, Va.

. . . If the issue involved were not such an important one, your editorial might simply be amusing. Faced with Soviet criticism of racial segregation in the United States, what should our first step be? Should we do all in our power to end segregation, thus removing the source of the criticism? No! We should simply send a Negro ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Perhaps an analogy will reveal the essential irony of your suggestion. I am criticized by my neighbors because I constantly and mercilessly beat my ten children. Should I stop beating my children? No! Rather I should show my neighbors my eleventh child, whom I have never (or seldom) beaten; this will solve the problem.

CHARLES BLITZER, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . One of the many things I enjoy and appreciate in reading Collier's is their policy of publishing articles regularly concerning racial prejudice.

In my opinion, this is one of the most important problems confronting our country today if we are to do an intelligent job in world moral leadership.

E. T. WHITNEY, New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Spirit and the Facts

EDITOR: This is to express to you what a very fine article I think you have published in Can Humans Be Rebuilt?—A Progress Report, by Henry La Cossitt (June 3d). It certainly covers the spirit of the Presbyterian Hospital, and I know I speak for the whole "hospital family" when I say we thoroughly appreciate it.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Chairman, Public Relations Committee, The Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Through your inspiration Henry La Cossitt did a superb job. We believe he was greatly assisted by some of our men here so that he might obtain the full truth. We frequently marveled at Mr. La Cossitt's ability to discern scientific facts and to have critical judgment of scientific facts which is unique for any layman. It is a great tribute to Collier's to know that this article contains facts every one of which can be substantiated

W. G. HIBBS, M.D., Medical Director, The Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

Cross Winds

EDITOR: I am wondering if the lighthouse picture on the cover of your June 10th issue was supposed to be one of these pictures in which the public is asked, "How many mistakes can you find?" If it isn't intended as such, then you should have a sailor go over the paintings that are made for your use.

Let's assume that the weather vane on the top of the lighthouse is pointing toward the east. Then the wind is coming from the east. This is borne out by the smoke from the freighter and the tug. However, according to the washing on the line, which is also a weather vane, the wind is blowing from the west; and if the wind is blowing from the west, then the skiff in the foreground is tailing offshore in the right direction.

If the wind is blowing from the east as is indicated by the weather vane, then this skiff would be against the rock on the port side of the skiff.

E. F. MCDONALD, JR., Chicago, Ill.

Wrong Actor

EDITOR: At the close of your article on J. Carrol Naish (What a Character Actor!, June 10th) you have made the statement that the officer friend of Gary Cooper in Farewell to Arms was Mr. Naish.

Having recently seen the revival of this wonderful picture I am wondering if you have not made a slight error. As I remember the friend of Mr. Cooper it was the very fine actor Mr. Adolph Menjou.

Please advise if I am correct.

R. V. CHRISTENSEN, Canton, Ohio

You're correct, says Warner Brothers.

Praise for Researchers

EDITOR: After reading your Guinea Pig for ACTH (June 10th) I must congratulate you. This article covers every aspect of the case not only from the viewpoint of the ordinary reader but also from that of the professional man.

Let us hope that we may be able to get a synthetic method of making this most valuable substance, as at present the cost remains too high for the average person. I feel quite sure that our fundamental researchers will find the ultimate solution.

It seems to me that basic scientists are not adequately rewarded for the long hours they put upon research, and the ability displayed in their endeavors.

DR. G. W. FLETCHER, Victoria, B. C.

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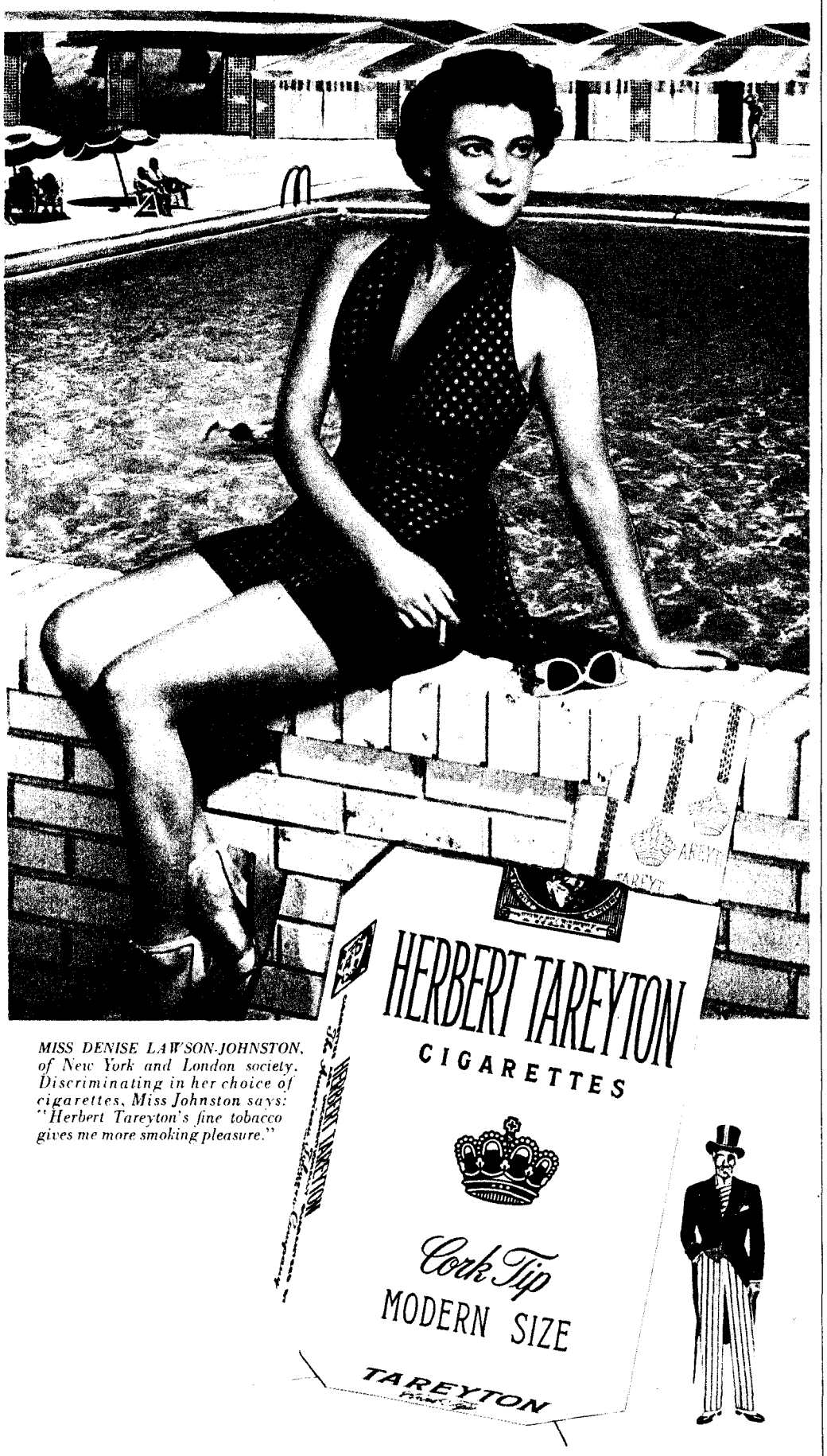

MISS DENISE LAWSON-JOHNSTON, of New York and London society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Johnston says: "Herbert Tareyton's fine tobacco gives me more smoking pleasure."

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BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE C. GOODWIN, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The pygmy shrew, only an inch and a half long, can twitch its snout so rapidly that even fast photographs of it are blurred

One of the most fantastic abilities possessed by animals is displayed by a rare species of pygmy shrew found in the United States. This tiny mammal, which is only an inch and a half long, usually twitches its snout so rapidly that photographs of it are blurred, even when taken at a speed of 1-200th of a second.

The only community in the United States that has become a vast motion-picture studio is Kanab, Utah, about 400 miles northeast of Los Angeles. Soon after the first picture filmed there was completed in 1922, its citizens sent photographs of the beautiful scenery in and around Kanab to Hollywood producers and began to develop the town's facilities for serving film organizations on location. Since then, Kanab has acquired an excellent hotel, its 1,300 inhabitants have become picture actors and the town has built a prop department that can quickly fulfill almost all orders, which have included requests for 200 real Indians and 700 wild horses. Consequently, more than 150 movies have been made in Kanab and, in recent years, the motion-picture companies that have worked there have spent as much as $500,000 annually.

A murder case that made history occurred in 1909 in Kansas City, Missouri, in the mansion of Colonel Thomas B. Swope, an elderly multimillionaire bachelor. At the time those living with him were his brother's widow, a nephew and five nieces, one of whom had just established her own home nearby, having married a Dr. B. C. Hyde. As a member of the family, he soon learned that Swope was about to change his will and leave most of his money to charity. To prevent it, Hyde gave both the old man and his lawyer a poison which acted so quickly that they "died of heart failure." Hyde then attempted to murder the young heirs in the house so his wife would get their shares of the fortune. Before he was found to be the killer ten weeks later, he had fatally poisoned one and had nearly caused the death of the other four with typhoid germs. Despite the overwhelming evidence, Hyde escaped conviction in three trials held in the following four years. In the first, he was found guilty, but the verdict on appeal was reversed on technicalities; the second was declared a mistrial and the third ended with a hung jury. The indictment against Hyde was dismissed in 1917 and he never spent a single day in prison for his diabolical crimes.

Despite the widespread belief that intense grief or fear can cause hair to turn white overnight, physicians have never found a single authentic case among the thousands they have investigated.

In 1939 in a village in Essex, England, an aging spinster-recluse, Ada Kent, did not respond to a knock on her cottage door one day so the caller, her friend Mary who had a key, went in to investigate. The house was in order, showed no signs of a struggle; but its owner was missing. As a week passed without news of her, Mary went over every inch of every room in the cottage, looking for a clue that might solve the mystery of Ada's disappearance. Two months later, the dwelling was thoroughly examined again by Mary and a detective; and in 1942, it was again carefully inspected. Late in 1949, Ada's bank decided to take over her dormant account and one of its officials asked the village authorities to go through her cottage once more, a routine search required by law. Consequently, two policemen broke into the dilapidated place and, within a minute, made an incredible discovery in the dining room. An untouched meal was on a small table beside an armchair and in the armchair sat the fully clothed skeleton of Ada Kent.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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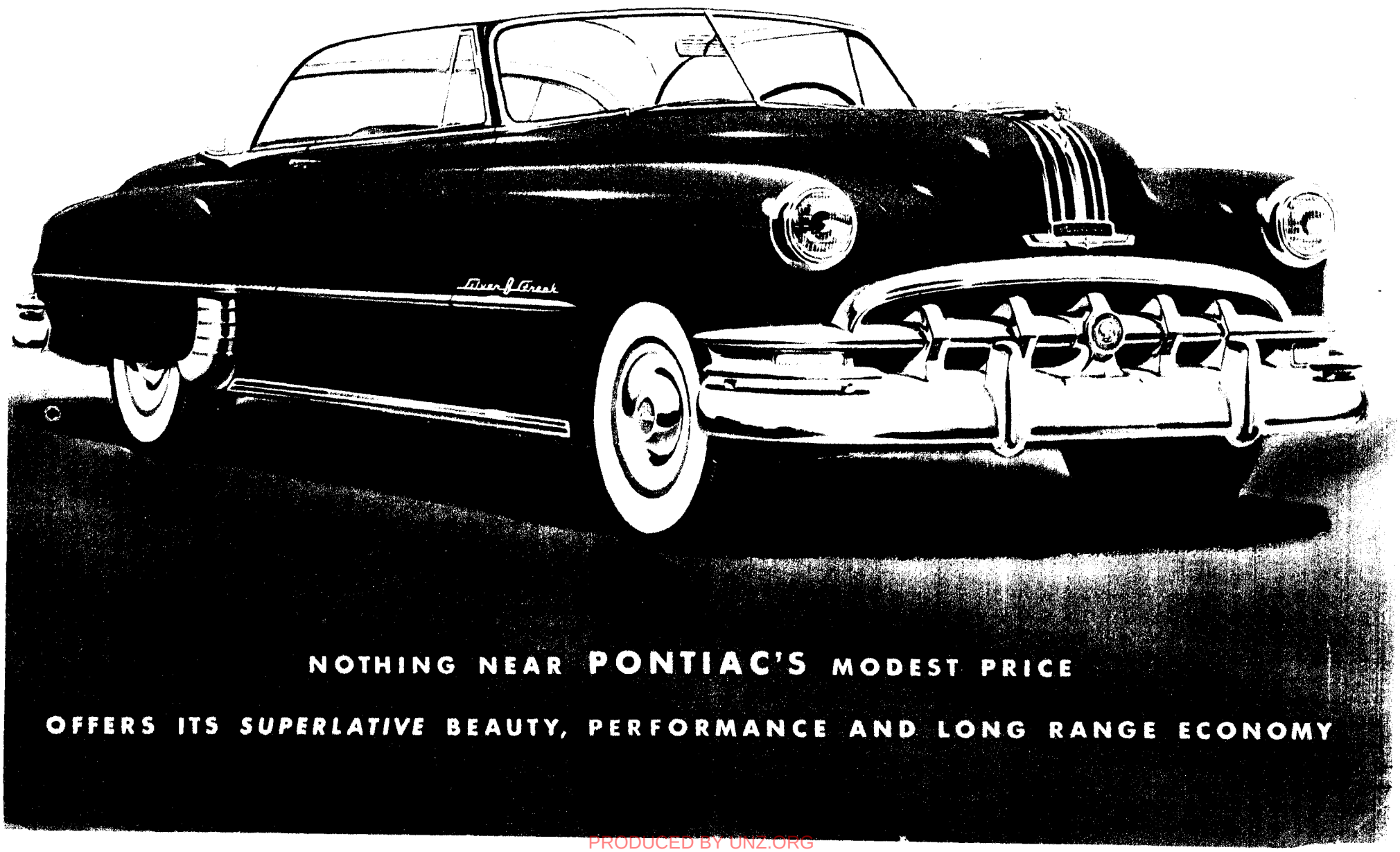

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ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE

WHO'S WHOSE?

By KEN KRAFT

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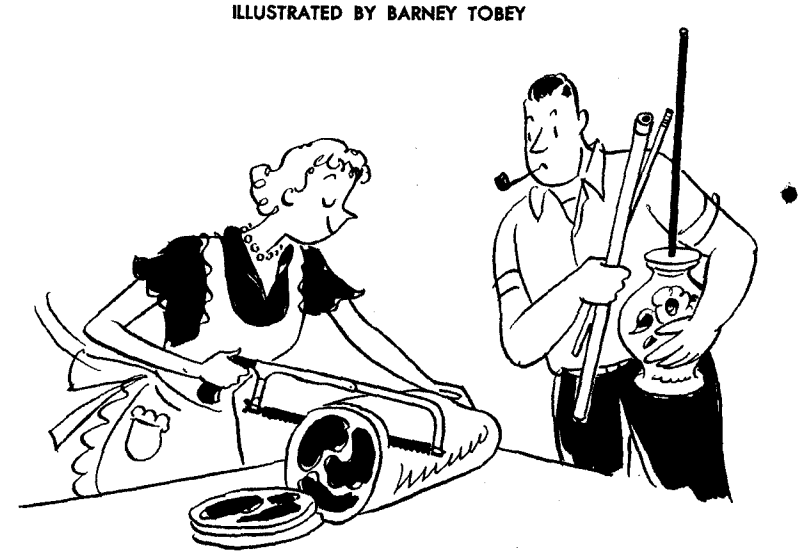

My wife uses the hack saw to bisect ham bones and frozen peaches

THERE'S something funny going on. Unless my home is different from every other home, the U.S. male is suffering an acute attack of borderline ownership. You won't find that term in any of the medical libraries, by the way, because I just made it up. In case we can't lick the trouble, a fancy name will make it a lot easier to stand.

If you are now wondering whether you are a victim of this malady, we can find out pretty fast. Think hard. Has your wife asked you any of these questions recently: Where have you put your good gold cuff links that I wear in this blouse? Isn't it nice how your fleece-lined slippers keep my feet comfy? Why must you fill your pen with black ink when you know I always use green?

She has? Then you've got it too. Or at least you are being exposed to it, and that is almost as bad. Infallible symptoms of the disorder are a vague sense of loss and a high-pitched humming in the ears. While it is seldom fatal, no cure has appeared up to nine o'clock this morning, and none is expected.

Borderline ownership is strictly a modern trouble, of course. In the good old days of the clearheaded pioneers there was no nonsense about it. The spinning wheel belonged to Maw, and the chewing tobacco was Paw's and the ducking stool was waiting for the first wrong move.

But today—well, let me give you an example. The other night a man on the radio was saying that women not only spend most of the money in this country, but hold most of the property. He said this as if he expected me to be surprised. I was looking at my wife and I was surprise-proof. She was snuggled in my easy chair reading a book I had just started, smoking one of my cigarettes and wriggling her shoulders inside my red corduroy house coat. As she is six inches shorter and 50 pounds lighter, my clothes fit her like a covered wagon.

But size is never really a factor in borderline ownership. A hack saw will fit one person as well as another, for instance. I had a hack saw, hanging on the wall behind my tool bench, with its outline painted on the wall to show where the saw belonged. I still have the outline, lingering like a ghost, and if you listen you may hear my wife bisecting ham bones in the kitchen, sawing off a serving of frozen peaches, doing other such little kitchen chores so perfectly suited for heavy-duty workshop tools.

Originally that hack saw belonged to me alone. A day or two later, my wife wandered by and said, "Where did you put our hack saw? I want to cut back the lilac bush." The next time I needed the saw, it was missing. My wife said, "I keep my hack saw in the kitchen knife drawer, but you're perfectly welcome to use it."

There's no point saying borderline ownership should work both ways. I have almost no use for a pleated skirt or snakeskin pumps, even if I were welcome to them. I am also cool toward costume jewelry, and I have not cared to use my wife's bath salts since the day I came out of the tub smelling so fine that a large dog followed me several blocks begging for goodies.

If somebody could tell me where all this is going to lead, I might feel better. I'm afraid I know, however, and I feel worse. A few minutes ago my wife asked, "Where do you keep your cigars?" A frightening idea struck me after I had mechanically answered, and I hurried after her.

She was handing some cigars to the mailman. "Happy birthday, Mr. Slocum," I heard her say. I felt better, but it may be just a temporary relief. Soon the phrase may be ". . . our cigars," and by this time next year I may be borrowing clear Havanas from her, and helping with the wet wash to show my gratitude. THE END

She was snuggled in my easy chair reading a book I had just started

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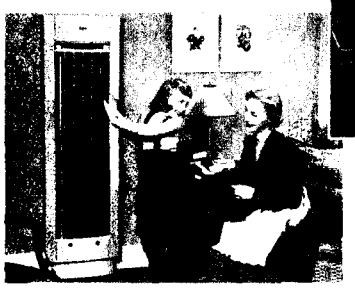

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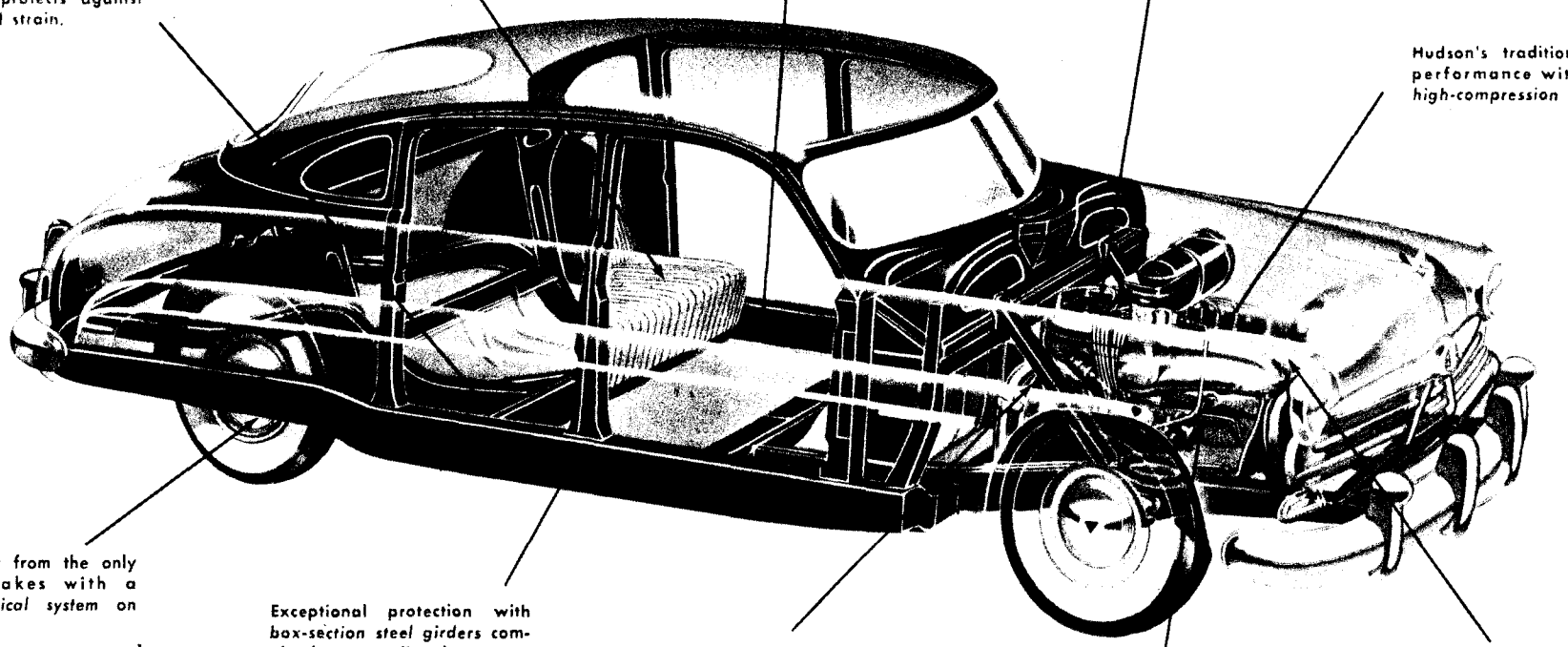

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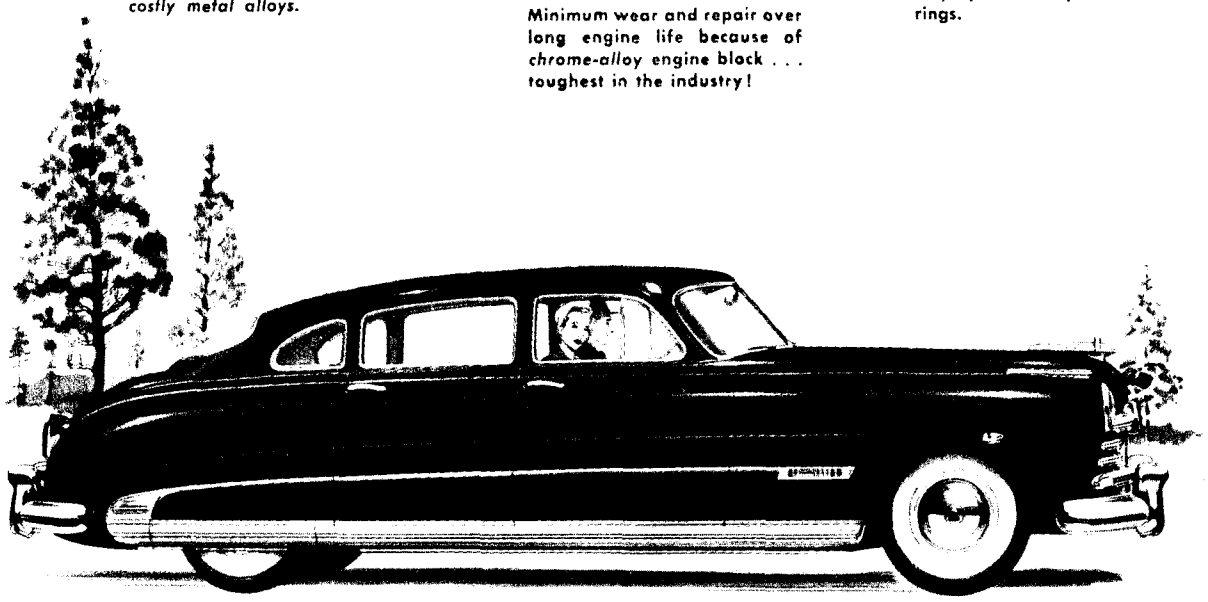

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THE MOST Tantalizing Disappearance OF OUR TIME

By GORDON MANNING

IT WAS another scorching day, the fifth in a row with the temperature soaring above 90 degrees, that greeted sweating New Yorkers just 20 years ago on August 6, 1930. The big story in the newspapers that morning was an account of President Hoover's drought relief plans as the merciless heat wave continued over most of the nation. Elsewhere in the headlines, news readers learned that Major General Douglas MacArthur had been named Army Chief of Staff; Babe Ruth had walloped his forty-first home run of the season as the Yankees split a double-header with the Senators, and that District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain was about to subpoena witnesses in an investigation of sensational charges that Magistrate George F. Ewald paid a Tammany Hall leader $10,000 for his appointment to the bench.

In downtown Manhattan that summer morning in the huge granite New County Courthouse on plane-tree-shaded Foley Square, New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater busied himself in his chambers. The judge, a tall, robust, graying man of impressive mien and manners, worked alone behind the closed doors of his inner office, mysteriously sorting and stuffing papers into two leather brief cases and five cardboard portfolios.

Sometime after midmorning the judge summoned his court attendant, Joseph L. Mara, from the outside office of his chambers and handed him two checks. Made out to cash, one was for $3,000 on the jurist's account at the Chase National Bank and the other was for $2,150 on his account at the Empire Trust Company. Mara soon returned from the banks with the $5,150, mostly in bills of large denomination, contained in two envelopes. Without even bothering to count the money, an unusual procedure for Crater, who was not noted for his looseness with a dollar, the strangely preoccupied judge put the envelopes in the inside pocket of his coat and went back to his papers.

A short while later Crater again called Mara and had him tie up the five portfolios by this time filled with various documents. After instructing his secretary, Frederic A. Johnson, the only other person in the chambers that morning, to lock up the office, the judge and Mara, the latter carrying the bulging brief cases and folders, proceeded by taxi to the Crater apartment at 40 Fifth Avenue. The attendant took the bundles to the judge's handsome five-room suite, placed them on a chair in the sitting room and was dismissed.

"You may go now, Joe," Crater told Mara, speaking slowly and distinctly as was his custom after years of classroom lecturing at law schools. "I'm going up Westchester way for a swim. I'll see you tomorrow."

There is no record of what the forty-one-year-old jurist did from that time, shortly after noon, until early that evening. It was then that he appeared, wearing one of his favorite high-collared shirts, a pin-striped dark brown suit and a Panama hat, at the Arrow theater ticket agency on Broadway. There he sought to buy a single ticket for that evening's performance of Dancing Partner, a new comedy that had opened the night before at the Belasco Theater on West Forty-fourth Street. Joseph Grainsky, operator of the agency and a close friend of Crater's, told him there was nothing available at the moment, but that he would try to dig one up and leave it at the box office in the judge's name.

Then, in his characteristic gait, peculiar because he took such short steps with his long legs, Crater walked the brief distance from the ticket agency to Billy Haas's restaurant, a popular dining spot for show people, at 332 West Forty-fifth Street. At a table near the entrance, Crater saw another friend, William Klein, an attorney who handled theatrical legal work for the Shuberts, and a comely show girl named Sally Lou Ritz. Klein invited Crater to dine with them, and he accepted, chatting informally and without apparent anxiety throughout the meal. The only topic of the dinner conversation that Klein recalls clearly today was that the judge mentioned he soon was returning to his summer cottage at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, for a three-week vacation with his wife before court reconvened August 25th.

INTERNATIONAL

Meantime, Grainsky succeeded in reserving a ticket for Crater. It was picked up later at the box office, but by whom and at what time never has been established. Crater often attended the theater alone, and just about as often he used his influence to obtain tickets for friends or important political acquaintances.

It was well after curtain time, though, when Crater left Haas's with Klein and Miss Ritz. About 9:15 P.M. the three of them emerged from the restaurant and Crater hailed a passing cab. Klein and Miss Ritz, who were going to walk eastward toward Broadway, paused while Crater climbed into the taxi. They waved good night to him as the vehicle moved off toward Ninth Avenue.

That was the last authenticated glimpse anyone has had of Joseph Force Crater, dead or alive. From that moment on he vanished without a trace. As those taxi wheels turned westward on Forty-fifth Street that night, they began spinning a mystery which to this day is as baffling as it was 20 years ago when one of the costliest and most publicized man hunts in history got under way. In the ensuing years, the police, newspapers and insurance companies have spent an estimated $300,000 in extensive but fruitless efforts to locate Crater and thereby solve the most perplexing Missing Persons case on record.

Many different theories as to his fate have been advanced; and strangely, enough circumstantial evidence, rumor and fact exist to make most of them plausible. The case has become such a classic that "to pull a Crater" is Broadway slang for a disappearance, and a vaudeville comedian still can get a laugh by pretending to search for the missing justice in the long black beard of a stooge.

Although the judge never was seen again after he stepped into the taxi and oblivion that Wednesday night, news of his disappearance did not break into the headlines for nearly a month. Since he was on vacation and not scheduled to sit on the bench until August 25th, there was no reason for anyone

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A brilliant newcomer among New York's lawyers, Crater attracted the notice of Robert A. Wagner, later senator, and became his secretary

Crater was appointed to the Supreme Court bench in 1930 to fill an unexpired term. He fought hard for job, was named by Gov. Roosevelt

except his wife and close friends to be concerned about his whereabouts that early in the month.

Even his blond wife Stella, whom he had married March 16, 1917, seven days after a divorce he, as a rising young lawyer, had helped her obtain from her first husband, was not immediately aware of his untoward absence. The judge had been spending time, off and on, all summer with her at their Maine cottage. He had arrived there Saturday, August 2d, for another stay, only to leave quite unexpectedly by train the following evening after receiving a mysterious phone call from New York.

Wife Attributed Worry to Election

He seemed disturbed by the call, Mrs. Crater recalled later, and muttered something about "having to straighten those fellows out." Since the judge was about to campaign for nomination and election to a full 14-year term on the State Supreme Court bench (at the time he was an appointee filling the unexpired term of a justice who had retired), his wife assumed it was some political problem he had to untangle. He seldom discussed his business with her anyway, so she had not been concerned when he kissed her good-by and promised to return not later than the following Saturday, August 9th.

When the judge neither appeared nor called that week end, Mrs. Crater grew agitated because she knew her husband as a man of regular habits who telephoned or wired her frequently, especially if he was overly detained. A few days later when she tried to telephone him without success, she became alarmed and called Simon H. Rifkind, an attorney friend of Crater's who went on to become a federal judge, until his resignation recently to resume private practice. Rifkind promised to make a check.

Four days later, when there was still no word of her husband's whereabouts, Mrs. Crater sent their chauffeur, Fred Kahler, down to New York to make a private search. Kahler wrote back a letter August 20th, advising her that the Crater apartment was in good order. Kahler also visited Mara and some of Crater's political associates, and these men, anxious that no scandal break prior to the pending fall elections, assured him that the judge undoubtedly would turn up in a day or so.

These predictions, passed on by Kahler in his letter, assuaged Mrs. Crater's fears somewhat until August 27th.

On that day, Supreme Court Justice Louis A. Valente telephoned to Maine in an effort to locate the missing judge, who had failed to appear on the day when he was to have presided over Part I of the Special Term. Knowing that Crater's long-time ambition was to become a full-fledged Supreme Court judge and aware that his appearance in court on schedule was important in view of the coming campaign for nomination and election, Judge Valente was understandably concerned.

Mrs. Crater drove to New York immediately, traveling all night in the Craters' 1927 luxury sedan. Upon her arrival she went straight to the Fifth Avenue apartment. She checked the suite quickly, and then began calling friends who, she thought, might give her some clue as to what had happened to her husband. None was able to offer any encouragement, though. By this time the distraught woman was on the verge of collapse. Again, however, political cronies of the judge, an active participant in Tammany Hall politics for years, counseled her to return to Maine on the grounds that her husband would soon turn up on his own. Don't notify the police, they cautioned, for such a move would jeopardize Crater's chances of nomination and election. Mrs. Crater followed their advice.

Meantime, Detective Leo Lowenthal of the New York police was asked by some of Crater's friends to make a private investigation of the disappearance. Lowenthal, who always guarded U.S. Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York when he was in the city, undertook this confidential assignment —somewhat contrary to police regulations, by the way—because Crater himself was once a protégé and later a close friend of the senator's.

The general public was informed of Crater's mysterious absence on September 3d, when the New York World (now defunct) broke the story on its front page. The other papers in town, especially the tabloids, enthusiastically seized upon the Crater yarn and began to exploit the case with "new clues" and developments in every edition. Reporters and photographers were dispatched, with scant regard for expense, anywhere that a scoop on the mystery might be forthcoming.

On September 4th, the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters, officially in the dark on the Crater disappearance until that late date, finally received a request from Simon H. Rifkind to look for the vanished judge. And so the now famous Case No. 13595 was opened. Captain John Ayres, commanding the bureau at the time under Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, assigned Detective Jacob Von Weisenstein to take charge of the investigation.

More than 10,000 circulars bearing Crater's photograph and description were mailed at once to police chiefs and sheriffs throughout the nation, and to many consulates abroad. The description on the circulars called attention to the missing jurist's unique physical characteristics. The most notable was that, although he was six feet tall and weighed 185 pounds, Crater had a long, narrow neck (size 14 collar) and a small head (6⅝ hat). The police also listed, among other information, that the judge was in good mental and physical condition when last seen, had brown eyes, false teeth in upper and lower jaws, wore a gold Masonic ring and that the tip of his right index finger was somewhat mutilated at the time after being jammed in a car-door accident.

Detective Lowenthal, clearing himself of any possible violation of regulations, made a complete report of his private investigation, and was assigned to continue working on the case. His complete check of local hospitals and morgues had uncovered nothing. In a painstaking search of the empty Crater apartment, Lowenthal said he had found all of the judge's 30 suits, except the one he was wearing when he dropped from sight, all of his traveling bags and, oddly enough, his monogrammed pocket watch, pen and card case, three treasured possessions which the judge almost always carried. However, because of the sultry weather he may have set aside these articles when he discarded his vest.

Mystery of the Vanished Documents

The detective also reported he had found no trace of the two brief cases and the five folders the judge had taken from the courthouse, and they never have been recovered to this day. What Crater did with them, and just what documents they contained, never has been established. Subsequent checks proved all his court papers were in order; police are at a loss to explain the large volume of material he removed on that fateful Wednesday.

Although Crater's withdrawal of $5,150 just about exhausted those two bank accounts, and his suspicious removal of papers led police to believe that he deliberately planned his disappearance,

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On the fateful night, Crater dined with a lawyer friend and a show girl, then hailed a taxi. He told them he was going to the theater

"As those taxi wheels turned westward on 45th Street that night they began spinning a mystery which is as baffling as it was 20 years ago"

there were other circumstances indicating he did not intend to go away voluntarily. Further investigation revealed that he had asked the Crater maid to return to the apartment on August 25th, so it would be clean on his planned return to the city. He also had ordered two new tailor-made suits to be delivered in time for his reappearance on the bench.

But more important, the judge seemed ready for the climax of a brilliant law career in the late summer of 1930. He was then only forty-one, held in high esteem and seemingly happily wed though childless. His chances of nomination and election to a full term on the bench—then at an annual salary of $22,500—seemed assured. The judge was noted for his geniality, and had a vast number of friends, many of whom occupied high places in politics and business. Why should he want to go away?

That's the question which puzzled police and District Attorney Crain. Although Crater was wanted for no crime, Crain, nevertheless, ordered a grand jury investigation of his disappearance. Because the missing judge was active in Tammany Hall politics, then under fire because of an unsavory job-buying scandal, Crain felt the step was in order. The D.A.'s office and the police conducted separate inquiries throughout the rest of the year, sometimes turning up conflicting evidence which added to the confusion surrounding the case.

However, their reports indicate that both agencies did a thorough job in checking on Crater. The police ran every clue to the ground, no matter how remote it might have seemed at the outset. The grand jury, on the other hand, interviewed some 300 persons and read hundreds of letters, telegrams and depositions in compiling nearly 2,000 typewritten pages of testimony during the 45 sessions it held on the case over the course of four months.

Two unfathomable situations immediately added to the enigma of the vanished jurist. Despite all efforts to locate him, the taxi driver who picked Crater up in front of Haas's restaurant never came forward. New York cabbies, particularly those who patrol the Times Square area, always have been known for their ability to remember fares—especially a fairly prominent person such as Judge Crater. So it was surprising that no driver appeared.

And the behavior of Mrs. Crater, once the story broke in the papers, puzzled many. She continued to remain in Belgrade Lakes, and refused Crain's request to return to New York and testify before the grand jury. Explaining that she was too grief-stricken and ill to make the trip, she stayed in Maine for about five months before venturing back to her Fifth Avenue apartment. All Mrs. Crater would say was that she and the judge had been happy together; that he had never before absented himself without advising her where he was going; that he had no enemies that she knew of, and that he had not appeared unduly worried or distressed when she last saw him.

Complicity in Job-Buying Suspected

The first theory Crain worked on was that Crater somehow was mixed up in the Ewald job-buying scandal. Ewald and his wife were charged with paying $10,000 to Martin J. Healy, Tammany leader of the 19th Assembly District, for his bench appointment. Since Crater was president of the Cayuga Democratic Club in the 19th District and an intimate of Healy's, the district attorney speculated that Crater may have vanished when that investigation began on August 6th because he was involved.

Although the charges against Healy and the Ewalds eventually were dropped after three separate trial juries failed to reach a decision, the case resulted in the appointment of former Judge Samuel Seabury on August 25, 1930, to investigate magistrates and magistrates' courts. The Seabury investigation led to other civic inquiries, finally resulting in Mayor Jimmy Walker's resignation and a great loss of power and prestige for Tammany Hall.

Authorities also checked the possibility that Crater may have paid off to get his judgeship and feared exposure. On May 27, 1930, it was disclosed, the judge withdrew $7,500 from bank accounts and sold securities worth $15,779.86. His broker, Arthur E. McCabe, recalled that the jurist asked to be paid for the securities in $1,000 bills. The total amount of cash he received that day was suspiciously close to the $22,500 annual salary of a Supreme Court judge, and led investigators to suspect that perhaps Crater may have been abiding by the old ward heeler's rule of thumb—a year's salary for any political plum granted. However, Crain's office never was able to prove its suspicions, or what happened to all that cash Crater had on hand late in May.

As authorities continued to study Crater's past, seeking a clue to his disappearance, they were surprised to learn that the austere-looking justice was no fussy stay-at-home. He was well known in the Times Square district for his fondness for pretty show girls, and had been seen in the company of at least a half-dozen different Broadway Butterflies at various night clubs.

Although a teetotaler for the last six months before he vanished and an extremely moderate drinker prior to that, Crater enjoyed the night life of the giddy prohibition era. Possibly the judge's relationship with many of these girls was harmless, but it was learned that he had a definite hidden love life.

According to police, the name of his secret inamorata was Constance Marcus, a dress-shop sales clerk, who later testified that the justice often had taken her out, and that he had visited her apartment regularly for the past seven years.

Mrs. Marcus, an attractive dark-haired divorcee, told detectives that Crater also gave her money from time to time, but added that she had last seen the man July 24th, two weeks before his disappearance. Additional confirmation of the judge's highly irregular personal behavior seemed to be given when chauffeur Fred Kahler testified that he seldom took his employer to a definite address. Usually the judge left the car at a street intersection, Kahler told authorities, and then ordered the chauffeur to pick him up there or at another appointed corner later.

Another facet of Crater's life checked by the district attorney was the many property receiverships he had held as a lawyer under court appointment. The biggest of these was the one he managed on Libby's Hotel, a costly 12-story brick structure on the lower East Side which went into receivership with a tremendous loss to its small stockholders. Crater was appointed receiver of that property on February 2, 1929.

On June 27, 1929, the property was sold to the American Mortgage Loan Company, a subsidiary of the American Bond & Mortgage Company, for a bid of $75,000. No money was paid on delivery of the deed, though, since the bid was subject to accumulated taxes, water rates and other assessments on the building exceeding $75,000. Two months later, on August 9, 1929, the American Mortgage Loan Company sold the property to the City of New York, which wanted *(Continued on page 64)*

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Our Busiest Emotion

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

Anxiety—prime cause of the stab-in-the-back, husband and wife tension, jealousy, violence—sometimes *can* be curbed

OF ALL the nuisance-type emotions that mankind (and womankind) are stuck with, the one that costs most of us the most time, money, discomfort and pain of body and mind is anxiety. The psychiatrists, who want us to live comfortably in this world with our own and other people's emotions, disagree on many details of how we are to accomplish that remarkable feat. But every psychiatrist I consulted in preparing this article did agree on this: that anxiety outdoes all the other emotions at balling up the assignment called life.

Anxiety, I was assured, helps cause most of our "worry," well over half of our physical and mental illnesses, and probably the bulk of the general cantankerousness we blandly accept as "just human nature." It is, for instance, a prime motivator of many of our crimes of violence, husband-wife tensions, parent-child squabbles, jealousy in and among professions, back-stabbing in business and social organizations, labor-management uproars, racial and religious hatreds, and sometimes international wars. And when we are not engaged in major conflicts, each of us suffers a few minutes to many hours a day of acute personal discomfort—often when we don't even suspect we *are* anxious.

"The curious thing is," a noted psychiatrist said to me, "that this same anxiety that makes so much trouble today was probably primitive man's most constructive and valuable emotion. As everyone knows, the stated job of anxiety is to mobilize the human *body* to flee or fight *sudden, physical* danger. One way it does this is by quickly squirting into the blood stream a chemical called adrenalin.

"This adrenalin instantly hardens the muscles for action, instantly speeds up the heart to get more blood to them, instantly increases the blood's content of sugar so as to make it a better muscle fuel.

"In other words, anxiety instantly and violently races the individual's physical motor. Our cave man ancestor needed this instant and violent physical mobilization; otherwise he could not have survived his first saber-toothed tiger or his first neighbor who called at his cave equipped with rock, club or stone dagger. If his *body* wasn't ready to fight or to get somewhere else fast, he was a goner."

Today, the psychiatrist emphasized, our bodies mobilize in exactly the same *physical* way to meet danger—*and then are seldom allowed to meet it physically.*

"Take," he explained, "the employee who desperately needs his job to support his wife and his children. His boss suddenly sends for him and gives him hell. The man is in danger, and his physical motor begins racing to prepare him to beat his boss up or to run away from him. But nine times out of ten the poor devil cannot do either; he has to stand there and take it. Meanwhile his heart is pounding and his knees are vibrating and his digestive tract is probably trying to empty itself to clear the decks for physical action. All these things he must control: he must also try to conceal the fact they are going on.

"Nor is it only his anxiety he must manage. He must also manage his natural rage at his boss, plus his rage at himself for submitting to the attack. Any way you look at it, he has a tough assignment. And it is an assignment that all civilized beings get, in one form or another and to a greater or lesser degree, more times a week than we may suppose. In its undisguised form, this strain of mobilization to repeated danger, and then concealing the condition of being mobilized, is more than most of us could bear for long. Hence the various disguises which anxiety and its effects learn to wear in our civilized everyday life."

So much for what human anxiety *really* is. Now let's examine the tricks and disguises it pulls on us. For it is only by recognizing and understanding them that we can really get out of their grip.

1. *The easiest form of anxiety to deal with is so-called "objective anxiety."* Objective anxiety is what it sounds like: justified anxiousness or "mobilization" for meeting some specific danger. This danger may threaten suddenly and physically, as when a taxicab leaps at us without warning or we see a child lean too far out a window. Here we mobilize at once or are lost. We seldom have any aftereffects beyond a momentary feeling that our heart has jumped up into our mouth and must be gulped down again. Like our cave-man ancestor, we have obeyed anxiety's command to act physically, have burned up the fuel and "excitement" provided for the purpose, and are free to demobilize.

In this same area of "objective anxiety" belong a thousand and one other dangers of everyday life that may not be physical, but are, all the same, specific and real. There's nothing vague or unreal, for instance, about what will happen if we don't get up the money to pay the landlord, the grocer or the tax collector.

In general, most mature people meet such threats to their security as common sense dictates and the perennial books on how not to worry advise. They put their minds upon meeting the immediate danger by meeting the immediate bills—and then devise ways to make future bills smaller or income larger. This of course doesn't discharge their anxiety physically, but it does discharge it: for they have met a specific danger head on and specifically.

Mature people are apt to handle in the same businesslike way the objective anxieties that arise in their emotional lives. If a sensible businessman finds his work is keeping him away from home a great deal and this is upsetting his wife, he tries to do something specific about the situation. He may, for instance, so rearrange his business that he won't be away so much. Or he may go into a different business. Or he may help his wife to rearrange her reactions to his absences.

In sum, most emotionally grown-up people manage to handle their objective anxieties by doing something objective about them. This is often not so easy, especially when such anxieties arrive in batches. Nor is there any cozy general answer to these specific worries—not even the "happiness" so warmly recommended by the how-not-to-worry books.

Happiness cannot buy money, for instance: and it is unfortunately money that our fellow man charges us to fix our children's teeth, mend our leaky roof, operate on us for appendicitis, etc.

Unluckily also, it is probable that only a relatively small portion of the human race's vast stockpile of anxiety *is* objective. In other words:

2. *Most human anxiety is internal in origin. It comes from within the individual—and often has no real relation whatsoever to the objective facts of his life.*

All of us have heard of millionaires "with everything to live for" who have shot or poisoned themselves. All of us know people with good jobs and nice families who "worry all the time," who "always expect the worst," who "cross bridges before they come to them," who "are scared of their own shadow."

And every physician knows dozens of men and women, some of them perhaps wealthy and well-placed in life, who already have or who are, any day now, going to turn up in the waiting room with complaints of chronic butterflies in the stomach, difficulty in breathing, tendency to jump at the slightest noise, loss of appetite, too much appetite, insomnia, increase in swearing, discomfort in crowds, discomfort away from crowds, growing urge to nag others, increased restlessness over week ends, or—surest of all "giveaways"—tense, aching pains at the base of the skull.

What's "wrong" with these people, acting this way when they have money, friends, love, material security? Well, they just happen to be obeying an emotional law we pretty much all obey at times, though perhaps secretly.

3. *A great deal of anxiety takes the form that Freud christened "free-floating anxiety or expectant dread."* He also called it "neurotic anxiety," but don't let that scare you. As he repeatedly explained, he called it "neurotic" because it is a by-product of the unsettled emotional conflicts many of us carry around in our bosoms. There are dozens and dozens of types of these internal conflicts, and nobody has any fun carrying one of them around and keeping it managed and concealed. Sometimes these conflicts are between "good" and "bad"—greed or sexual desire, for instance, and conscience.

But sometimes they are between "good" and "good." Take, for instance, the conscientious fellow (whom you may know) who wants with all his heart to get to the top of the company you both work for, and at the same time wants you and everyone else around the shop to think him a very nice guy.

Suppose he's offered a top spot where he *can't* be a very nice guy and still do a good job: how do you think he feels then? Carefree and gay as a robin at dawn, or all torn-up and *(Continued on page 54)*

Anxiety is the "universal" emotion: all human beings experience it. It is also one of the most protean of our emotions, having several standard "patterns" from which to choose in working on the individual. This article accurately sets forth, in nontechnical language, the background and workings of the most common patterns as perceived and understood by modern medicine, psychology and psychiatry. To the extent that such articles enable the reader to see and understand the actual workings of his own emotional patterns, they are a public benefit. For it is only by understanding our emotions, rather than getting angry or upset about them, that human beings really "grow up" and live more comfortably in the adult world

Nina Ridenour, Ph.D.,
Director, Division of Education,
National Committee for Mental Hygiene

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MY LAST RACE

After [illegible] Mitch, I swore I'd never race another car. I didn't, either—but there [illegible] kinds of racing, and sometimes a guy will risk anything for a girl

By ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

IT'S funny how something, some one little thing, will change the whole course of your life. You think about that—the tiny twists and turns that later take on great importance, and their causes—and you can really get philosophical about the whole deal. But I don't want to get philosophical: I'm just talking about Charlie Mitchell's motorcycle and what happened to me because of it.

When Mitch was killed in the Los Angeles Coliseum last fall, I quit automobile racing for all time. I'd been fed up with driving for quite a while but had stuck around because of Mitch. We had lots of laughs and made plenty of money, but I'm essentially a coward at heart—change that to "overcautious hero"—and I never did feel much like ending up with my head in a box like so many others I had known.

It was always the other guy who died, according to Mitch, but it finally caught up with him—a silly accident that should never have happened in the first place, and that he should have walked away from and laughed at in the second and third place. Instead, he was killed, and I was alone with no more stomach for the racket. So I quit.

A year or so before, Mitch had made a will. "For a gag," he said then; but it was no gag when I took it to the association's lawyer for advice. All Mitch's cash and bonds—about forty thousand bucks' worth—had been left to his folks. He'd made me responsible for converting any real property into cash, and his cars and equipment brought another sixteen thousand dollars. To me he left his share in our communal automobile and his motorcycle, a 1934 Harley, that the will said was stored in his folks' barn in Auburndale, Pennsylvania. This last I figured *was* a gag, and when my business was cleared up, I went to San Francisco and stayed loaded for a month—just to get me through Christmas and New Year's.

Back in Los Angeles, I transferred all my money to an Eastern bank and started the trek homeward. I avoided every race track on the way but hit all the honky-tonks from National City to Brownsville to St. Louis, Chicago and back to New York. The trip took three months, and I only had to wire five times for money. I didn't figure the money ill-spent, considering I almost succeeded in forgetting Mitch.

Although the idea appealed to me, I knew I couldn't be a bum the rest of my life, and, through a racing contact, I got a job with a Philadelphia auto parts outfit. It wasn't what I really wanted to do, but I didn't have much choice. I was to hit the road selling, and there was money in it, so I figured what the hell. Inevitably, since my territory was eastern Pennsylvania, I hit Auburndale, where the Mitchells lived.

Auburndale is one of those small towns near Philadelphia—there are a hundred like it—with rich farming land, fancy main street markets, a modern movie house, five or six churches with the whole town surrounded by big, rambling farmhouses with huge shade trees on their lawns. Occasionally on the dusty side roads you'll see wagons driven by the black-hatted Amish. Others around there are Quakers—nice people with a good way of thinking and living.

I knew, from talking to Mitch, that his family weren't either of those: just ordinary farm people who were rather astounded at their rebel son—astounded and confused. I can understand their confusion, for as well as I had known Charlie Mitchell, there were times when I couldn't figure him out, and he was always hard to live with. Anyway, having received directions at the post office, I wheeled the car toward the Mitchell farm, telling myself that I simply wanted my heritage. The motorcycle was mine.

They lived three miles out of town on the right-hand side of the highway. I turned down a long lane lined with shade trees, and I could see the white two-storied house and, behind that, the barn and other outbuildings. When I swung around the little circle in front of the house, a dog ran out from behind the screen door and, yipping loudly, made a flank attack on the car. His rough, wet tongue lapped my hand as I climbed out.

Climbing the wooden steps leading to the porch, I saw a hand flip aside a curtain, and a face appeared briefly in the window. Suddenly I felt like running away, but then the front door swung open.

THERE stood a girl—maybe twenty-two or three—tall, with short, blond hair, sharp cheekbones, a good square chin and wide eyes. She was built, too, really built; even the checked cotton dress couldn't hide that. This was Mitch's sister; I recognized her from pictures. We stared at each other until, finally, I said, "I guess you're Barby."

Her hand flew to her mouth, but before she could answer, I said, "That's right; I'm Terry Evans."

She turned as though to run away. Instead she called, "Mama, Mama, Terry Evans is here," and she grabbed my sleeve to pull me into the house.

Mrs. Mitchell, short and gray with a round, soft face, ran from the kitchen, and for a minute I felt like the first troops entering Paris. She was laughing and crying and putting her arms around me, and I'll tell you, if I hadn't been so embarrassed, I'd have really enjoyed it. Barby stood aside, a big smile on her face, until her mother said, "Go out and get your dad," and then she was gone.

Ed Mitchell looked like his son, but while Mitch had been smooth-talking and sharp, his father seemed easygoing and slow. But they looked enough alike to be twin brothers, Mr. Mitchell just an older edition. He slapped me on the back *(Continued on page 69)*

Barby came into the barn to watch me work. Pretty soon we were talking as though we'd known each other forever

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Mrs. Smith *REALLY*

Maine's charming lady senator got up for her first big speech and slapped

STRICTLY for laughs at the time, a television quizmaster once asked Maine's handsome Margaret Chase Smith, the only lady legislator in the U.S. Senate, a question which couldn't have sounded more farfetched.

"I know you don't want to be President, Senator Smith," said the quizmaster slyly, "but suppose you woke up some morning and found yourself in the White House. What would you do?"

That question, propounded early last year when Mrs. Smith's Washington career was notable chiefly for being ladylike, unspectacular and downright inconspicuous, brought from Maine's junior senator one of the funniest weasels ever concocted by a politician on the spur of the moment.

"Well," said Margaret Smith in her sober down-East twang, "I'd go straight to Mrs. Truman and apologize, and then I'd go home."

That retort from Senator Smith, granddaughter of the Methodist minister of Skowhegan, Maine, seems today unduly modest. For in Washington, Mrs. Smith has begun to emerge, in her own quiet and persistent way, as spokesman for a group of Republican "Moderates" now openly challenging the party leadership in the Senate; and columnists have begun to spot a growing boom in Republican circles for an Eisenhower-Smith ticket in 1952. In short, even if the Lady from Maine never wakes up to find herself in the White House, there is more than a remote possibility, in the light of recent events, that she would and could run for Vice-President with someone who might.

What brought on the current speculation about a possible Eisenhower-Smith combination was a Senate speech made early in June by the usually silent Mrs. Smith, in which she quietly and calmly castigated her male colleagues of both parties for their lack of honest and intelligent leadership and for permitting McCarthyism to turn that august body into "a forum of hate." In what was the first serious, full-length speech in her senatorial career, Mrs. Smith finally spoke up, "as a Republican, as a woman and as an American," to warn her colleagues that "the American people are sick and tired of seeing innocent people smeared and guilty people whitewashed." In simple straightforward words, she had the temerity to tell a hushed and startled Senate:

"As a U.S. senator, I am not proud of the way in which the Senate has been made a publicity platform for irresponsible sensationalism. I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from this side of the aisle . . . I don't like the way the Senate has been made a rendezvous for vilification, for selfish political gain at the sacrifice of individual reputations and national unity . . . I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of 'confuse, divide and conquer.' . . . I condemn a Republican 'Fascist' just as much as I condemn a Democrat 'Communist.' . . . I want to see our nation recapture the strength and unity it once had when we fought the enemy instead of ourselves."

Mrs. Smith was joined in her statement by six other Republican "Moderates," including Tobey of New Hampshire, Ives of New York and Aiken of Vermont.

They all served notice that they would no longer follow the Senate's Republican leadership in its tacit approval of McCarthyism.

Mrs. Smith talks over day's agenda with able administrative assistant William C. Lewis, Jr.

Mrs. Smith's speech, without histrionics or oratory (for which the Lady from Maine has no particular gift), was a remarkably statesmanlike document which earned high praise throughout the country from both the Republican and Democratic press.

Columnist Walter Lippmann referred to it as "Senator Margaret Chase Smith's noble declaration of conscience" and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch editorialized, "Every word used by the Senate's only woman member counted."

However fanciful the idea of a woman Vice-President of the U.S. may seem, every politician is aware of the fact that there are a million and a half more eligible women voters than men voters in the U.S. today.

Naturally, if the possibility of putting a woman on a national ticket to attract those votes were to be seriously considered, Mrs. Smith, as the only woman in the U.S. Senate, is an obvious choice.

Moreover, if she is to make her bid at all, it is certainly wise for her to make it this year—before the Congressional elections in November when Democratic Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas of California runs for the Senate. Mrs. Douglas' mere presence in that predominantly male assembly would, of course, destroy Mrs. Smith's political uniqueness.

Just before Mrs. Douglas made headlines in June by winning the Democratic primary in California, Mrs. Smith, with her usual astute political timing, said what she had to say on the Senate floor. Then she flew off to Florence, Italy, as a Truman-appointed delegate to a UNESCO conference, to attend to another statesmanlike task.

Although Senator Smith has said that she "will make no effort" to become the Republican candidate for Vice-President, she will certainly go down in history as the first public figure to propose seriously running a woman for the job. As long ago as the 1948 Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, she told the assembled delegates they had better start thinking about the right woman, and only last February she informed a Town Hall audience that "the Republican party can enhance its chances in 1952 by putting a woman on the national ticket." During the same forum, Mrs. Smith put General Eisenhower at the top of her list of Republican Presidential possibilities.

The idea cropped up again when the Women's National Press Club put on a playlet this spring at its annual dinner in Washington which made light satire of "the problems of the first woman candidate for Vice-President." In the satire, however, the candidate for lady Veep finally had to call on the services of a psychiatrist—something that no one who knows her well would ever expect the Lady from Maine to need.

A youthful and energetic fifty-two, Maine's junior senator is one of the most balanced and nerveless legislators in either branch of Congress. She doesn't go off on emotional tangents and, with typical Maine horse sense, she rarely tackles anything until she's sure she is ready for it. As a grass-roots campaigner, she has proved herself inexhaustible. Two years ago, after four terms in the House, she stumped her state in the senatorial primary so vigorously, from Kennebunkport to Madawaska, that she won out over the governor, an ex-governor, and a Congregationalist minister.

One of the first questions asked the lady from Skowhegan when she moved over from the House wing of the Capitol was, "How do you like the Senate?"

To this Mrs. Smith's only reply was, "It's rather cozy down here."

The "most exclusive gentleman's club in the world," as the Senate is sometimes called, had previously tolerated on the premises six ladies. They were Mrs. Rebecca Felton of Georgia (1922), Mrs. Rose Long of Louisiana (1936-37), Mrs. Dixie Graves of Alabama (1937-38), Mrs. Rose Bushfield of South Dakota (1948), filling unexpired terms; Mrs. Gladys Pyle of South Dakota, elected for a two-month unexpired term in 1938; and Mrs. Hattie Caraway of Arkansas, appointed to fill the unexpired term of her husband and subsequently elected to two full terms herself (1931 to 1945). But, before Margaret Smith moved in, its members could truthfully state that "the Senate is no place for a woman." Mrs. Smith has not yet managed to make her colleagues eat those words whole, but they are most certainly beginning to chew on them a bit.

Of the six previous lady senators, only Arkansas' Hattie Caraway stayed around long enough to make an impression. But she was much too shy to invade her colleagues' caucus and sitting rooms uninvited. Until she became chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, Senator Caraway actually had no place in the Capitol *(Continued on page 41)*

Consistently the best-groomed woman on Capitol Hill, the senator prefers simple dressmaker suits for business

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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Goes to Town

By LILIAN RIXEY

lown male colleagues of both parties. It won her new prestige nationally

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The BIG BED

By JOHN D. WEAVER

It was the biggest brass bed Old Man Haskins had ever seen. And it could only mean that his flighty granddaughter had married a man of wealth and property . . .

OLD MAN HENRY HASKINS eased down onto the bench in front of Gus Falk's store, and waited with the others for the mail. He rarely got anything now that his own store had been closed for ten years and his town creditors had long since stopped dunning him, but every afternoon he hobbled up the road to Cassville, wearing the same brown felt hat, the same faded blue shirt and Army store trousers. The Old Man's blue eyes were as faded as his shirt, and seemed always fixed on something remote and improbable, such as the reopening of his store.

"Letter for you," Mrs. Falk said, and the Old Man didn't hear at first. He was planning new shelves for his store. "From Mary," Mrs. Falk said, with that little snorting sound people made when they talked about Mary.

"She's gone to visit her Cousin Sue Ellen," the Old Man said, although there was no need to explain. Everybody knew where Mary was.

"If you wait till I get done," Mrs. Falk said, "I'll read it to you."

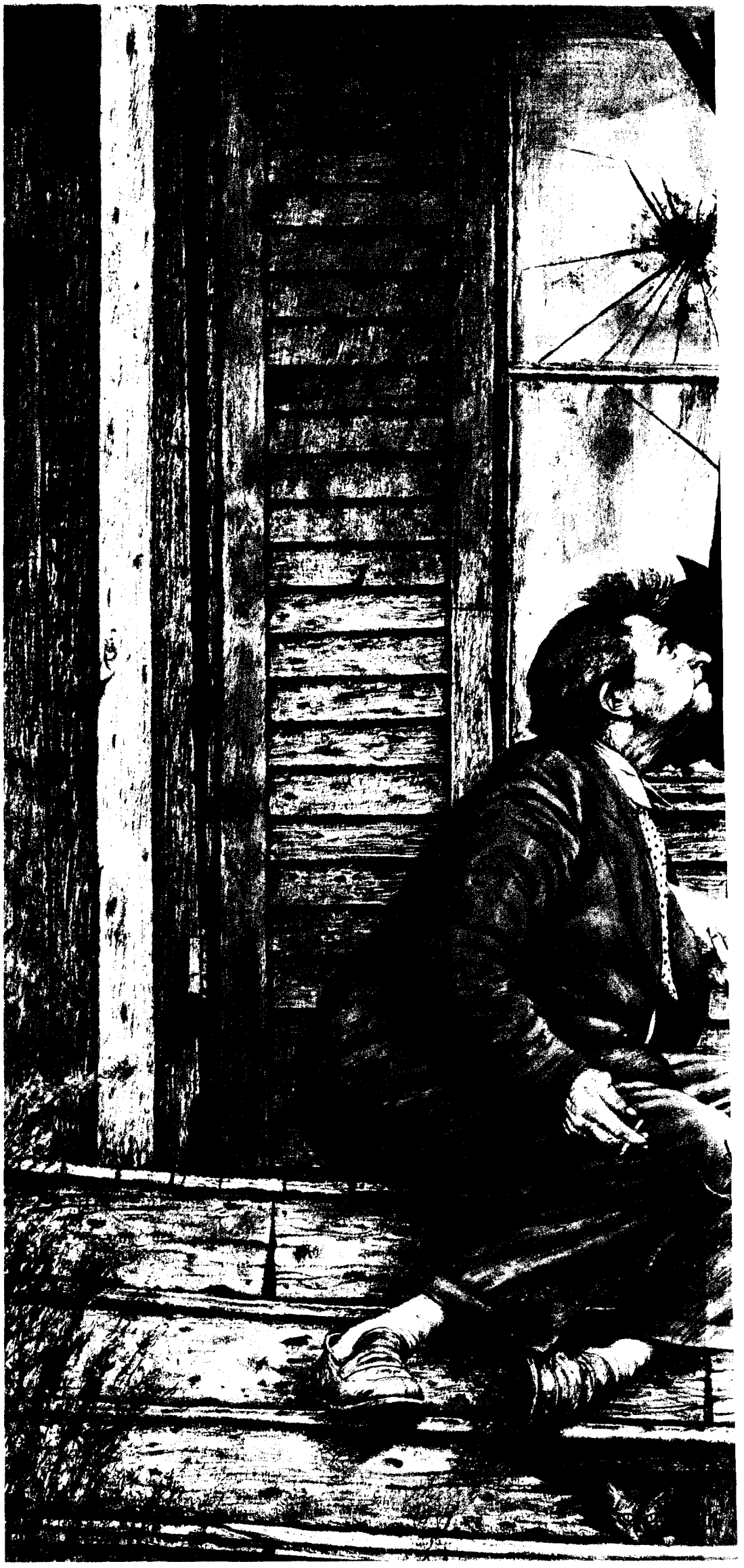
The Old Man trembled beneath the needless shame Mrs. Falk had brought on him. When Mary wasn't around to do his reading, he'd always wait outside until the people had gone, then take his mail in to Mrs. Falk and explain that he'd broken his reading glasses. It had been done that way for years. It could have been done that way this afternoon, except for the mean streak in Annie Falk.

"Thank you," the Old Man said, stiffening up, "but I got my reading glasses fixed now."

All the way home he tried to guess what was in the letter from his granddaughter, the only close family he had left now. His three wives were gone, two dead, one living in West Virginia. The children were scattered. Only one, his youngest daughter, Delphie, had stayed with the Old Man, and she had died of the pneumonia twelve years ago, leaving him two half-grown and completely unmanageable children, Mary and Little Henry. Until he finally shot himself climbing a fence one day. Little Henry was always off somewhere hunting, and Mary was forever hotfooting it to town. They'd never helped in the store, and it had gradually withered and rotted, the weeds finally getting to it, the way they'd got to everything since Delphie died.

"It's maybe fresh trouble," Old Man Haskins mumbled to himself.

He took the short-cut path around Delphie's old garden to the front of his store and sat in his cane-seat chair, first drawing it out of the sun. The glass was gone from the store windows and most of the shelves had been split *(Continued on page 49)*



The Old Man tapped irritably with his walking stick. "Read what Mary says," he said. "I already told you," Chinch answered. "I can't make all of it out"

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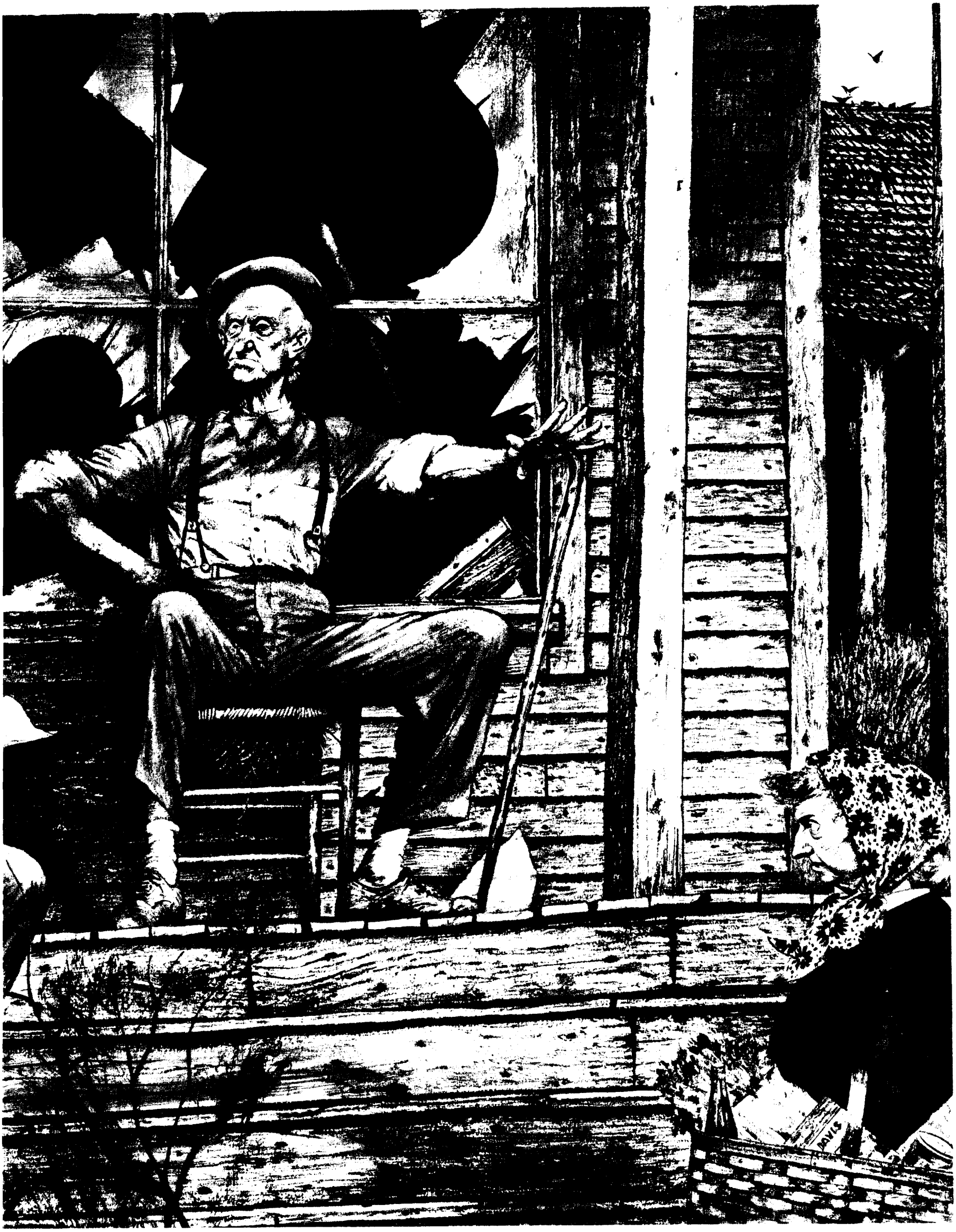

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Though under Catholic auspices, the Institutum is nonsectarian. Typical experiment here is conducted by (l. to r.) Dr. Lucy O. Oxley (Episcopalian), Dr. Sperti, Dr. Elton S. Cook (Congregationalist), Sister Mary Petronella Schroeder

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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THE AMAZING Dr. SPERTI

By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

Experiments headed by the famed scientist at Cincinnati's Institutum Divi Thomae have led researchers to hope internal cancer eventually may be cured by injection

IN a Cincinnati laboratory a few months ago, an oddly assorted group of scientists gathered around a dissecting table to study the remains of a pair of white rabbits. There was a lab technician wearing rubber gloves and a stained white smock; a sister of a religious order in her habit; a priest with rolled-up sleeves but with his starched collar immaculate; three very serious-looking girls, and a youthful middle-aged man named George Speri Sperti.

On the table before them lay the rabbits. They were extremely special ones, and the men and women at the table gazed down at them with something like awe.

Six weeks earlier, the furry bodies had been inoculated with cancerous tissue—an especially virulent, fast-spreading variety known as the Brown-Pearce carcinoma, which in its action closely resembles malignant cancers in humans. Both rabbits developed cancer in a few days. One —known as the "control"—was left to the ravages of the disease without treatment. The other rabbit was just as dead as the first, but with a most significant difference. It had not died of cancer, but was chloroformed.

When autopsied, the control rabbit—let's say rabbit A—was found to be riddled with cancer. From the first site of inoculation in the testes, the disease had spread to vital organs, and the body cavity showed an almost solid mass of cancerous tissue.

Now look at rabbit B. This one had had the same inoculation as rabbit A. But on the autopsy table B showed none of the chaotic infiltration of organs which had killed the control. On the contrary, its carcass was normal, clean and healthy. Yet, only a few weeks before, cancer had been racing with lethal swiftness through its body.

Neither surgery nor radiation treatment of rabbit B accounted for the startling difference in the condition of the two animals. The novel treatment developed by Dr. Sperti, Dr. Leo Nutini, and their colleagues at Cincinnati's famed Institutum Divi Thomae consisted of a series of injections of a natural, completely nontoxic substance which is extracted from the spleens of rabbits.

Since that day in the laboratory some 400 rabbits have been killed to supply spleen material for further experiments, and dozens of repeat tests have confirmed the original results beyond any possibility of error or chance. Almost every untreated control rabbit in the series died of cancer; almost every rabbit which received the injections was completely cured.

No results comparable to these have been reported before, and they would seem to be a major landmark in the history of cancer research. However, Dr. Sperti hastily warns against any idea that a sure cure for internal cancer in humans is now at hand. The reader will see that the problems ahead are many and formidable. However, they are practical rather than theoretical. There is no doubt that human cancer can be cured by simple injections of various animal organ extracts similar to the rabbit spleen material. The Institutum has done it.

"On skin cancer in humans, yes," says Dr. Sperti. "I think the results of our human experiments show that conclusively. But for the most part we've worked with tumors of relatively low malignancy, although we *have* cured a few definitely malignant cases. Of course, these surface lesions yield readily to X ray or surgery, and our cures aren't especially important as such. The significant thing is that we have apparently found a harmless substance which exercises a selective effect on cancer cells without in any way injuring the surrounding healthy tissue.

"We don't know what the substance actually is, or how it works, but since there is no essential difference between a skin cancer and an internal one, we hope that eventually we will be able to refine and concentrate our preparation so that we can treat cancer anywhere in the body, including the most deep-seated and widespread cases."

Although the skin cancer work has been reported in leading scientific journals, little information has reached the general public, despite the fact that of the 165,000 cancer deaths annually, it is estimated 8,000 are caused by this most easily detectable form of the disease.

Before the Institutum tackled the first human skin cancer case in 1937, it already had spent a decade treating cancer in about 50,000 mice, and was convinced that its basic method could be modified and applied to humans. But the medical profession generally was skeptical, and no hospital was willing to provide facilities for a clinical test. Many doctors were skeptical about Sperti's work because the mouse cancers were nonmetastasizing—i.e., they didn't spread from organ to organ, as in human cancer, but killed by the sheer bulk of the growing tumor.

Presently, however, Dr. Sperti found two eminent dermatologists who were receptive to his ideas. These were Doctors Joseph Amersbach and George McKee, both of New York. Dr. McKee was director of Manhattan's Skin and Cancer hospital, and it was there that human testing finally commenced under Dr. Amersbach's supervision, with the hospital supplying patients, laboratory space and a medical staff, and the Institutum contributing technicians, equipment and, of course, the tissue extracts for the treatment.

All told, 50 patients were treated for varying lengths of time, some receiving as few as six and others as many as 38 injections, with the majority getting nine or ten. Injections were made directly at the site of the lesion, or close to it, and a variety of animal tissues were used to provide the material —beef and lamb liver and spleen, and even human liver and spleen, obtained from Bellevue accident-ward cases. Of the animal tissues, beef spleen was found to yield the most effective extract.

Results of Tests on Fifty Patients

As is customary in this kind of cancer experiment, most patients were observed between two and four years before the results of the test were evaluated. Then the following startling conclusion was announced: Of the 50 cases treated, 37 had been completely cured with no sign of cancer recurrence, while only two failed to show any improvement. The remaining 11 patients responded more or less satisfactorily, but stopped going to the clinic before treatment was completed.

Here, indeed, was something new—a substance which eliminated cancerous tissue not by destroying the cells, as in X ray, nor by cutting out the growth, as in surgery, but—apparently—by actually *healing* the aberrant cells. The implications of this fact are great, since in the treatment of internal cancers surgery often is impossible when the disease has attacked a vital organ, and the effects of X ray often are so bad that the patient can't stand them.

Considering the auspices under which the original experiment was conducted, one would expect the results to creat a considerable stir in the medical world. Actually, professional response for the most part was not enthusiastic despite the fact that in 1946 the Institutum was awarded first prize for scientific achievement by the American Academy of Dermatology and Syphilology.

What did it all prove, doctors wanted to know? Why spend weeks treating trivial skin cancers which could be cured in short order by the orthodox methods? As for the serious malignant cases, what right did these Institutum people have monkeying with this new stuff, and maybe endangering the patients' lives?

And how about internal metastasizing cancers—what could they do in that department?

Couldn't Afford to Use Rabbits

"Our present work with rabbits was started to answer the questions about metastasizing internal cancers," Dr. Sperti says. "As a matter of fact, we would have done internal cancer experiments with rabbits long ago if we'd been able to afford it. Mice are cheap, and we've used them by the tens of thousands. But laboratory rabbits cost about $5 apiece, and we didn't have the money to finance a long-range program with enough animals to give conclusive results."

The work of the I.D.T. can best be understood with some awareness of cancer research in the past, and especially with knowledge of two historic discoveries. The first was made many years ago by Paul Ehrlich, famed discoverer of "606," the first specific cure for syphilis. In the course of experiments on living cells, Ehrlich found that injections of cell material had the power to immunize laboratory animals against the formation of certain kinds of tumors.

This was a highly significant observation, and many scientists carried on Ehrlich's work until it was realized that, however interesting it might be, the cell treatment had no conceivable application to human beings. This was because human injections would have to be impossibly large. For instance, to get proportionately the same amount of material used in treating mice, a 150-pound man would have to receive at least three five-pound injections, which undoubtedly would kill him outright.

So, after a flurry of excitement, the Ehrlich discovery was pretty well forgotten, and cancer research followed other directions. But it seemed to Dr. Sperti that perhaps the cell work still might be the most promising approach to the cancer problem, and about 25 years ago he and Dr. John Fardon (now a colleague at the I.D.T.) undertook to elaborate Ehrlich's experiments.

After they succeeded in conferring a high degree of tumor immunity to mice with injections of freshly minced mouse spleen and other organs, they went a step further and made an extract of the minced tissue, so that the size of the injections was considerably lowered. The over-all result was encouraging, and Sperti and Fardon next attempted the crucial task of isolating the X-factor in the preparation. If they only (*Continued on page* 72)

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Joe Cigar grabbed me around the neck with a mugger's hold, and the gunner slapped me across the side of my jaw with the palm of his big, hard hand

WATERFRONT

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

When I went looking for Blackie Clegg, I knew I was tangling with an enemy who was just as dangerous to me as I was to him. But I didn't expect to be kidnaped, or tossed into jail, or charged with murder . . .

The Story: Up until a couple of days ago, I was FRED V. MALONE, detective third grade on the New York Police Force, assigned to Homicide West. Now my name is "Tim Flynn," I'm assigned to special duty with the district attorney's office, and I'm after a murderer and waterfront racketeer named BLACKIE CLEGG.

I was crossing Forty-fifth Street, on my way to buy an engagement ring for my girl, MARY KIERNAN. I saw a big, black-haired guy shoot a man and kill him. He said he was a police lieutenant named Henderson and that the man he'd killed was Tony Rogers, who was wanted for murder. This Henderson left, "to put in a call to Headquarters." That was the last I saw of him, and I found out pretty quick that nobody had ever heard of a lieutenant by that name. In a word, I'd been had.

There was hell to pay. "Tony Rogers" turned out to be one Edward F. Jenson, a witness scheduled to appear before a grand jury investigating waterfront rackets. And I'd let the murderer walk away! INSPECTOR STRATFORD, my boss, went down to the commissioner's office with me. They gave me a bad time. They told

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the papers I was to be suspended for sixty days. But I wasn't really suspended. I was to go after the murderer, who the D.A. thought was probably a man named Blackie Clegg, a new racketeer who had moved in on waterfront crime. He'd probably killed a cop named Arthur Meary, too, and it wasn't long before two witnesses to the killing at Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street were also dead—a couple of innocent bystanders named Montgomery and Rizuki.

But there was one more witness—me. I was the only man left in New York who could identify Clegg, and he'd kill me if I didn't get him first.

I dyed my hair blond, named myself "Tim Flynn," and holed up in the Royale Hotel, a sleazy waterfront joint. In the bar there, I was passing the time of day with the bald bartender, SYDOTHY, when I fell in with a couple of longshoremen named CLANCY and HANK FARMER. I told them I was just in from the West. They helped me get a union book, and I was all set to shape up for work at Pier 47. I knew that somewhere on the waterfront I'd find Blackie Clegg. . . .

II

THERE were more than a hundred other longshoremen milling around the front doors of the huge warehouse that covered the pier. Out in the river, four tugs were tooting and pushing and pulling alongside a freighter, working her into the dock. The freighter's forward cargo hatches were already open, and some of her crew were rigging cargo whips, getting ready to unload.

Clancy, Farmer and I were standing in a little knot of our own, talking. After a while Clancy said, "I don't know how badly you want to work today, Flynn, but I'll bet you don't get called."

"Why?" I asked.

"It won't take more than eighty of us to unload that scow, which means about thirty of the gang here can shove off and go home, or wait until the next shape-up."

"How about you two? You going to get jobs today?"

"I gotta work today," Hank Farmer said. "If I don't, the wife and kids won't eat. So . . ." he shrugged his shoulders and growled.

"So what?"

"So he has to kick in, of course," Clancy finished. "So do I. So do all of us on this pier—and every other pier in New York, unless we hit a lucky day."

"How much is the kick around here?"

"Just about whatever the boss asks for." Clancy sounded sore. "Here he comes now."

A short, thin man with a hard-bitten look was shouldering his way through the crowd of longshoremen, and a dirty silence followed behind him. He reached the warehouse doors and stood up on a box.

"All right, you dock-wallopers!" he shouted. "Shut up and listen to me. We need seventy-five strong backs on this job, and I mean strong. Two days' work. Unload today and load tomorrow. Overtime tomorrow, and after eight hours today. We don't need no brains on this job, neither, so any of you what can't stand hard work—shove off!"

"This is the build-up," Clancy whispered.

"Now I want guys who will co-operate," the hiring foreman went on. "And speaking of co-operation, you all know Willie Assaldo, who got his leg broken yesterday. Willie is a good guy, with a wife and four kids . . ."

"Never heard of him," Clancy whispered again.

". . . But now Willie can't work, not with a busted leg. So when you come up here to get your tags I'm asking all of you who want to work to kick a little something into the pot we're getting up for Willie Assaldo. Come on now, line up. No shovin', fellows, plenty of jobs for seventy-five strong guys, and don't forget Willie Assaldo and his wife and four kids."

Hank Farmer started to curse softly to himself. "This is getting rawer than ever," he growled. "Now we gotta kick back in advance. It was bad enough when they took up collections for Willie after we got paid. Now we have to kick in before they even let us work. Well, I'm broke. I can't do it. What the hell is a guy supposed to do to make an honest living on these docks!"

"You know what you can do," Clancy told him. "Borrow four bucks from the boss."

"And pay back five tomorrow?" A black murderous look came over his face. "By God, I'm going up and beat the stinking brains out of that little bum. I don't care if I never work!"

"Take it easy, take it easy!" Clancy grabbed Farmer by the arm. "You'll only end up floating down the river, like—"

"How much do they want for Willie and his busted leg?" I interrupted.

"Four bucks is the usual," Clancy said.

"I'll lend it to you. You guys did me a favor by getting me down here." They didn't know how much of a favor it was. "Here." I pressed a five-dollar bill into Farmer's big hand. "Pay it back when you feel like it. No hurry."

The eager touch of his fingers on mine told me I had made a friend. He didn't thank me, and that wasn't necessary. But he shoved back so I could get ahead of him in the line that was forming.

Some of the men had separated from the crowd and were drifting into the bars on the other side of the street. The rest of us stayed in line, as docile as a herd of sheep. We moved slowly. Now and then I saw a longshoreman say something to the hiring boss, and then the boss would make a little note on a piece of paper. Afterward he would reach into his pocket and count off some bills from a roll of money.

"Dirty loan shark," Farmer swore.

Only one man, in all the line, had the guts to protest. "Give me my tag!" I heard him shout. "I never heard of any Willie Assaldo, and neither did any of us. This ain't nothing but a racket! Gimme a tag and let me get to work!"

"Shut your head!" the hiring foreman screamed. "Shut your face and get the hell out of here! We don't want no Commies working on these docks!" He reached behind him and picked up a piece of a broken packing crate. "Go on! Get out before I lay you open!"

The man walked away. Nobody else said anything.

"What kind of a place is this, anyhow?" I whispered to Clancy, ahead of me. "Don't they have any cops around here? How can he get away with that?"

"Cops," Clancy whispered back. "Hell, a cop would be scared to do anything around here. About five minutes after he opened his yap he would find himself transferred to a traffic detail twenty-five miles out in the sticks. But," he lowered his voice even more, "there's probably two or three cops in this line. If you're hot," he warned, "just remember that."

In a few more minutes my turn came. I dropped a five-dollar bill into the foreman's hat, which was lying on a crate beside him. There was a crudely lettered sign propped against the hat that said "Willie Assaldo fund—$4." There was a lot of money in the hat, mostly singles.

I made sure the foreman saw that my contribution was more than four bucks, and then I handed him my new union book. "Tim Flynn," he muttered. "You're new here, ain't you?"

"That's a new book."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Out of town."

"Who got you this book?"

"A guy who told me to keep my mouth shut."

"All right, all right. Here's your tag." He handed me a brass token with a number on it, and made an entry in a dirty green notebook. "See you later, Flynn. Next."

In a few more minutes the seventy-five men were signed up, told off into groups, and put to work. I found myself with a gang on the dock, catching loads as they came off the ship. The winch operator on the ship lowered cargo nets full of boxes to us, and as the loads came down above our heads I grabbed the net and swung it into position.

As soon as the loaded net touched the dock, one of my gang would unhook one side of it. Then, at a signal, the winch operator would haul away, tumbling the boxes out on the dock. The cargo net would be taken back aboard, and while it was being refilled we would stack the boxes on wooden platforms. Then a man with a lift truck would move up and take the whole load away.

WHEN the noon break came my hands were sore and blistered and my back was aching. As I looked around for my friends, the foreman walked up to me and drew me to one side.

"Who got you that union book, Flynn?" he demanded.

"I told you it was a guy who said I should keep my mouth shut."

"I know what you told me," he said. "But I don't want you to get no funny ideas about who's the boss on this dock, see?" There was a moment's pause, while he let that sink in. "Was it Joe Cigar?"

I didn't have the least idea who Joe Cigar was, so I gave him a short laugh and said, "In my book Joe Cigar just ain't. But maybe Joe's boss is. What do you think?"

He looked me over carefully. "We'll see," he said. "And look, Flynn. No use you getting your hands all blistered up. You won't be able to do a damn' thing tomorrow. You know how to run a fork?"

I'd learned how to operate lift trucks, the kind that pick up loads of boxes after they are stacked on wooden platforms, when I was in the Army. "Used to," I told him. "Guess I could get the hang of it if I had to."

"I'll put you on that this afternoon." The foreman walked away.

Clancy and Farmer were waiting for me, and we walked across the street to a diner and slid into a booth. "How's it going, Flynn?" Clancy asked.

"My back is broke and *(Continued on page* **55**)

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JOHN FLORES

Lanky Bones, as Mel's friends call him, with Joan Fontaine in Born to Be Bad

Mel Ferrer in San Miguel de Allende, during the filming of The Brave Bulls

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MEL FERRER [illegible]

Jet

IF THE Russians, as have been rumored, keep files on people of prominence in the United States, they must be fairly well baffled by the dossier of a rising young man about Hollywood named Mel Ferrer. While to all appearances he is engaged in the theatrical profession, the record of his recent peregrinations reads more like that of an Alfred Hitchcock spy.

In 1937 he was living in Taxco, Mexico, purportedly writing a novel. A year later, he cropped up in Vermont, in the book-publishing business. Six months after that, although he could neither sing nor dance well, he was applying for a job in a Broadway musical.

Around the time of Pearl Harbor, he could have been seen around Los Angeles successively as a battery repairman, a grocery delivery boy and a telephone laundry salesman. Soon afterward, he materialized as a disk jockey in Longview, Texas, and Little Rock, Arkansas. A couple of months after that, while continuing to profess an interest in the radio business, he shifted his base to New York.

Since then, it has been pretty much of a tossup whether a given day would find him on the Atlantic seaboard, the Pacific Coast or somewhere else.

Recently, to locate him you'd have had to travel to an obscure hamlet some 200 miles northwest of Mexico City.

The record would appear to be that of someone on the lam. In actuality, it is the odyssey of a young man not pursued, but in tortuous and highly individualistic pursuit—his objective being a living, a niche, a career, or that nebulous state of hypertension called success. While Ferrer's quest is by no means over—is, in fact, proceeding at a more feverish pace than ever—it has started to pay off in a flurry of jack pots of ever-widening clangor.

On the heels of his widely hailed performance as a Negro doctor in Lost Boundaries, Ferrer has just landed a long-term contract at RKO which calls for him both to act and direct—the first director hired by Howard Hughes, the multimillionaire aviator and producer, since he took over the studio. Ferrer has just made his debut as a big-time director with The Secret Fury, a million-dollar picture in which he supervised such stars as Claudette Colbert and Robert Ryan.

On top of this, he won what is considered likely to be the acting plum of 1950—the lead matador role in the best seller The Brave Bulls, being made by Robert Rossen, creator of the 1949 hit, All the King's Men. Ferrer is on loan to Columbia Pictures for The Brave Bulls.

In addition to these preoccupations, Ferrer is president of the La Jolla Playhouse, the West Coast's leading summer theater, where, in collaboration with such figures as Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire, he has planned a season of nine plays.

Finally—for the moment, at least—Ferrer is treasurer and one of the main spark plugs of The Actors' Company, a syndicate of 13 Hollywood notables which produces stage and radio plays, and which is planning a $2,500,000 legitimate theater in Beverly Hills.

A salesman for casualty insurance who called at the Beverly Hills office from which Ferrer operates betimes got a quick sample of the man's energy. Within 15 minutes, juggling two telephones, Ferrer gave instructions for sound-dubbing on The Secret Fury, arranged to make wardrobe tests for The Brave Bulls, engaged two actors for summer plays at La Jolla, negotiated a deal for The Actors' Company to put on four one-hour national network radio plays for a stove manufacturer, and made an

STAR AND DIRECTOR, PINWHEELS FROM JOB TO JOB IN A VIVID SHOW OF

Propulsion, Hollywood Type

By GLADWIN HILL

appointment for retakes on Born to Be Bad, the last picture in which he acted.

Despite all this activity, Ferrer fits the picture of the high-pressure executive less than that of an eager college boy soliciting magazine subscriptions or making time at the senior prom. A product of New York and a brief period at Princeton, Ferrer at thirty-two is a slender six feet two, with black hair, a high forehead, prominent cheekbones, deep-set piercing eyes and a lantern jaw. These, together with a suave manner, a gentle voice, and a gangling carriage, add up to a sort of intriguing composite of Henry Fonda, Charles Boyer and Jimmy Stewart.

A demon jazz fan as well as a connoisseur of classical music, Ferrer converses much of the time in an almost unreproducible sublimated version of jive-talk, with frequent lapses into dialects and surrealistic plays on words. One moment he may be expounding a thesis with the dignity of a Supreme Court justice, and the next moment picking up a phone and saying, "Hallo, keedo, wha's cooking?" —the addressee being with equal likelihood a motion-picture magnate, an actor friend or his six-year-old son Mark.

Ferrer's intensity, his nervous energy and his propensity for riding off in several directions at once are rapidly becoming a Hollywood legend. "I often wonder what else Mel finds to do when he's asleep," a friend remarked, "because I've never seen him do just one thing at a time."

A routine still-picture sitting in the RKO gallery, which normally would take 20 minutes, stretched out to two hours the other day, due to Ferrer's telephonitis, floor-pacing and general fidgeting. While some directors on the set can vegetate philosophically in a camp chair all day, Ferrer is constantly jumping up and down and darting about with such velocity that even though he's within a radius of 25 feet it's difficult to pinpoint him. When nothing else is in motion, he waves his hands. His gestures are so distinctive that he and a whole camera crew had to be lugged 10 miles to Pasadena to reshoot a scene showing nothing but his hand switching price tags in a store window. The Ferrer hands had become established in the picture, and no one else's would have looked the same.

A Lady Limits His Table-Hopping

No one has ever really had dinner with him in public, for the reason that Mel spends most of the time table-hopping. Eve Arden, the comedienne, sitting down to dinner in his party one night, served stern notice: "All right, Junior. You get four waves and two hops up to and including the meat course."

When Ferrer does manage to stay at the table, his mind keeps on the jump. Many people have finished a three-minute dissertation on some burning issue to find themselves confronted by either Ferrer's left sideburn or an absent, glassy gaze. Possibly because his regular mealtimes are so frequently punctuated with interruptions, Ferrer does an inordinate amount of eating for a 171-pounder nicknamed Lanky Bones. He stows away an average of four squares a day, plus frequent snacks. After dining with a producer at seven one evening, Ferrer sat through a picture screening. When it ended at ten thirty, he went out, explaining, "I'm going across the street for a steak—I'm *hungry!*"

For an actor of his talents, Ferrer has considerable modesty. He is eager to learn from people more experienced than himself. And the quality of sensitiveness and compassion conspicuous in his acting manifests itself in his private life. A studio worker he knew who lived alone was recuperating from a serious illness when Ferrer, with no advance notice, walked in pushing a wheel chair and said, "Come on, you're going to stay at my house until you get on your feet."

Ferrer's reputation for ubiquity has been enhanced to a degree often confusing even to Broadway and Hollywood by the existence of another theatrical luminary named José Ferrer, who starred in Cyrano de Bergerac and The Silver Whistle on Broadway and portrayed the Dauphin in the film Joan of Arc.

The two are good friends but unrelated, and their careers have intertwined at several points. Both are of Spanish extraction, but Mel comes from New York, while José was born in Puerto Rico. Both went to Princeton, José being six years older and a classmate of Mel's elder brother. Mel's elder brother, by coincidence, also is named José Ferrer, but he avoided complicating the theatrical picture by becoming a doctor in New York.

Mel's father (also named José) was born in Cuba of Spanish parents, but settled in New York after marrying Irene O'Donohue, a member of a prominent and wealthy New York family. Mel was christened Melchor Gaston. A couple of years ago he shortened his name professionally, because people kept calling him Melchior, like the opera singer.

The hectic pace Mel pursues today is in part a hang-over from a singularly arduous decade he put in getting established as an actor.

One of four children, he grew up in a sumptuous home just off Fifth Avenue, New York. When he entered Princeton in 1935, he had behind him two seasons of odd jobs at the Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, where his family summered. He became active in campus theatricals to such a degree that the scholastic life palled, and after two years he quit college, married a Maryland girl named Frances Pilchard, and took her off to Mexico for a year's stab at novel writing. His net production for the year was 500 words, comprising the text of Tito's Hats, a children's story of Mexico which sold 20,000 copies ultimately, but not in time to buy the requisite groceries.

After six months with a Brattleboro, Vermont, publishing concern, he decided to tackle the theater again. He went to New York and got a job as a chorus boy in the Cole Porter show You'll Never Know, causing Clifton Webb, one of the stars whom he had met casually, to exclaim in his best Belvedere manner: "My *deah* boy, what *are* you doing heah?" Mel acknowledged his inexperience, and there followed one of the shortest theatrical apprenticeships in history. Webb took him aside and in two hours taught him enough of the rudiments of stage dancing to enable him to keep his job.

With that momentum, Ferrer got small parts in Kind Lady, Cue for Passion, and Everywhere I Roam, and was beginning to think he had his stage legs under him, when his career came to a dead end.

He woke up one night with an excruciating pain in his right arm, and in a few weeks it was completely paralyzed. The trouble later was diagnosed as polio.

The ensuing three years were a sort of nonalcoholic "lost weekend" for (*Continued on page* 37)

Ferrer directed Claudette Colbert in The Secret Fury. Here they are shown with his cameraman, Leo Tover (left)

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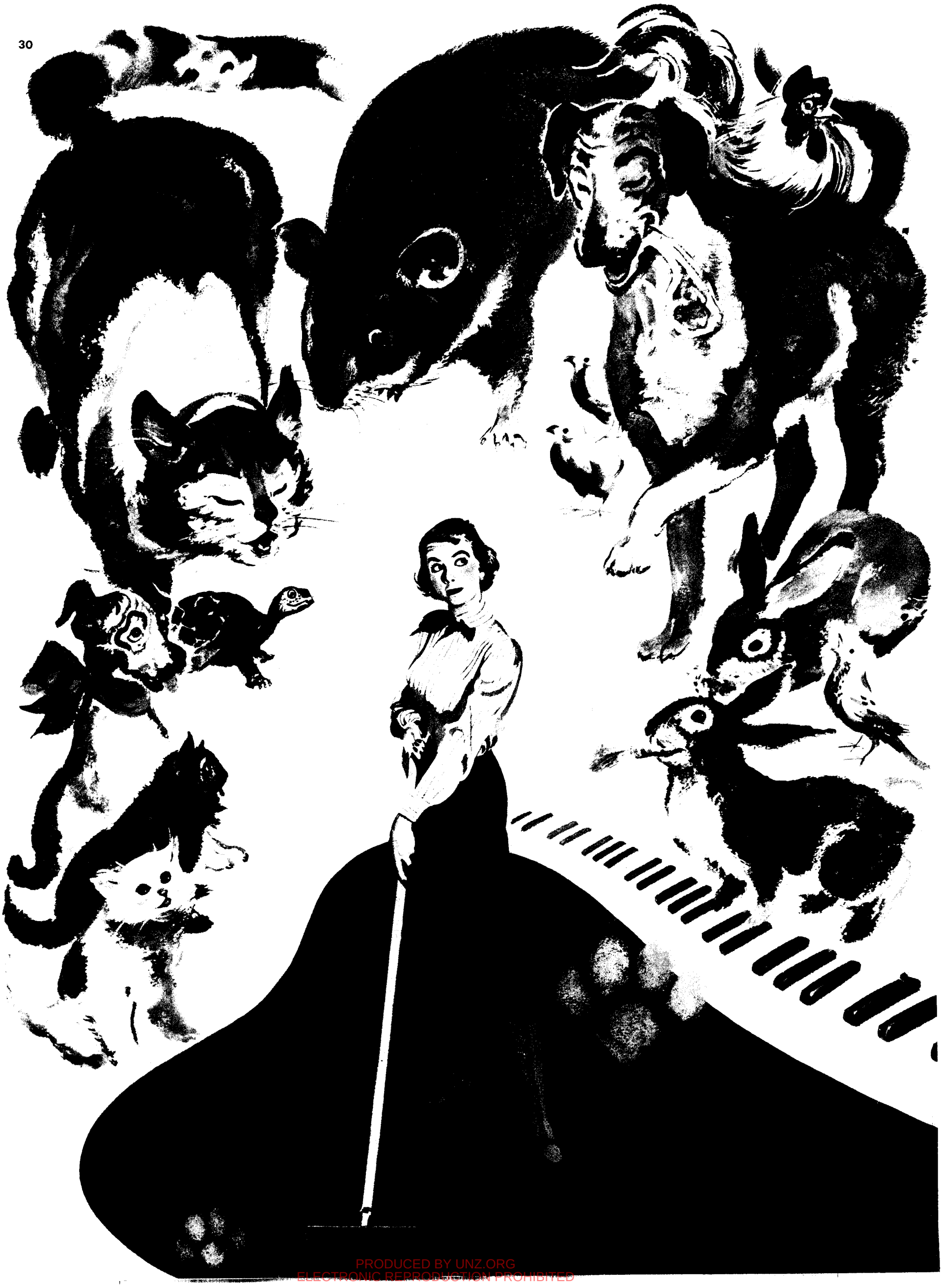
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Reluctant Zoo Keeper

By MARLISE JOHNSTON

There's nobody here but just us chickens, Paula thought bitterly, looking at the pets her husband and children brought home. Just us chickens, cats, dogs, turtles, and now—as the last straw—one very small hamster

PAULA was healthy. She often regretted the fact. If she were only given to fainting or could bring on a vapor now and then she would be much happier. Her family would not think she was made of iron.

Although Paula was slender and pretty—black hair, black eyes, and a face that people referred to as interesting—she was also tall, and vital-looking in a way that she found particularly repellent but which attracted others very much. She was fragrant and pleasant as a big bunch of dew-drenched lilacs, but, like the lilacs, she was just enjoyed. She was not cherished as a single frail gardenia is cherished.

Paula was married to a very nice man named Jim. She had been married ten years and she still loved Jim more than she could possibly love any of the men she saw or read about. Jim was quiet and slow; he was tall and well-built, with a face such as Pan would have had if Pan had been a businessman who sold automobiles. A reconverted Pan.

Jim loved animals. That was why Paula was sighing this morning.

"All I need in my life," she said bitterly, "is a white cow from India. Or one of those huge snakes that are supposed to be holy." She was cleaning the piano keys with alcohol. The stray kitten they had acquired was the only one in the house who played the piano. At night, when all was still, he practiced. It had been eerie the first few times but they were all used to the sounds by now. They would wake up to hear soft broken chords and then silence.

The first time it had happened Paula had thought it was a fey burglar, a daft neighbor. She had waked Jim and made him go downstairs. Jim was no braver than the average man who is roused from deep slumber and ordered down into the dark to accost an armed killer. But like all males who do not want to lose face, he went. The whole family woke up then and went down to see the kitten walking softly up and down the keys.

Since then the kitten had practiced intermittently, timing his finger exercises to days that were rainy. On these days he came in with thick mud on his paws, rested and relaxed and ready for practice.

It was a muddy day today, a very muddy day. The dog, Tiger, barked to get in. When his barks were not answered immediately, he began to bay. His bay was like something out of a Boris Karloff movie—deep and penetrating. Tiger was a mountain dog and retained a touch of the wild, the primitive. Jim had brought him home, a very small puppy, as a present for Paula on the day she came home from the hospital with her young son, Sam. The two grew up together, and both were eight years old now. Tiger was treated like an old family retainer. He had the run of the house; everything was done for him except that no place was laid for him at mealtime. That would have been done too, probably, if Jim and the children had their way.

Tiger slept on the beds, reclined on the couch, was secretly fed chops and choice tidbits of steak when Paula presumably was not looking. Jim and the children did not actually believe in the transmigration of souls but they might as well have. There was no difference in their minds between animals and humans except that most animals were nicer than most humans.

They also had a peculiar credo that animals were self-sufficient. Except for occasional, excited, melodramatic trips to the veterinarian, which Paula found especially irksome, they felt, all three of them—Diana, the daughter, Sam, the son, and Jim, the husband—that dogs could wash and brush themselves, cats could catch their own food, canaries could subsist on insects that flew into their cages. They never did anything for any of the animals. Paula had to do it all.

Paula stooped now to pat Tiger. She really loved him. She didn't dislike any of the animals, except that there were too many of them—too many for the very small house they lived in, the inadequate house that was all they could find in the housing shortage. Seven rooms, the minimum they could get by on. And animals pouring out of the corners, pushing into her tiny kitchen as she was getting meals. Baby chickens in the guest room, rabbits on the back porch, canaries in the dining room. The house looked like the Ark.

"It isn't that I mind so much," Paula said out loud, pausing in her dusting. "It's just that I'm not zoo curator material. I don't want to make it my lifework." The big cat came in and went to lie on the newly upholstered chair.

Paula looked at her and said, "I have been trying not to believe it but it's true. She is going to have kittens—six at least." Frantically she began to think of any friends she had left to whom she could give a kitten. She had given the Franks the chickens when they were grown and had begun to crow. The Franks had never had any eggs and the chickens ate voraciously. There had been a noticeable cooling off of friendship there. When the cats came, Paula had given the canaries to Maria.

"Only for you, Paula," Maria had said, "only for you would I do this. And only because you saved me from drowning that time when we were girls." Two weeks after Maria took the canaries she had told Paula, "I wish you'd let me drown that time. The brine would have been better than running this aviary."

MAYBE Edith would take a kitten. Paula had looked after her children the time Edith had pneumonia. Paula blushed wondering how low she could sink, to what depths she could go in imposing on her friends. Then she began to sing Somebody Loves Me. She had had an inspiration. She would give all the kittens to Mrs. Arnold, the egg woman. Mrs. Arnold was so gentle, so kind, she couldn't say no. Paula would not let her family keep one kitten. "Not even so much as a whisker," she said firmly, out loud.

Jim came in the front door. Sometimes he came home unexpectedly like this for lunch. He kissed her and said, "It's kind of peaceful with the children away at Mother's for two weeks, isn't it?"

"Why, Jim," she said, her eyes widening, "what an awful thing to say." Then she laughed. "Yes, it is peaceful," she said. "Much as we love them."

"Much as we love them," he agreed. "I have to go out in the country this afternoon to see a customer," he went on. "Come with me. We'll stop at the Golden Arrow on the way back. Overeat—overdrink—dance—have fun. Wear that new dress you look so pretty in."

"What new dress?" she asked. But she could never be coy. She knew. The fuchsia-colored print with the hat she had made to match. . . .

As they got into the car, Mrs. Clarke their next-door neighbor, called to them. "Going someplace?" Mrs. Clarke was an older woman and very kind—an ever-present friend in time of trouble, a fast one with hot cookies and samples of jam. But also she was what one might call inquisitive—the kind of woman who would call up and ask why the lights were on so late, was there illness? Whose car was in their drive with the New Mexico license? Paula avoided Mrs. Clarke as much as she could.

"Would you like a kitten?" Paula called.

"Oh, do you have *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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MALZEV'S MYSTERY

Behind barbed wire and machine guns, 150,000 men and women dig frantically for uranium to power Russia's atomic bombs

Berlin

IT IS unlikely you have ever heard of Mikhail Mitrofanovich Malzev. Mikhail Mitrofanovich Malzev is no publicity seeker. He hunts no headlines. He has, in fact, so wrapped himself in a cloak of Soviet secrecy that the most painstaking Western investigators have been able to learn only that he is a pale-eyed, heavy-bodied man of forty-five whose puffy face is as cruel as his relentless will; that he is as shrewd as he is single-minded, and that he lives in circumspect seclusion with his wife and their two children.

Yet, little-known as is this man of mystery, he is one of the most important figures in Russia's Europe.

Malzev, major general in the army of the Soviet Union, is director of the mighty Russian mining corporation, Wismut. And Wismut is law and master in the isolated Ore Mountains between German Saxony and Czechoslovakia where, behind barbed wire and machine guns, some 150,000 men and women today scrabble for uranium—raw stuff of Russia's atom bombs.

Malzev is a modern monarch, Soviet style. His are the decisions of life and death in a heavily barricaded domain which stretches out 30 miles along the forested crests of the Erz Gebirge and encloses an area of 600 square miles. He commands the army and the police; he sets the hours and conditions of work; he runs the stores, rents the houses, erects the barracks; he pays the bonuses—and metes out the punishments. And his every action is directed to a single, ruthless end: to extract the last ounce of uranium ore from the rocky hills for shipment to the Soviet Union.

Twenty years ago a German geographer, Dr. C. W. Schmidt, waxed descriptive about the Ore Mountains in a chapter of his little travel book Beautiful Germany.

"The villages in this part of the country," he wrote, "are quaint and pleasant, ideal for summer resorts. The soft, far-reaching hills are perfect for winter sports. This is not a rich area—the silver mines which, in medieval times, drew the population here have been largely exhausted—but some industry has been developed, powered by the mountain streams. Here we have, too, the radioactive springs and fountains of Oberschlema, where tourists come to seek rejuvenation. Here wooden toys are made in the mountain workshops. Life in the Erz Gebirge is placid and contented. The mountaineers are a gay and lively people, music-loving and friendly."

That was before Comrade General Malzev took over. Herr Doktor Schmidt should see the old place now!

No longer is it open to tourists "seeking rejuvenation." Malzev's mountains are ringed by a curtain within a curtain; by a steel curtain of security within the Iron Curtain the Soviets have lowered around "their" Germany. Every road, every trail into the Erz Gebirge is blocked off today. Only he who bears a Russian pass can enter.

No longer, either, are the towns and villages quaint or pleasant. Aue, Annaberg, Johanngeorgenstadt, Joachimsthal, the places described by the good Dr. Schmidt with such relish, now have all the sedate beauty of Klondike shantytowns during the gold rush. Dirty and overcrowded, hectic and overpowering, these locked-off towns belong to a different world from that which the geographer knew. In this new, monstrously ugly world sheds and barracks, tents and taverns have mushroomed up to obscure the quaint old buildings; gray-faced, scabby-skinned and filthy men and women in mining uniforms have replaced the ruddy, friendly mountaineers.

The soft and forested hills and valleys are cruelly scarred with the clearings for some 200 mine shafts. Trees have been felled wholesale to provide wood for pit props, wood for sheds and shanties, wood for the grim watchtowers which surround each shaft, wood for the posts of the endless barbed-wire fences.

The radium fountains of Oberschlema are gone, too. They caved in when Malzev sank his first uranium mine just a few yards away and an inexpertly set explosive blew the whole area to bits. The toy-makers? Evacuated, so that miners—six or eight to a room, men and women billeted indiscriminately—could be brought into their homes. The placid contentment? Vanished in the frenzy of activity which has accompanied the desperate Soviet search for ore, destroyed by the manner in which Malzev has brutalized the lives of his subjects.

Wild Activity at Abandoned Mines

And the tired old silver-mine shafts, their mouths grown over with mountain vegetation? Reopened, retunneled, reworked, expanded and then again abandoned in wild spurts of effort which until recently resembled nothing so much as the project of a huge colony of demented ants.

In only one brief sentence, more ironic than he could ever have foreseen, does Dr. Schmidt's description of 1930 have validity today. Describing the heavy snowfalls which blanketed the Ore Mountain crests and recalling the long cold winters of the area, the Herr Doktor noted, "The Erz Gebirge is often called the Siberia of Saxony."

That name, at least, could be no more up to date—even if the reason is no longer simply a climatic one. Malzev's mountains have become indeed a Saxonian Siberia: a sinister, isolated wilderness where man is a factor of production and not a human being, where the will of the secret police is supreme and where the rebellious simply disappear.

Even with the Soviet penchant for claiming the discovery or invention of practically everything under the sun, it is hardly likely that the Russians will venture to take credit for originally finding uranium in the Erz Gebirge. Records show that as early as 1869 the German geologist Krusch had extracted a valuable vein of greasy blackish pitchblende, the ore which yields uranium, from a silver mine near Annaberg. Other deposits were subsequently dug out of the mines at Freiberg and Johanngeorgenstadt.

On the Czech side of the border, scientists have known for nearly a hundred years that the rich silver mines at Joachimsthal (Jáchymov) contained radium and uranium and that the health-giving springs contained radioactive salts. It was from the ore of Joachimsthal, in fact, that the Curies extracted the first radium, at the end of the last century. And radium and uranium had been dug from the mines in small quantities for use in research steadily until the Nazi seizure of Czechoslovakia.

It was not, however, until 1945—following America's explosion of atom bombs over Japan and the disclosure that uranium was the source of their awful power—that the Erz Gebirge became a strategic prize of highest value. It was a prize that dropped neatly into the hands of the Russians as their conquering armies moved into the area.

In October, 1945, the Soviet ambassador in

The Busy Correspondent

Ernest Leiser, as he puts it, has "been lucky enough" to cover many of the major European news events since the war. They include the Potsdam Conference, the treason trial of Pierre Laval, the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, the Italian election which staved off seizure of that country by the Reds, the development of the split between Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia and the Cominform, and the Berlin blockade. Leiser and his wife lived in Berlin during the entire ten and a half months of the blockade, and their young child is a "blockade baby." To get around his "beat"—Germany—Leiser flew the air lift almost as often as the Operation Vittles pilots themselves. During the war Leiser served, first, as a French interpreter for United States Military Intelligence and, later, as a combat correspondent for Stars and Stripes. He won a Bronze Star and the Croix de Guerre but came near being court-martialed for going through the Red lines into Berlin while the Russians were fighting to capture the city. He has been in Europe since the summer of 1944, except for a six-month return to his prewar job on the copy desk of the Chicago Herald-American. In 1946, as a civilian this time, he again joined Stars and Stripes, covering Vienna and Berlin. After a year, he became a correspondent for Overseas News Agency. Assignments on this job take him to all the news hot spots of Europe. Leiser was born in Philadelphia in 1921 and was raised in Chicago and Gary, Indiana. After studying at the University of Chicago, where he was editor of the Daily Maroon, he joined the Chicago City News Bureau, working both as a police reporter and rewrite man, after graduating as a city room cub

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MOUNTAINS

By ERNEST LEISER

Prague, V. A. Zorin, telephoned late one night to Zdenek Fierlinger, an old friend, a left-wing Social Democrat and at the time Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia.

"Can you come over at once?" he half asked, half ordered. "I have a message from Moscow of the utmost importance."

Fierlinger hastened to the Soviet embassy. There Zorin informed him that a secret treaty had been drafted in the Kremlin; that Stalin wanted it signed and sealed within forty-eight hours.

An Unfair Treaty for the Czechs

The treaty provided that the Czechs should "lend" Russia the Joachimsthal mines for five years, to be run under Soviet direction, with all ores (except a limited amount of medical radium) to be shipped to the U.S.S.R.

This summary proposal astounded even the cooperative Fierlinger. But Zorin pursued the point coldly. Had not Czechoslovakia been liberated solely due to the might and sacrifice of the Soviet Union? Were the uranium mines too high a price to pay for that? Russia was the great friend and protector of the Czechs; was it not the duty of Czechoslovakia in turn to make this critical ore available to Stalin?

Fierlinger capitulated. Strenuous and bitter protests from his five vice-premiers held up the signing but finally, under Soviet bluster and blandishment, a treaty was signed—so secretly that only a few Cabinet ministers learned of it.

A few weeks later, there was a great influx of Soviet army "tourists" into the tiny, picturesque spa at Joachimsthal. A month or so after that, without explanation, the entire area was blocked off by Czech police and agents of the MVD—Russia's secret police. The territory was placed "under the administration of the Soviet Union." German prisoners of war were brought in by the thousands and the first, frantic digging began.

On the German side of the mountains, development moved a little slower. As early as autumn, 1945, the Russians began to make discreet inquiries into the uranium-bearing potential of the Erz Gebirge; they even "invited" the leading physician of Oberschlema to visit Moscow, where for several months he was interrogated about the possibility of exploiting the pitchblende in the area.

Previous appraisals had placed the entire deposits of the Erz Gebirge at between 800 and 1,500 tons of pure uranium; geologists and mining engineers estimated that perhaps as much as half to two thirds of that had already been dissipated in spasmodic digging operations (the pitchblende was principally sought for coloring ceramics) up to World War II. It wasn't an enormous potential yield, but it was enough to supplement the atomic resources of the Russians considerably.

It was also enough—unless their own research convinced them there was even more than previously estimated—finally to cause the Russians, in the summer of 1946, to begin mining operations at full scale and full speed. The first drillings were begun in late July, right next to the Kurhaus in Oberschlema where, for generations, German burghers had taken their "radium baths." Other shafts were hastily sunk—one actually in the town public library—and a sudden, summary order was issued:

"Oberschlema is closed to German patients. Henceforth only Soviet personnel will be admitted to the area to take the cure."

Feverishly in the months that followed, slag from the old silver-mine shafts throughout the area was re-examined and reprocessed; the shafts themselves were re-explored and thrown into operation; new shafts were frantically sunk, often transecting the old.

From the moment they began the purposeful exploitation of the ore-bearing rock, the Soviets also clamped a lid of secrecy on their operations as tight as was humanly possible. The entire Erz Gebirge was swiftly turned into a vast mining camp, to which all entrances were shut off to the outsider by grim Soviet tommy gunners or hard-eyed German policemen. Floodlights bathed the mine shafts at night; Russian soldiers and technicians barked orders to German miners and construction workers; the sinister agents of the MVD were omnipresent.

And, just a year after the first shaft was sunk in Oberschlema, official, legal recognition was given to the fact that the Erz Gebirge had become the domain of Wismut, Incorporated.

In the "Official Announcements of the Landkreis (county) of the Aue" for July 17, 1947, under the title of "Court Orders" there is the following laconic entry:

"B-33. New Registration. Stated-owned corporation for the mining and processing of colored metals. Wismut, Aue. Main Offices: Moscow. Purpose of enterprise: The exploitation and sale of colored metals, in the territory of the U.S.S.R. and abroad. Basic capitalization: 50,000,000 rubles."

Then follows a list of the five-men board of managers. Three of them—Pavel Sedichev, Stefan Pachamov and N. W. Lirov—are known to be in Moscow. The fourth, Mikhail Mitrofanovich Malzev, and fifth, Nikolai Mikhailovich Essakia, were listed as being in Aue.

"These last-named persons are entitled to represent the corporation," the entry notes with dry, legal understatement.

Heavy Demands on Labor Forces

Behind the sealed-off "state within a state," the most urgent problem from the beginning was to recruit an enormous labor force. It *had* to be big, if it was to hack away at the Erz Gebirge fast and furiously enough to meet the demands of the Soviet physicists then desperately working to create an atom bomb.

To entice miners to Malzev's mountains, Wismut promised wages ranging up to an astronomic 2,000 marks a month—eight times the pay of labor elsewhere in Russia's zone of occupation—and special food rations higher than any other. This was not enough; especially when, through chinks in the steel curtain of security, reports began to filter out that the wages were not actually being paid, nor the food issued, that conditions of work were primitive and dangerous beyond belief, that the brutal pressure to fill impossible "norms" never relaxed.

To supplement the mining force, then, the Russians began to draft German prisoners of war they were belatedly repatriating from the Soviet Union. A secret order issued by the Ministry of Labor in Saxony directed labor offices in the state to send all returning PWs who could not prove they were going back to a specific job down to a camp in the Erz Gebirge. There they were examined to find if they were physically able to work in the mines. More than 12,000 were drafted in this manner. It still was not enough.

Finally, a curt command went out to all the labor offices for the entire Soviet zone: Send workers to Aue. Each office was given a quota to fill, and terse letters were sent out:

(Continued on page 67)

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Doris with Bing Crosby, one of the celebrities who have inspired her in the business her husband calls "more than a little screwy." Below, Doris works as she plays with her children, Jill (left) and Bonnie

TALENT EYE

By JOE HYAMS

Need a deer pronto for a TV show? A child who sings bass? A disk jockey with a sexy voice? Call on Doris Sharp's sharp wits—and relax

NOT long ago in New York City, a Columbia Broadcasting System television director faced one of those trying moments which are the hallmark of his frenetic craft. He needed a trained deer for an appearance in an afternoon show, and he needed one right away. In some desperation, the director picked up a telephone and called a lady named Doris Sharp. Miss Sharp responded with characteristically brisk assurance.

Speedily she assigned the problem to one of 10 girls she employs for just such crises. The girl recalled reading a Walter Winchell item about a woman who gamboled about Manhattan with a pet deer in tow. She checked with the zoo keeper in Central Park and learned that the deer was fed in this bucolic terrain at eight every morning. Next she sped to the park and buttonholed people until she found some who remembered the deer fancier bounding home along a street in the West Fifties. A canvass of doormen in the area narrowed the search to an old brownstone house where the deer was found in the basement contentedly munching on goldenrod. Within two hours the animal punched in on the CBS time clock.

In the converted mid-Manhattan apartment building which houses the Doris Sharp Talent Enterprises, rush calls for televisable livestock aren't exactly run-of-the-mill, but neither are they likely to shake the staff's proverbial aplomb. At any moment, over the organization's 50 telephone lines, as well as by mail or wire, may come a request for a "seven-year-old boy, redhead preferred, with a basso profundo voice," or for an amazon with a baby lisp, or a stand-in for a wedding, or a Santa Claus with his own tuggable beard, or a man who can wiggle his left ear while simultaneously cocking his right. An extremely high batting average in fulfilling such requests, however farfetched, has won for the organization repute as a unique clearinghouse for talent, and for its shrewd, personable boss lady, a profitable growing business.

The Doris Sharp Talent Enterprises are a three-pronged affair consisting of Registry Casting, Radio Registry and the Children's Talent Registry.

Radio Registry, with which Doris launched her profitable career 12 years ago, is an elaborate telephone-answering service, taking and delivering messages for some 2,000 clients—many of them radio actors to whom missing a call might mean loss of a lucrative assignment. Registry Casting, founded a year ago, is a talent-finding service; for a fee of $16 a year, anyone with talent of one sort or another can be put to work, if he or she can fit the bill when a call comes for that talent. Registry Casting does not cast; it merely submits names, pictures and pertinent information about its clients to the talent seeker, who then makes his own choice. The fledgling Children's Talent Registry repeats this service for clients aged seven to fifteen.

One of the calls Registry Casting has received since its inception in the summer of 1949 was from a director casting voice parts for a TV commercial sponsored by a popular dog food. He wanted an actress who could imitate a sexy female canine. "The Mae West type," he specified. "Also I need a worn-out, unhappy Mr. Wimple voice and a Mr. Anthony voice."

The operator who received the call dug into the files, located all the actors and actresses who did animal impersonations, assembled their biographies and sent them to the director, who auditioned them and chose his cast. The three canine imitators selected paid Registry Casting $2.50 apiece as service fee for the job in addition to their yearly fee of $16.

Registry Casting now has among faithful users of its services such radio and TV programs as the Jimmy Durante and Jack Benny shows (when in New York), The Goldbergs, Inside U.S.A., Philco Playhouse, We the People, International Silver Theatre, Theatre Guild and Stage Door.

Hazel Shermet, the present Miss Duffy on Duffy's Tavern,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

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...e **Prize Catch,"** by Douglass Crockwell. Number 45 in the series "Home Life in America."

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For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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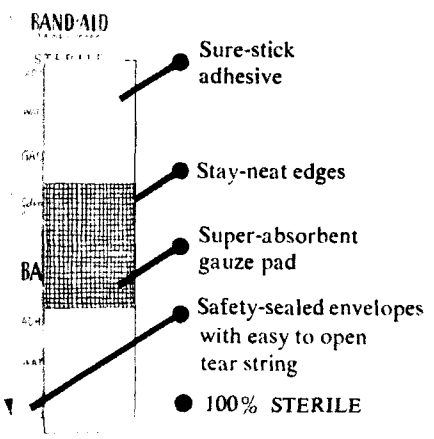

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID — used by more families and doctors than all other brands combined.

Always look for the name on the box

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got her job through Registry Casting. Actor-producer Ed Gardner flew up from Puerto Rico, where the show is produced, to look for the right type of character. He outlined his requirements: an attractive girl of about twenty-eight with a Brooklyn accent who would be at home in Duffy's emporium. Registry Casting's files turned up 80 actresses who listed Brooklynese among their assets. From the 80 the group was whittled to 32 who fitted Gardner's requirements. An audition was arranged and within 24 hours the new Miss Duffy was winging her way to San Juan.

Four-star show-business personalities are not the only ones to employ the Sharp wits. Because literally anybody with a legitimate casting problem can call on Registry Casting, businessmen frequently use it. An infants'-wear manufacturer decided to use a girl of Jane Russell proportions to wear one of his three-cornered pants and tops, called a Magi-Creeper, and pose for publicity pictures at the opening of his new line. The properly constructed candidate was located and garnered hundreds of dollars of free publicity for the delighted diaperer.

Registry Casting also serves nontheatrical out-of-town organizations who on occasion may require lady magicians, flagpole sitters or svelte swamis who will not only look at the stars but be good-looking too. A Dallas radio station, tired of the rugged tones of its local announcers, telegraphed for a disk jockey with a voice of the "come with me to the Casbah" variety, and got its man.

Registry Casting was stumped only once. A New Jersey promoter required a tribe of Indians to advance-ballyhoo a circus. Miss Sharp's staff was able to round up only five Indians in the few hours alloted to them, but the five made up in quality what they lacked in quantity: they were full-blooded Cherokee of noble lineage.

No hearts-and-flowers character, the petite Miss Sharp guards her territory like a mama cat its kittens. Behind the deep brown eyes set in a pink and white face lies a quick-thinking mechanism that knows when to compromise and when to jab the gloved fist. A Hollywood promoter who tried to lap up some of the milk in the talent-casting field felt Miss Sharp's claws. Hearing that he planned to buy up a would-be competitor, she swiftly bought out the other agency and absorbed it as part of her offices. The promoter returned to the Sunset Strip a confirmed woman hater, and Doris made the new agency run at a profit. As she tells the tale her eyes sparkle, and she recalls a bit of advice her father gave her.

"Dad used to say if you can't beat them with your brains, use your fists and if that doesn't work, pick up a rock." Doris fluffed a ruffle on her blouse. "I found out early in life that only fools fight with rocks so I used my head."

Her First Job in New York

Doris' father, a wealthy Londoner, emigrated to Alabama with his family in the twenties. He died bankrupt in 1928, leaving his teen-age daughter to shift for herself. Fresh out of boarding school, she headed for New York and a $12.50-a-week job selling Teddy bears at Saks Fifth Avenue department store. Her talents brought her to the attention of vice-president Louis Gimbel, who asked her to take over buying for the department. Doris declined, explaining that buying toys was not her aim in life.

Gimbel liked her spunk and sent her to CBS to see William Paley, who needed a glib, good-looking receptionist. Doris was hired at $30 a week and for the next eight years held the same job.

In those days there was no one central point through which a radio actor could be reached, and a program director's blood pressure was constantly a-boil as he tried to cast a role or locate an announcer for a spot news broadcast. As a receptionist, Doris had a combination Hedda Hopper, Sherlock Holmes, and Dunninger-the-Mental Marvel job.

Then, one fateful day—May 6, 1936—she proved her mettle. She was just leaving for lunch when lights on her switchboard began to flash. Anxious voices were calling for Ted Husing. The dirigible Hindenburg had been destroyed by fire and explosion just as it was about to tie up at the Naval Air Station in Lakehurst, New Jersey. CBS was trying to locate Husing to describe the holocaust to the world.

Doris tried Husing's home, favorite haunts and eating places, but without success. She knew he had been squiring actress Betty Lawford so she dashed to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre where, in the play The Women, Miss Lawford was at the time playing a scene which required her to be soaking in a bathtub on stage. Doris relayed her query via another actress about to walk on for a two-line speech. Miss Lawford reported back that Husing was with the late Mark Hellinger at his apartment. Doris called Hellinger's home, but the author had left word that he was not to be disturbed. "Tell him it's a Hollywood call," ordered the astute Doris, well know-

"Tell Ann not to hurry— we aren't going anywhere!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

ing Hellinger's fondness for West Coast loot. Hellinger got on the phone—and Doris got her man.

It occurred to Doris that the service she had just performed for Husing was important not only to him but to CBS. The realization prodded her to action. She batted out an outline of her projected idea and showed it to Orson Welles and a few others at the radio station. Welles eagerly signed up and so did the rest of the cast. Armed with a $300 loan from Louis Gimbel, a fistful of clients and faith in her own ability, Doris quit her job.

Radio Registry was started in May, 1937, in a single room on 42nd Street with Marge Berry, Doris' girl Friday (who is still with her) on the phone while Doris rounded up clients.

From its shoestring beginning Radio Registry has grown and expanded so that it now tentacles the entire fields of radio and TV. Since 1937 it has boasted such famous clients as Orson Welles, Jennifer Jones, Richard Widmark, Ted Husing, Celeste Holm, Keenan Wynn, Paul Douglas and Bob Walker. Bing Crosby has been one of Doris' boosters, and an autographed picture of him hangs on her office wall. Most of Radio Registry's name stars started with the service in the days when they needed every job they could get.

In addition to the routine calls, Radio Registry operators receive countless calls that come under the heading of "personal" and include such items as bringing mimosa to Grand Central for a mother-in-law. Then there was the day Kenny Delmar called; he was too busy to buy a dress for his mother on Mother's Day. Would Registry please help? (Kenny didn't know his mother's size, he only knew she was "oh-so-o-big"). The dress was duly purchased and delivered.

Locating an Actress at Sea

In Radio Registry's early days, Orson Welles called from Europe asking for a girl named Mercedes McCambridge to report to him in Rome. Mercedes, who was to go on to win the 1949 Academy Award for the best supporting role in All the King's Men, had left with her husband on a tramp steamer for Haiti. After trying all the steamship lines the operator located the vacationing couple on a ship in the Atlantic. She cabled Mercedes to contact Welles. For this service Miss McCambridge paid, in addition to her regular $9 monthly service fee, $7 for the cable from Registry and 45 cents for the calls to the steamship companies.

Radio Registry operators must keep tabs on their clients, know their intimate secrets (but never tell them), and be able to put their finger on them at a moment's notice. Many an operator has faced the problem of deciding whether to tell Mrs. Brown where Mr. Brown really is. Discretion usually wins out over truth.

Aside from trying to keep many of its temperamental charges from crashing on the marital rocks, Radio Registry also has at least one patched marriage to its credit. One actor got a Registry operator to call his estranged wife every hour and tell her he was still in love with her and wanted to see her again. When the calls were stepped up to half-hour intervals she agreed. The Registry girl doesn't know what happened, but she does know that the couple is using the same phone number again.

The girls who work in the phone room at Doris Sharp Talent Enterprises take thousands of calls a year. Each girl must be able to handle at least five phone lines at once, keeping five separate conversations going at the same time. The phones have direct wires into many of the advertising agencies, networks and eating places where clients are likely to be found.

The role of guiding force of all this hectic activity would seem enough for any woman without trying to combine with it a husband and two children—Jill and Bonnie. But not for the indefatigable Doris Sharp, who is married and the mother of two. Her husband, George W. Smith, an insurance consultant and broker, considers her business "more than a little screwy."

Mr. Smith particularly remembers the day before Jill, their first child, was born. Radio Registry had just moved into larger quarters, and in order to keep up uninterrupted service for their clients, everyone, including Doris, was on the phones. Marge Berry begged Doris to go home.

"I told her if she didn't go I'd call George and have him come down and get her," Marge says wryly. "But she wouldn't budge. Finally I called George and he came after her in a raging fury. Instead of taking her home he took her straight to the hospital. Jill was born later that night."

George was so upset that Doris promised her next baby's birth would be a more leisurely one. In preparation for the event she had a telephone with four switches installed at home so she could remain in constant touch with the office.

All went well until the day one of her girls called with a problem that appeared impossible even for Doris Sharp. An actor on a CBS show that ended at eight-thirty was due on an NBC show starting at eight-thirty. Doris achieved a neat feat of dual delivery. She hired a private ambulance to siren the actor through traffic to the studio six blocks away—and then had the ambulance take her on to the hospital in time for the arrival of her second child. THE END

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Jet Propulsion, Hollywood Type

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Ferrer. His marriage blew up. Remarried to a New York designer, and convinced that he was through on the stage, he rented a house at Ojai, California, 75 miles northwest of Los Angeles, and at the age of twenty-three started all over again.

He toted a heavy flatiron around for months to limber up his arm; went to Los Angeles and vainly tried his hand at the battery repair, grocery and laundry businesses; was turned down for service in the armed forces; and after venturing into radio work in the Southwest, screwed up his courage to tackle New York again. He got a job at the National Broadcasting Company, and after two years worked up to producer assignments on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Mr. District Attorney.

Ferrer moved to the Coast in 1943 and picked up his theatrical career more or less where he had left off, amicably dissolving his second marriage and remarrying his first wife.

The biggest influence on him since he came to Hollywood, Ferrer thinks, was his contacts with the late David Wark Griffith, pioneer of modern film techniques. Ferrer met him through a mutual friend, Herb Sterne, a studio publicity man. Griffith, who was living in retirement, took a liking to Ferrer. For over a year, at weekly sessions attended by such old-time stars as Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mary Pickford, Griffith ran off his classic pictures, analyzing them for Ferrer.

"Mel was so absorbed," Sterne says in a striking tribute to Griffith, "that I can't remember him picking up the telephone once."

After a year at Columbia as a dialogue director—an assistant who rehearses actors in their lines and movements—Ferrer worked up to full direction of a low-budget B picture, *Girl of the Limberlost*. It was a great day. Griffith himself was dissuaded from being on hand only on Mel's plea that he would collapse with nervousness under the eye of the master.

"The studio hated me because I ran four days over the 12-day schedule on the picture," Ferrer says. "But it made more money than any other B picture they'd had in five years."

But after Griffith's tutelage, Ferrer balked before the prospect of making a succession of B's so he launched into a complicated double-game, still in progress, under which he has made his way as an actor while continually plotting to get established as a director.

"I'm a screaming schizoid," he says. "At heart I'm an introvert. I've just cultivated an extrovert exterior. I curl up inside and freeze when I have to act. I much prefer sitting on the side lines and trying to get the best out of other people."

A Dual Personality at Work

With one side of his dual personality, he directed José Ferrer in Cyrano on Broadway, put in two years directing screen tests for David O. Selznick, along with organizing the La Jolla Playhouse as an outlet for unoccupied Selznick stars; assisted John Ford in the production of The Fugitive, and finished up Howard Hughes' Corsican-feud picture Vendetta after the ruggedly individualistic impresario had hired and fired three other directors.

In his other guise, Ferrer starred on Broadway in *Strange Fruit*, produced by José Ferrer; played the lead in Lost Boundaries, a quasi-documentary detailing the true story of a Negro doctor in New Hampshire who for 20 years passed as white; and, demonstrating his versatility, played a society cutup, along with Joan Fontaine and Robert Ryan in Born to Be Bad.

"I had been acting," he says in half-apologetic explanation of his double-jointed career, "just to get the directing." His plan ultimately was successful, in bringing him the job of directing The Secret Fury, a mystery melodrama made by Jack Skirball, head of an independent producing unit at RKO. Ferrer gave the picture some individualistic touches, including a realistic jazz jam session, in which he put Dave Barbour, the swing guitarist, in his first movie role. An unidentified extra in the scene, put in "for good luck," is José Ferrer.

On the strength of The Secret Fury, Ferrer figured he might wangle a directing job from Hughes, who since their Vendetta deal had acquired control of RKO.

Howard Hughes Was Surprised

When he called on Hughes, he found the producer had just seen his comic performance in Born to Be Bad.

"Why didn't you tell me," Hughes asked, "that you were an actor?"

"Well, I wasn't exactly trying to keep it from anybody," Ferrer told him. "Haven't you seen Lost Boundaries?"

"No," Hughes said. "What's that?"

"When he saw the picture," Ferrer adds, "he almost fell out of those gray flannel pants."

There ensued a long talk between Hughes and Ferrer over whether he should be an actor or a director. They finally compromised on a seven-year directing-acting contract, although it does not specify any directing assignments. So Mel is still wondering where he stands in his seesaw battle to get behind the camera instead of in front of it.

Despite his turbulent professional existence, Ferrer manages to lead a fairly normal family life, getting home at least half the time for dinner, and averaging about six hours' sleep a night. The Ferrers, who have two children, live in a small, modernistic house near the ocean in Santa Monica. In his infrequent moments of relaxation, Ferrer likes to concoct gags. Sobersided male guests at his house have been ceremoniously presented with elaborate packages that turn out to contain red satin, can-can-girl garter belts.

Ferrer turned the final performances of Petticoat Fever, the closing La Jolla play last summer, into bedlam by injecting half the residents of the town into the last scene in outfits ranging from polar bear skins to divers' suits—to the accompaniment of the airplane-battle sound recording from Command Decision.

One day during the filming of Vendetta when Billy Josephy, an agent, was on the set, Ferrer asked him to talk with a fanatically ambitious Italian character actor who'd been pestering him. After 15 minutes of incoherent and exasperating conversation which had Josephy reduced nearly to a state of nervous collapse, the intruder was triumphantly unmasked, from beneath several layers of make-up, as José Ferrer.

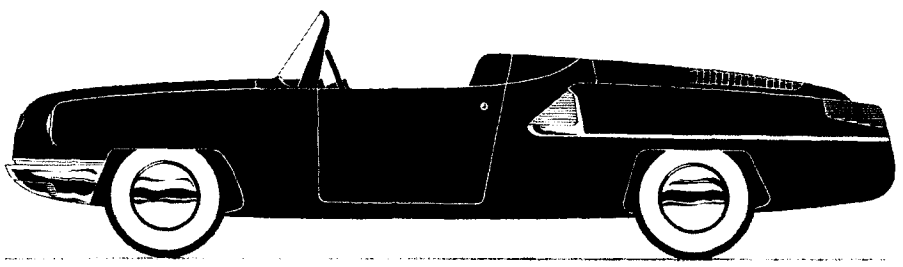
Mel's friends are divided between the oldest and the newest contingents in Hollywood. A gathering at his house is likely to turn up such an assorted group as Alida Valli, Louis Jourdan and Christian Kelleen on the one hand, and Clifton Webb, Constance Collier and Charlie Chaplin on the other.

Among Ferrer's intimates, there are two schools of thought about his future. One is that, under the laws of centrifugal force, he is liable to fly apart or fission at any time. The other school is confident that, with so many irons in the fire, he can't miss setting the world ablaze with one of them.

When he set off for Mexico for two months of location work on The Brave Bulls, his wife expressed natural concern about his getting hurt.

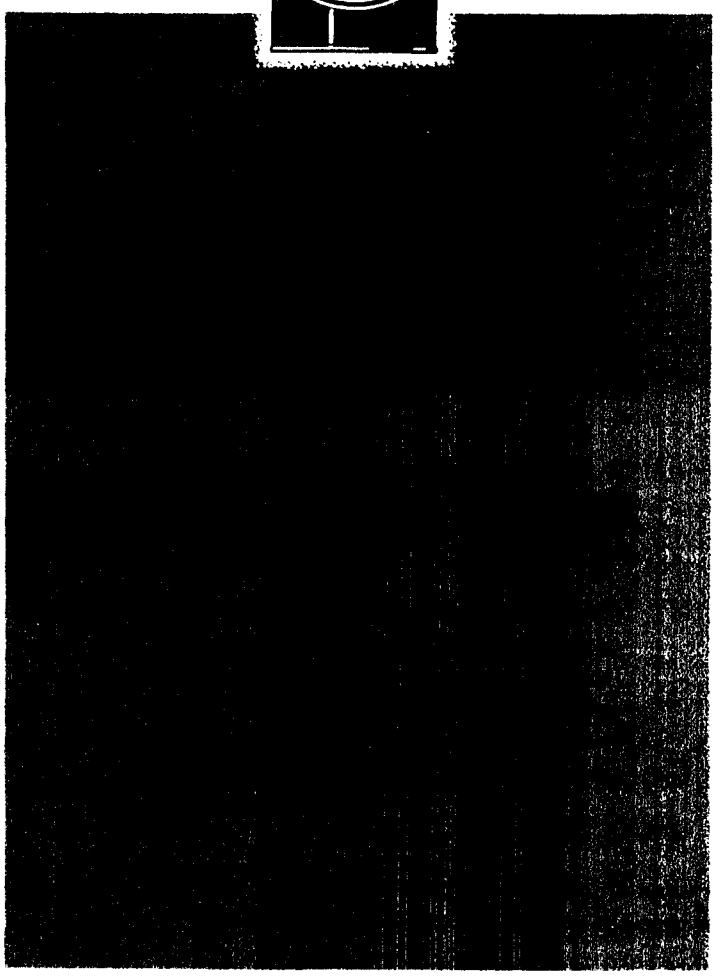
"Don't worry about old Lanky Bones," Gregory Peck reassured her in a cable from England. "He'll be all right—if he just doesn't insist on fighting two bulls at once."

THE END



Three-Seater Convertible with Rear Engine, by Donald Deskey Associates

FOUND
WHEREVER FINE CARS
TRAVEL



TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
NEW YORK TULSA SAN FRANCISCO

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TO THE WORLD, A PLEDGE

On the occasion of Goodyear's building its 500,000,000th tire

THIS YEAR Goodyear will pass a great production milestone.

For before 1950 is over, Goodyear—alone among all rubber companies—will have built its five hundred *millionth* pneumatic motor vehicle tire.

Think of it—a half billion tires!

Lined up tread-to-tread, that's more than enough tires to reach around the earth at the equator *nine* times!

As anyone in the industry will attest, this represents a tremendous production achievement.

But it represents something else, too—something deeper and more significant.

For it clearly reflects a world-wide confidence in Goodyear and Goodyear products.

Inescapably, it stands to reason that Goodyear could not have won this confidence—and held it year after year after year—unless Goodyear had repeatedly led the industry in tire improvements, and had established a world-spanning reputation for quality and reliability.

On the occasion of building its 500,000,000th tire, Goodyear makes this simple and sincere pledge to the world . . .

We shall see to it—by constant, restless and unflagging effort—that in years to come, as in years past, Goodyear will build tires of incomparable quality, tires without peer at home or abroad. The entire Goodyear organization rededicates itself to making sure that all Goodyear products are better today than they were yester-

GOOD

THE GREATEST

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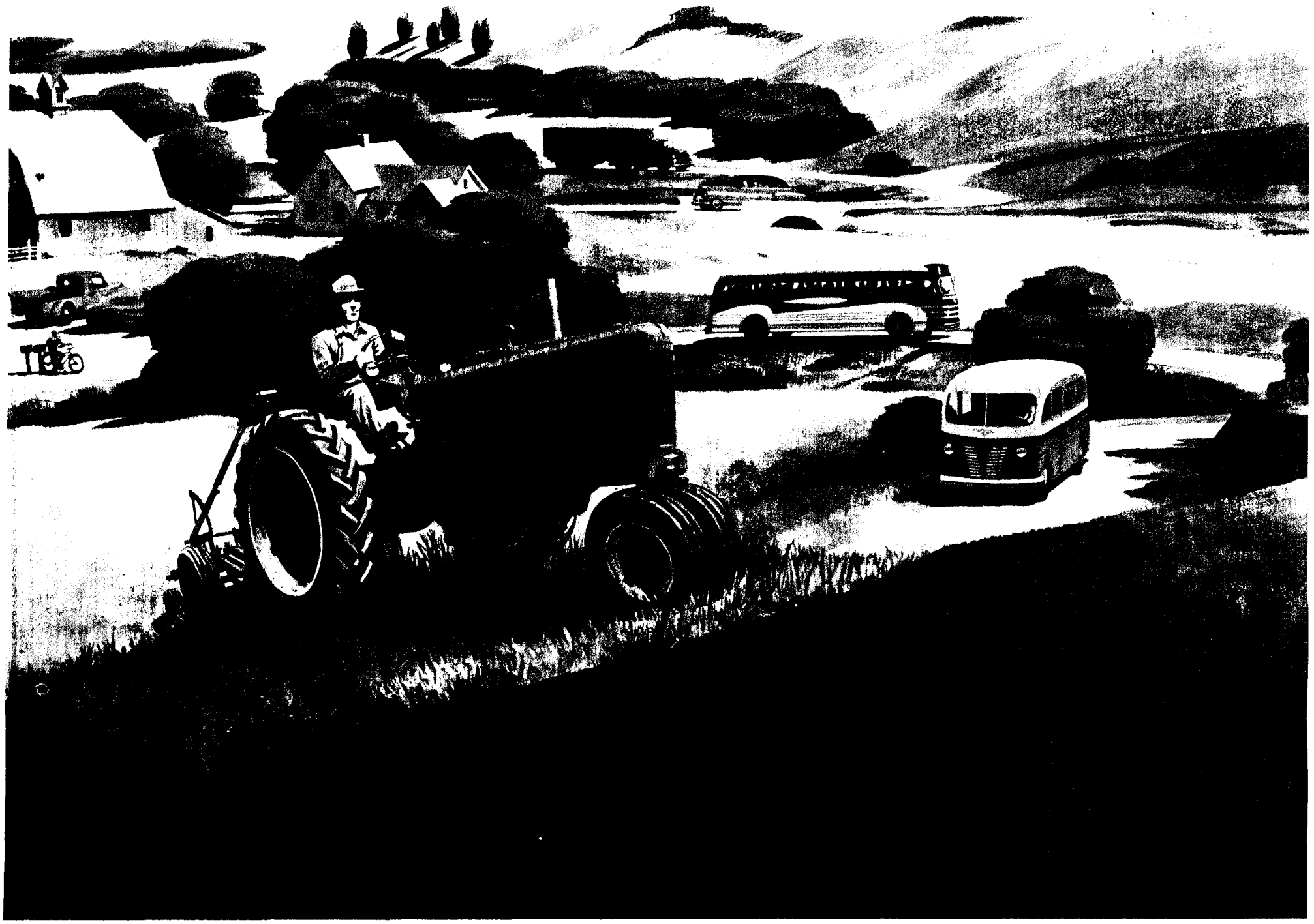


TO THE MAN, A TRIBUTE

day, better tomorrow than they are today.

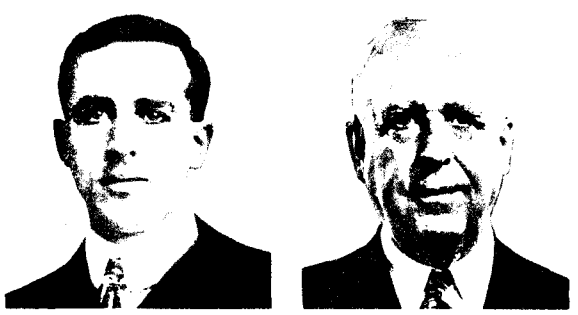
And on this occasion, Goodyear also pays a tribute. Our tribute is to Paul W. Litchfield.

In 1900, Mr. Litchfield—then a tall, quiet-spoken young engineer—came to Goodyear as plant superintendent in charge of all production. He personally designed and built Goodyear's first automobile tire. And down through the years, Mr. Litchfield has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for virtually all of Goodyear's tire-building achievements.

But Mr. Litchfield has helped Goodyear to build a great deal more than tires alone. His wisdom, courage and integrity have been deeply influential in building the Goodyear organization itself, and in giving it the character it has today.

Since 1930, Mr. Litchfield has been Chairman of the Board of Goodyear. And this month marks the 50th anniversary of his coming to Goodyear.

His associates find it a gratifying coincidence that this anniversary falls in the year when Goodyear will achieve the triumph of building its 500,000,000th pneumatic motor vehicle tire.



Karsh, Ottawa

In 1900, when Mr. Litchfield came to Goodyear as a recent M.I.T. graduate (*left*), Goodyear had one small, shed-like plant in Akron, and a total of 176 employees. Today Mr. Litchfield heads a Goodyear organization that has 70,000 employees, and operates 36 plants in 16 countries around the globe.

GOODYEAR

AME IN RUBBER

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Grandfather's Pal

AL TARTER

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

MY FATHER used to insist that his father could write only four words of readable English. These four words were, "Your Pal, Babe Ruth." According to my father, my grandfather used to pen the words flourishingly on new baseballs which he sold in the combination pawnshop and dry-goods store he owned in Boston in the early 1930s. The Babe's signature often brought double the price of a new ball even in those depression times, and my grandfather boasted that he never undersold his competitors.

He was essentially an honest man, however, and it was a source of pain to him that his eldest son should hold his traffic in autographed balls in such dim regard.

Grandfather was from the old country, a native of the Vilna sector which in his youth was the eastern border of Russia. He could never write or read English worth a damn, but he was quick to learn to speak the tongue; and he was never so eloquent as when he argued with my father about Babe Ruth autographs.

"It will make you interest to know," Grandfather would say, his voice dripping with scorn, "we personally acquainted, Babe Ruth and myself."

"Sure," my father would say. "You were orphans together in Baltimore."

"He came to the store," Grandfather said.

"Sure," my father said. "He came to the store. He wanted to pawn a bat."

"No," Grandfather said. "Babe Ruth never pawned a bat. An acquaintance was mutual, brought him. As a favor, personally he signed the baseballs."

My father laughed. "He must have stayed a long time. He signed every ball you ever sold."

"That's a false lie," Grandfather said. "Most of the balls he did not sign. If it was me sign, why do I sell any baseballs without writing? Why don't I take the extra balls and write Ty Cobb?"

"Because you can't spell Ty Cobb."

That was the way the arguments went.

The business was settled, finally, through a wholly plausible coincidence. The Yankees happened to be in Boston playing the Red Sox at Fenway Park the day after Grandfather sold the next-to-last Babe Ruth ball at the store.

He came home at night with the last ball in his pocket.

"It's for him," he announced, indicating me. I was four years old and had never seen a baseball game. Neither had Grandfather, but we knew all about Babe Ruth from the arguments that raged over the family hearth in the two-story house we had on Orkney Road in Brookline.

"You shouldn't do that to your grandson," my father said. "He doesn't want the ball."

I told him that I wanted the ball.

"Babe Ruth didn't sign it," my father said. "It was Grandpa."

"It was Babe Ruth," Grandpa said. He tossed the ball in the air and caught it. "See, it says Your Pal, Babe Ruth."

My father drew himself up. "All right," he said. "Tomorrow's Saturday."

"All right," my grandfather said.

"The Yankees are at Fenway Park," my father said. "Babe Ruth too. We're going to the game. The three of us."

My grandfather looked down at me. "He wouldn't understand it."

"He'll understand it," my father said. "He'll understand it when we go on the field and ask Babe Ruth did he sign that baseball."

"They don't let you on the field."

"For somebody who never saw a game," my father said, "you know a lot all of a sudden."

"They don't let you on the field."

"Then we'll go in the clubhouse after the game."

"They won't let you in there."

"Sure they will," my father said. His voice was honey. "You and the Babe are acquainted."

My grandfather looked right at him.

We went to the game. . . .

I don't remember much about the game itself. It was one of the first years that ballplayers wore numbers, and I remember that Babe Ruth was number 3. Lou Gehrig was number 4, but I'm not sure whether I recall that from that day or found out later.

One thing I do remember was the point late in the game when my father announced, with a seraphic smile, that he was an unsung but mighty magician. To prove this, he said, he would wave his arm once, and everybody watching the game would stand up.

This amused my grandfather. "Magician," he said, and laughed.

Then my father waved his arm and everybody stood up. Everybody except Grandfather.

"You see?" my father said.

Grandfather said, "I didn't stand up."

"You don't count," my father said. He could see Grandfather was impressed.

Grandfather ran his tongue over his upper lip, as he always did when in thought, and said, "Make them sit down."

"Wait a minute." My father waited, as if for dramatic effect, and then waved his arm again. Everybody sat down.

It was six or seven years before I identified this occult achievement with the seventh-inning stretch, that universal American custom by which fans everywhere rise and stretch their limbs for about a minute while the teams are changing sides.

But I believe Grandfather died without ever finding out what my father had pulled that day, and for the remainder of the game he seemed to be brooding about it.

He did not brighten any as my father led us down the concrete ramps to the Yankees' dressing room under the stands, after the game. We got there, and a uniformed guard looked at us coldly.

"Something?" he said.

"Excuse," Grandfather said. "Open the door, please, we wanted to see somebody."

"How nice," the guard said. "And who could the somebody be? Babe Ruth?"

"Yes, please," my grandfather said. "He is my acquaintance." He fished in his pocket and brought out the ball. "See how he wrote."

THE guard looked at the ball. He shook his head, uncertainly. My grandfather had an inspiration. "You would like to have this ball?"

"Say," the guard said, and took the ball. The transaction was quicker than most in which my grandfather took part. The door opened and we went inside.

The Yankee players were shuttling back and forth from the shower.

"Go ahead," my father said, "which one is Babe Ruth?"

"I can't tell good without my glasses," Grandfather said.

"All right." My father was enjoying himself too much to let Grandfather back out before the showdown. "This is him sitting over there," my father said.

We went over. The Babe was sitting on a bench with a towel over his knees. He was fooling with a shoelace.

My father poked my grandfather, who said, in a small voice, "Hello, Babe."

The Babe looked up. "Hi." He went back to his shoelace.

We stood there.

My father poked my grandfather again. Grandfather started to say something, but did not progress. Finally my father took a step forward and, speaking very quickly, said, "Babe, there's something we want you to settle. My father here said you came to his store and autographed some balls for him. Did you?"

The Babe looked up from his shoelace. He looked at each one of us. I never forgot it.

Babe Ruth's voice was a rumbly rasp. "Did I sign them balls?"

"Did you?" my father asked.

The Babe chuckled, and shook his head just slightly, as if in reminiscence. "I sure did." . . .

There was no living with Grandfather going home. In the excitement, I forgot that he had given my autographed baseball away to the clubhouse guard. I remembered when we got home, and then there was no living with me.

"It's all right," Grandfather soothed. "I got new baseballs in the attic. They never even opened."

"No," I wept. "It was the Babe Ruth one I wanted."

They put me to bed still crying.

I awoke in the morning and turned over in bed, and something hit the floor with a noisy thud, and I heard it roll. I stretched my arm under the bed and came up with a brand-new baseball. Where the bright red stitches curved together horizontally, it said:

"Your Pal, Babe Ruth."

Grandfather told me later he had taken one of the new balls from the attic when I was asleep and had gone to see the Babe at his hotel. And for once, my father didn't say anything. He was right only in one respect. My grandfather couldn't spell Ty Cobb. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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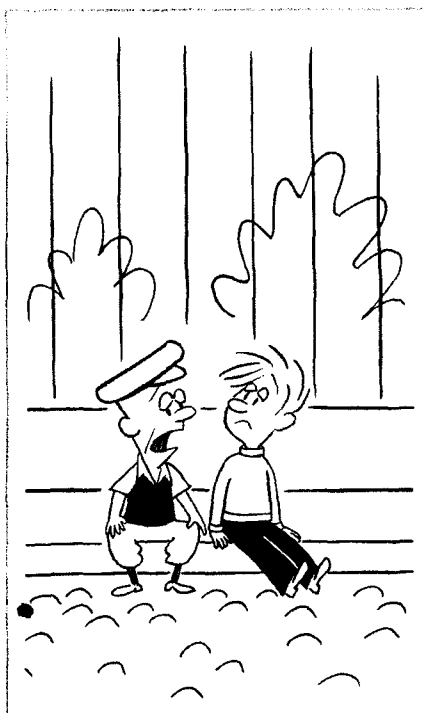
Mrs. Smith Really Goes to Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

to rest and relax. It is a long way from the Senate floor to the Office Building where each senator has his own private office and bath.

Mrs. Caraway's only retreat in the Capitol proper was the crowded rest room reserved for the senators' wives who come to hear their husbands orate. Here a thoughtful attendant used to place a screen around the washroom divan and try unsuccessfully to shush the visiting wives with "Please be quiet. The senator is sleeping." When she finally became committee chairman, Mrs. Caraway had a private office in the Capitol where she could stretch out on a couch, in between roll-call votes and during filibusters, and enjoy without interruption her off-the-floor cat naps.



"My father says I'm giving him his gray hairs, too. You'd think they'd admit they're growing older instead of blaming us!"

COLLIER'S — SALO ROTH

As for Margaret Chase Smith, who has yet to be caught cat-napping in the environs of the Capitol, the Senate has extended to her certain small, but nonetheless significant, courtesies never enjoyed by her predecessors. Whereas Senator Caraway dared not go into the Democratic cloakroom unless summoned by the long-distance operator, Mrs. Smith may be found often in its Republican counterpart, deep in conference with a colleague, perching her five feet four inches on the edge of a table and swinging her slender legs.

Too, Mrs. Smith has been assigned, by the Rules Committee, a highly accessible rest room of her own on the ground floor of the Senate. The key to this senatorial powder room was personally presented to Mrs. Smith by Joseph C. Duke, the Senate's sergeant at arms. Senator Smith promptly moved in a vanity table with mirror, an ironing board and an iron, and graciously invited a few of the top senatorial secretaries to share this pleasant little retreat with her.

Consistently the best-groomed woman on Capitol Hill, Mrs. Smith wears simple, dressmaker suits in pastel shades of green and blue and in shocking pink, which always bear a "Made in Maine" label. As she clicks on high heels down the long marble corridors of the Capitol, visiting Skowhegan constituents have no difficulty recognizing that quick, self-assured walk. It was distinctive even back in 1916 when Margaret Chase was captain and roving center on the girls' basketball team of Skowhegan High School.

Though somewhat subdued by the passage of time, the Margaret Chase walk has now become as familiar to her 95 colleagues in the Senate as it is to Skowhegan. Besides the walk, there is a special lift to the iron-gray head with its naturally curly hair and a soap-and-water freshness to the youthful face which set her apart from the hundreds of other women, chiefly secretaries and clerks, who busy themselves in and about both sides of the Capitol.

Her large, greenish-blue eyes, her bloom-fresh complexion, an animation unusual in a New Englander, and a good-humored smile for everyone give her somewhat plain features such a pleasing cast that she is widely considered downright handsome.

The oldest of the town barber's six children, Margaret Chase has been hard-working ever since she could toddle. Before she finished her high-school commercial course, which concluded her formal education, she applied for a Saturday job in the Skowhegan dime store only to be told, "Come back when you can reach the shelves." She did come back later, to work as a counter girl at 10 cents an hour. After graduation, she held a series of jobs, each of them a step up: telephone operator, country schoolteacher, circulation manager of a newspaper, office manager of a woolen mill.

Voice with the Smile Wins

These varied jobs brought her into contact with all sorts of people, many of whom were later—at the polls—to remember her pleasant voice on the telephone exchange, her ready smile and her office efficiency.

Working with the local clubs she early began to join, Margaret Chase learned one thing invaluable to a woman politician: how to get along with other women. She got along so well that she became president of the Skowhegan Sorosis Club, and eventually head of the State Business and Professional Women. Members of these two groups, which blanket Maine as well as other states, later went to the polls en masse for her, often with their newly converted husbands in tow.

By May, 1930, when fifty-three-year-old Clyde H. Smith, Skowhegan's perennial First Selectman, married thirty-two-year-old Margaret Chase, who had now become a professional woman with friends all over the state, she was more than ready for politics. Selectman Smith, having served several terms in the Maine House, already had one political career behind him.

A few years later, with the active support of his wife, who had given up her business career and become a member of the Republican State Committee, he was launched on another. In 1937 he was sent to the U.S. House of Representatives, where he served for three years until his death of coronary thrombosis. The voters of Maine's Second Congressional District immediately elected his widow to serve out his unexpired term. Mrs. Smith has clung to Washington ever since.

As the first woman in history to serve in both branches of the U.S. legislature, she has piled up a creditable but, until her recent full-length maiden speech, completely unspectacular record. On the floor she bobs up occasionally to state in one or two sentences why she is for or against a bill, but she never engages in the rough-and-tumble of prolonged debate. In committee work, as in last year's 5 per center investigation in which she took part, she bones up zealously on all the facts, but she never ventures to tangle publicly with a recalcitrant witness.

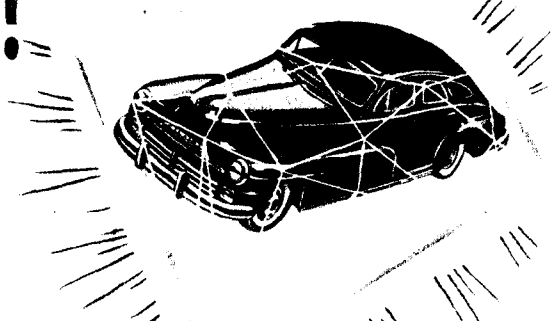
Mrs. Smith is, nevertheless, quite a talker when she wants to put a pet bill across. One of these was an act—the first unification legislation—to combine the functions of Army and Navy nurses. Once Mrs. Smith had decided that all the duplication was just

New chemical discovery by makers of JOHNSON'S WAX

CAR-PLATE

Reader's Digest FOR JUNE DESCRIBED IT!

...new no-rub way to wax your car!



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A youngster can wax a whole car in 20 minutes!

Never before an auto wax like Johnson's Car-Plate. This smooth-flowing liquid wax is the result of a basic new chemical discovery in the Johnson's Wax laboratories!

So easy . . . just spread on and wipe!

Now it takes minutes instead of hours to wax a car. Just spread Car-Plate over the cleaned surface . . . let it dry . . . then wipe. Your finger tips supply all the pressure needed!

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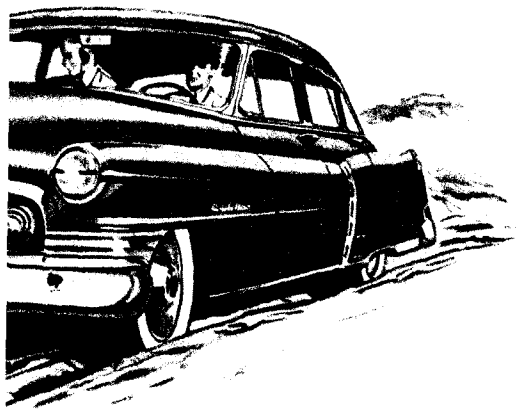
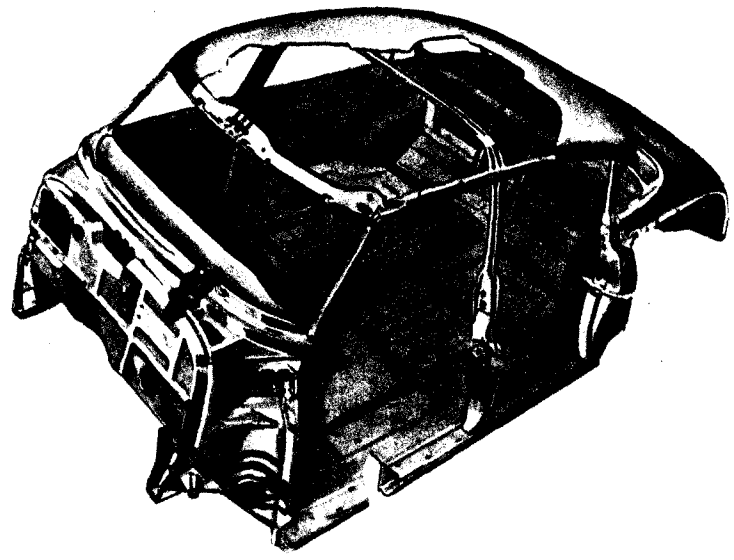
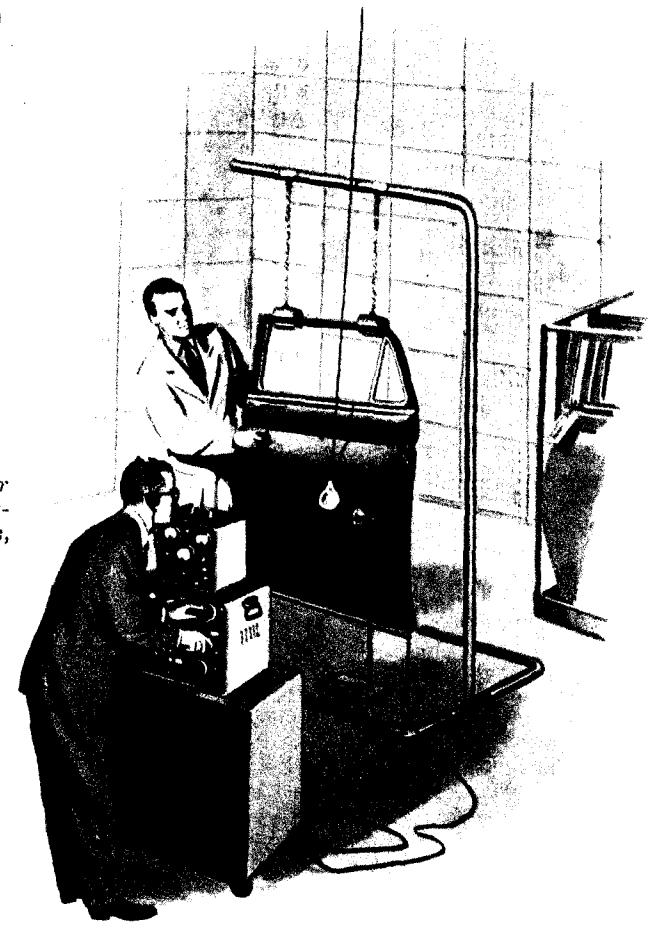


As cars ride over every kind of road, engineers with super-sensitive instruments keep probing for vibration points that build up noise, figuring out ways to eliminate it.

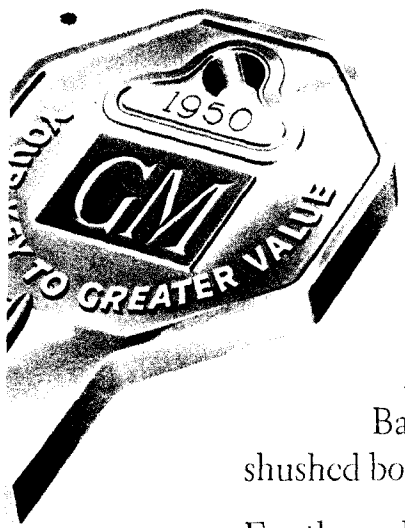


Welded into a single, solid all-steel unit, crowned and braced by Turret Top, Body by Fisher is built for quiet riding from the ground up.



In rooms where it's quiet enough to hear your heart beat, GM men never stop studying basic materials and individual parts, seeking always to deaden noise.

Key to quiet travel



The peace that lulls your baby to sleep in a General Motors car came from a long war against discomforts.

Decades ago, the first closed bodies calmed wind and weather. Later, No-Draft Ventilation added final soothing touches.

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For throughout research, engineering and production, GM specialists keep working to make these things better—trying to still the last tremor to the last decibel. It's the kind of steady search that makes the GM key your key to greater value in all ways, as you can easily find out.

Just ask any dealer in GM cars for a sample of GM quiet, comfort, performance and all-round quality. He'll be glad to demonstrate whenever you're ready.

THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

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plain silly, she talked about it so constantly that her colleagues on the House Armed Services Committee were glad to report her bill to the floor in order to get on with other business. When the bill was finally passed, kindly Carl Vinson, the committee's Democratic chairman, sighed and garbled a few figures of speech: "When a woman gets a bill in her bonnet, she worries over it just like it was a baby."

Mrs. Smith, who is known as "the Mother of the Waves" because she introduced the wartime bill which created that branch of the Navy, worries just as stubbornly over all her legislative offspring. Incapable of swaying her colleagues by flights of oratory, she depends instead on the punch line.

The Unanswerable Retort

When her fellow congressmen who opposed sending the Waves overseas described at length on the floor the harrowing temptations and rough living to which women serving abroad might be subjected, Mrs. Smith rose and silenced objection with one sentence: "Well, then, we'd better bring all the nurses home."

As a congresswoman she flew overseas three times herself, twice to the Pacific war theater and once to Western Europe and the Near East. To promote U.S. good will she took along two suitcases full of Maine lollipops, for the children of Berlin. She became the first woman to address the Iranian legislature. At a reception in Egypt for the visiting Congressional delegation she marched with a baton, quite extemporaneously, at the head of a bagpipers' band on the banks of the Nile.

On her return from this last junket, a motor conked out on the plane six hours out over the water. As they limped back to the Azores, shepherded by a stand-by Army rescue plane, Mrs. Smith cheered up the crew and her airsick masculine colleagues by leading them in singing Down by the Old Mill Stream and The Maine Stein Song. In the Senate, "Mother of the Waves" Margaret has earned another title—"Friend of the Reserves." This was for sponsoring legislation which gives the Army reserves the same peacetime death and disability benefits enjoyed by the regulars.

In such matters Mrs. Smith has been influenced by the advice of her administrative assistant, William Chesley Lewis, Jr., a lieutenant colonel in the reserves. She first met the thirty-eight-year-old bachelor while he was serving as special counsel on Vinson's House Armed Services Committee, of which she was a member. When she moved over to the other side of the Hill, Vinson recommended his bright young counsel "to help get Margaret off to a good start in the Senate." They worked together so well from the beginning that Colonel Lewis soon became her permanent administrative assistant, at $10,000 a year.

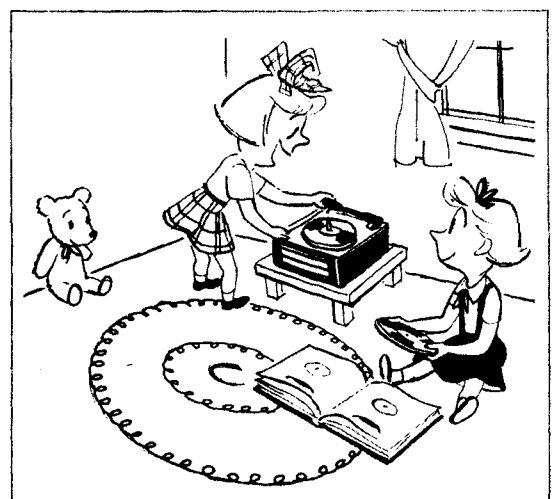
In politics Mrs. Smith follows her own advice, which her colleagues think is generally pretty sound. She has a theory that both Democrats and Republicans lost control of Congress, in 1946 and 1948 respectively, because they were too responsive to the articulate minorities which they mistakenly believed had elected them. In Mrs. Smith's opinion, "The people have clearly shown that they don't want a 'Big Business' Republican party or a 'Labor' Democratic party." What the people do want, according to Mrs. Smith, is "moderation, with each group having a fair share instead of unfair privileges."

Mrs. Smith describes herself as a "Moderate" Republican.

In the Senate, on issues like housing, expanded Social Security, national health insurance, federal aid to education and a welfare department with Cabinet rank, Mrs. Smith feels that she is a sort of "senator-at-large for all American women," and is apt to be "just a *leetle* bit independent," as one of her colleagues puts it. But when the roll call comes around, Mrs. Smith, with an eye on Maine, more often votes with the party regulars led by Senator Taft than with the "Young Turks." The speech in June was her only real disaffection.

As a reward for her party regularity, and also for its effect on other Republican women, she was given a place on Senator Taft's high-level Republican Policy Committee. This made another first for Mrs. Smith—first freshman senator, man or woman, to be elevated to the potent group which guides the party caucus in the Senate.

Occasionally, however, Mrs. Smith is irregular. At a Lincoln Day dinner she got up and urged that the Senate's Young Turks be given a say in future party plans. Thereafter she was complimented on her "brave little speech" by none other than ranking Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg. Senator Vandenberg also put at her disposal his own private dining room in the Senate, where Mrs. Smith has been able to entertain impressively at lunch some of her many visiting Maine constituents.



"Here's one to bring back old memories—it came out about the time South Pacific opened on Broadway"

COLLIER'S LEE PURCELL

Moderation and personal charm have done a lot for Senator Smith, who may be considered the first self-made career woman to go to Washington. As circulation manager of a newspaper and executive in a woolen mill, she learned several things which make for success in a man's world. And, in the Senate as well, she has followed 10 little unwritten rules for women in business or politics, which have been valuable to her in holding down her job on the Hill:

Rule 1: Be feminine.

Around the Senate Mrs. Smith never appears in flat heels. With her immaculate, neatly pressed dressmaker suits, she wears soft, frilly, white blouses, and a new flower each day in a little vial pinned to her lapel. To keep her small bouquet fresh, Mrs. Smith often pauses daintily—even in public committee hearings—to replenish the water in her miniature vase from a table carafe.

Rule 2: Don't demand special privileges.

Mrs. Smith did not hound Senate officials to give her a private rest room. The key was turned over to her by the sergeant at arms only after months of watching modest Margaret periodically duck out of sight and sit on the public stairs, where she surreptitiously powdered her nose and ran a comb through her hair. The Rules Committee was also happy to give her private office a becoming coat of apple-green paint. Mrs. Smith herself put pots of ivy around the office and hung on its door a water color of the rock-bound coast of Maine, complete with lighthouse and the lettered legend, "Welcome."

Rule 3: Be friendly, but not too friendly.

Columnist Drew Pearson has noted that the Widow Smith is "a most attractive lady, though not given to flirtation." At Washington dinners, she is often paired with such engaging, middle-aged bachelors as former Speaker Joe Martin, Atomic Energy Commissioner Sumner Pike, or Bowdoin economics Professor Albert Abrahamson, down from Maine on one of his frequent Washington visits. At other official functions, her dining and dancing partners are apt to come from the many Army and Navy friends she made as a member of the House Armed Services Committee. But no one, even in Skowhegan, has ever called the senator "Maggie," and gossipy Washington has yet to link her seriously with any steady beau.

Rule 4: Get yourself a "no man."

Mrs. Smith's administrative assistant, Colonel Lewis, is one of the officers with whom she became friendly during her war years in the House. Lean, personable and Army-brusque on occasion, the colonel often functions as her "no man." Before he took over the running of her office affairs, Mrs. Smith was much too apt to say yes to extracurricular demands on her time. Now, however, Colonel Lewis carefully weighs the merit and political advantage to the senator of each request for her appearance on radio, television or public platform.

Rule 5: Get on with the press.

Correspondents have found Senator Smith, when approached directly, happy to comment on the day's issues. She responds graciously and promptly when called from the floor for a reporter's question. She is helpful: Once during the Vaughan-Maragon deep freezer excitement she called out, "Can the press in the back of the room hear the witness?" This availability and concern almost guarantees a good press.

Proof that Mrs. Smith has got on beautifully with reporters reposes in the 25 handsome clipping books which are kept on file in her private office. The bulk of these gold-engraved volumes, bound in red cloth, is made up of the Washington columns of May Craig, the Gannett papers' able and indefatigable correspondent, who has become a sort of unofficial female Boswell to the Lady from Maine. Mrs. Craig has written more thousands of words about Maine's Smith than she has about even the President.

She also gives, in Mrs. Smith's honor, intimate little home dinners, attended by other important women correspondents in Washington, each time Mrs. Smith wins an election. The centerpiece at these dinners is always a small white china Republican elephant with a numeral, indicating which Smith victory is currently being celebrated, inscribed on its side with lipstick. (The Vice-Presidency would certainly rate a much larger elephant—No. 6.)

Rule 6: Don't orate.

Mrs. Smith sticks doggedly to her job without aspiring to oratory. This trait has endeared her to Senate colleagues, who can devote the time thus gained to their own speeches.

"I'm no orator," says Senator Smith modestly. "I just get up and point to the issues." She does this issue-pointing in a minimum of Maine-twangy words. Samples:

On maintaining a strong Navy—"If you want to coast, you can go in only one direction—*down*hill."

On the activities of Washington's phony influence peddlers—"Many sma-a-t [for smart] businessmen are buying wooden nickels from the Washington city slickers."

On expanding Social Security—"I'm for it. But we have to pay for what we get."

On love of home—"There are 11 Bostons, many Londons, but only one Skowhegan."

Rule 7: Identify yourself with a dramatic issue.

As "Mother of the Waves" and "Friend of the Reserves," Mrs. Smith identified herself with issues which brought her sympathetic public support. In her first speech in Washington as a U.S. senator, she found a much more dramatic topic. At a Washington luncheon given in her honor by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, Mrs. Smith made headlines all over the country by calling on Queen Juliana of Holland personally to cease firing in the Dutch-Indonesian war.

Rule 8: Don't hold grudges.

Mrs. Smith received no support from her future senior colleague from Maine when she decided two years ago to risk her safe seat in the House for a place in the Senate. But Senator Owen Brewster, who failed to spot a winning filly at the polls, has never since been publicly embarrassed by the new senator from Maine. When Senator-elect Smith flew down to address the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, she posed with Senator Brewster arm in arm. Later, Senator Smith was happy to attend a gala dinner given in her honor at the exclusive Sulgrave Club by Senator and Mrs. Brewster, shortly after her swearing-in ceremonies.

Rule 9: Take care of the home folks.

Maine high-school classes, which descend in droves on Mrs. Smith in the summer, always get a ride on the Senate subway as part of their Capitol tour. Visiting Maine celebrities, like Spelling Bee Queen Nancy Willard of Sanford, are honored with a luncheon given by Mrs. Smith in the Senate restaurant and a hearty buss administered by Mrs. Smith's co-operative friend, Vice-President Barkley.

Mrs. Smith tries to answer, each day, all the 200 letters which pour in from her home folks. Most senators simply let their office staffs handle this sort of routine, and regard Mrs. Smith's habit of dictating all the replies as sheer nonsense. Mrs. Smith is so conscientious that she often sends her staff home at 5:30 P.M. and stays on alone to type out the day's remaining letters herself. If the office phone rings on these busy, solitary evenings, Mrs. Smith has no trouble warding off interruptions. With a versatility learned at the switchboard in Skowhegan, she disguises her voice and asks politely, "Is there any message for the senator?"

As for Maine's special interests, Mrs. Smith is usually first in the Maine delegation to speak up for potatoes, clams, clothespins and Quoddy. The current bill for Passamaquoddy, the perennially proposed Canadian-American power development, bears not the name of Senator Brewster, head of the Maine delegation, but of junior Senator Smith, who got the legislative jump on him by introducing it first in the Eighty-first Congress.

Rule 10: Campaign all the time.

"I campaign all year around," says Senator Smith. "When Congress is in session I do this by mail, and when I can get away I always make a point of investigating thoroughly at least one or two home industries so I can understand their problems."

Briefing Future Voters

Mrs. Smith also makes a point, on these frequent trips home, of addressing two or three local groups like Rotary and Sorosis. She often speaks to high-school students, who will come of voting age by 1954 when Senator Smith stands for re-election. She tells all of them, very simply, how and why she voted in the Senate on every single issue.

Even a broken elbow bone, which smashed when she slipped on an icy walk in Bangor, did not stop Mrs. Smith's successful Senate campaign. Four hours after the accident, with her arm in a cast, she was 125 miles away in Portland addressing a luncheon gathering. That same night she drove another 100 miles to be guest speaker at a banquet in Woodfords.

One morning at breakfast in Skowhegan, in the midst of all this coming-and-going, Mrs. Smith's spry, seventy-eight-year-old widowed mother, who usually enjoys the excitement as much as her daughter does, said, "Margaret, when are you going to stop all this nonsense? Why don't you settle down and get married again?"

"Well," said her daughter, pensive for once, "if I don't win this time, maybe I'll think about it."

Alas for romance, the highly stable Republican voters of Maine, if not of the nation, will probably keep the senator single. THE END

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The Rebellious Zoo Keeper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

kittens? How nice!" Mrs. Clarke exclaimed.

"Not yet. But when they're born, I mean, do you want a kitten?" Mrs. Clarke was silent. Too late, Paula remembered that to speak of an unborn kitten in public was only more reprehensible to Mrs. Clarke than mentioning a child not yet arrived.

She had scotched that deal, Paula thought ruefully. Mrs. Clarke would never take a kitten mentioned before its birth.

"Are we going to have kittens?" Jim said. "That's wonderful. I haven't had kittens around since I was a boy."

"Nor will you again," Paula said firmly. "These kittens are going to be transient guests only. Here today, gone tomorrow."

"Can't we even keep one?" he asked wistfully.

"Not so much as a whisker," she replied even more firmly. She did not remind him of the two cats they had now, of the dog, of the neighborhood animals that spent so much of their time in her house.

Paula was one of those rare wonderful women who do not nag. She had more than enough reasons to nag, but nag she did not. She just didn't believe in it—which was one reason her family adored her, even if they didn't know they adored her.

But she did repeat now, "Not even so much as a whisker."

"Whatever you say, dear," Jim said comfortably. "It's up to you."

PAULA was to remember this conversation six weeks later as she entered the guest room, a room that had been given over to the cat and her six kittens. None of the kittens had been given away. Whenever Paula mentioned the egg woman, her family acted as if she were about to give these helpless things over to a kind of female kitten-snatching Herod. As if she, Paula, were the kind of woman who would abandon a baby on a doorstep.

She stooped down now to pet the kittens. The mother cat was gone temporarily. She would come gaily back through the window the children had propped open, leaving little paw smudges of mud across the woodwork and the floors. It was another rainy day.

"I wish I could get a good book on vapors," Paula said. "I seem to remember that you can make yourself faint by wearing wet blotters in your shoes. If I could just faint, my family would have some pity on me."

She went to the phone and called up Maria.

"When we were in high school," Paula asked, "didn't you wear wet blotters in your shoes once so you would faint just before an examination? Or was it because you were in love with the chemistry teacher?"

"Begin all over again," Maria said. She had just rushed down from the attic to answer the phone.

Paula began all over again.

"It was the chemistry teacher," Maria said. "Don't you remember? I wanted him to carry me through the halls in his strong arms and place me gently on the couch in the principal's office, stroking my hair. Remember I put perfume on my hair the day I put the blotters in."

"What happened?" Paula asked. "I kind of forget."

"Don't you remember? Nothing happened. Exactly nothing—except that I came down with a vile cold two days later just in time to miss going to the junior prom."

"I'm disappointed," Paula said gravely. "I've been thinking—if I weren't so healthy my family wouldn't impose on me so."

"You're a nice woman," Maria said. "And you're real good-looking. We can't have everything. You can't help it if you're not frail."

"I have six kittens," Paula went on rather helplessly.

"Don't look at me," Maria said and hung up rather abruptly.

There must be some way to manage, Paula thought dismally. She would have to put her unconscious to work. Maybe she could get an idea, an inspiration.

That night when Jim came home, he had a huge box under his arm—unmistakably a flower box. This seemed strange to Paula as her own garden was flourishing and there were cut flowers all over the house. But it was sweet of Jim. He was unpredictable: he forgot her birthday and anniversary but often he would bring her an unexpected present. A pink luster plate, a raspberry-colored bowl, expensive, exquisite. "Just reminded me of you," he would say in the same offhand way he had proposed. "Would you think of marrying me?" he had said, not looking at her. Oh, nice, nice Jim.

The children clustered around as she unwrapped the flowers. Water lilies—blue, lavender, white. Fragrant, mysterious as the secrets of Egypt. She had always loved water lilies. "The florist just happened to

"I suspect that a friend of mine is becoming enamored of my wife. And I want you to put her on a high calorie diet"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

get these in," Jim said. "I thought they looked like you."

Paula bustled around happily, putting them in an ivory pitcher she had, a pitcher that had always called for water lilies.

Jim sat down on the floor. "I have another present," he said. Be it to his credit that he said it a little shamefacedly. The children sat down, too. Jim reached into his pocket. Paula left her water lilies and came over and sat down. She eyed Jim with distrust.

FROM his pocket, Jim brought out a small rodent. It looked a little like a pygmy pig, somewhat like a malformed brown squirrel that was suffering from overweight. It did not look nice—not to Paula. The children were laughing and cooing with delight. Jim petted the thing fondly.

"It's a hamster," Jim said. "Dick Fowler gave it to me. His boy raises them."

"His boy can raise this one, too," Paula said, her voice like ice settling on a blooming apple orchard.

"Oh, Mother," the children said.

"Don't mother me," she answered severely.

"He's no trouble," Jim said, smiling at her in his placating way.

"When has any animal been any trouble to you?" she said, with a definite edge in her voice. There was a world of past suffering in her words.

"He lives on lettuce," Jim said.

"Where does he live?" she asked, the edge in her voice sharp as a pleat in stiff chintz.

"I thought he could stay in a box in our room tonight," Jim said eagerly. "Until I get something fixed up."

"We'll call him Lovey," Diana said. "It just seems to suit him."

Paula got up and left the room. She felt she had to be alone a little while. Kittens in the guest room and soon that thing in her room. She went out to the kitchen where the dog and cats were waiting for her to feed them. She leaned against the sink and said a thoughtful little prayer: "Please help me think of something."

She had the whole night to think. She could not sleep because the animal made little noises all night long. Chewing noises, like a rat gnawing on imaginary wood. . . .

When dawn came, Paula had it all planned out. She was cheerful as a skylark at breakfast. She pushed her family out the door—to school, to the office—with love and laughter. Then she went to the phone. She called up a handy man she knew, a wonderful man who had been a sergeant in the Regular Army. He lived on a pension and consequently his time was his own. Paula arranged to meet him downtown at a big hardware store.

The two of them shopped quickly and well. She consulted him about everything. His long years in the Army gave him a special knowledge. Then he drove home with her and they worked together in the yard, he giving advice, she making suggestions. The sun was setting when they finished. Everything was shipshape, everything in order . . .

Just after the sergeant had gone, Jim came up the path. The first thing he saw was the tent. The shining new tent, gay as a circus in the middle of the lawn. Paula stood in the doorway of the tent, smiling a welcome at him.

"Won't you come in?" she asked. She was proud of the tent. It had a floor, a stove, a comfortable cot and rocking chair, a lamp that the handy man had plugged in from the house, using an extension. The tent was equipped with books, the newest magazines, a table, and the ivory pitcher of water lilies.

Jim came in and sat down, speechless. Paula reached into the small icebox they used in the summer for camp and brought out a bottle of beer and poured it for him.

"Is this a surprise for the children?" he asked at last. He never scolded Paula about money. If she thought she should spend all this money for the children, he would not complain. She was a good manager, and not extravagant. She knew best.

"It's kind of a surprise," Paula said slowly, "but not just the kind of surprise you think. I'm the one who's going to live here."

"Live here?" he said, putting down his beer.

"Yes, live here," she answered. Just then the children and Mrs. Clarke came around the house.

"Oh—a tent," the children cried. "For us?" one of them asked.

"For me," Paula said. "I'm going to live here."

MRS. CLARKE looked at her as one would look at a person who has always seemed queer and has suddenly been discovered stealing knives.

Paula smiled sweetly at Mrs. Clarke. "You must come visit me sometime," she said. "Perhaps tea tomorrow at four."

Mrs. Clarke shrank back as one would shrink from a small boy with his pockets full of snakes. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm busy tomorrow."

"Perhaps the next day," Paula urged.

"You mean you're going to go right on living here," Mrs. Clarke said, "through the winter and all."

"Why, of course," Paula said. "I went on a hiking trip once when I was eight. I'm used to the outdoors. And besides that, you know," she added looking at Jim, "I'm so healthy. So very healthy. Nothing is too much for me."

Mrs. Clarke looked meaningly at Jim. Paula could tell what she was thinking. What kind of beast can he be, Mrs. Clarke was thinking, if his wife can't live in the same house with him? She had read things in tabloids. She knew about men like that. And he looked so nice and had seemed so fond of his wife.

Paula giggled—a very merry giggle. Mrs. Clarke said good-by and went away abruptly.

"I left your dinner ready," Paula said to her family. "A good dinner—chow mein, hot rolls, avocado salad. Don't forget to feed the animals. They're your responsibility from now on."

"Is that why you did this?" Jim asked, understanding breaking over him like a tidal wave.

"Why, of course," she said gravely. "There doesn't seem to be room in the house for everyone. So I decided I should move. I want to be near you all, so I decided a tent was best."

The children looked as if they were going to cry. Paula hardened her heart. She could hear Lovey chewing his way through the years. She remembered the chickens she had in her guest room for eight weeks —Easter chicks that were foisted on her as overnight guests, guests who stayed till they could fly. She remembered the rabbit that kicked, the chameleon, the innumerable turtles; she remembered the tropical fish and the hours she had spent cleaning the aquarium.

"I'll give the hamster back, Paula," Jim said apologetically. "I guess I was selfish." He looked woebegone as a boy whose dog has been lost. Paula knew the woebegone look was for loss of her and not of Lovey, but she could not yield.

"It isn't the hamster," she said coolly. "It's the principle of the thing. For years and years and years I've had to give my house over to animals. I've housebroken cats, I've brushed dogs, I've bottle-fed rabbits, I've cleaned out chicken coops and canary cages. And I just can't stand any more." She knew she was being ridiculous but she couldn't help it. She added, "You'd rather have the animals than me." She felt

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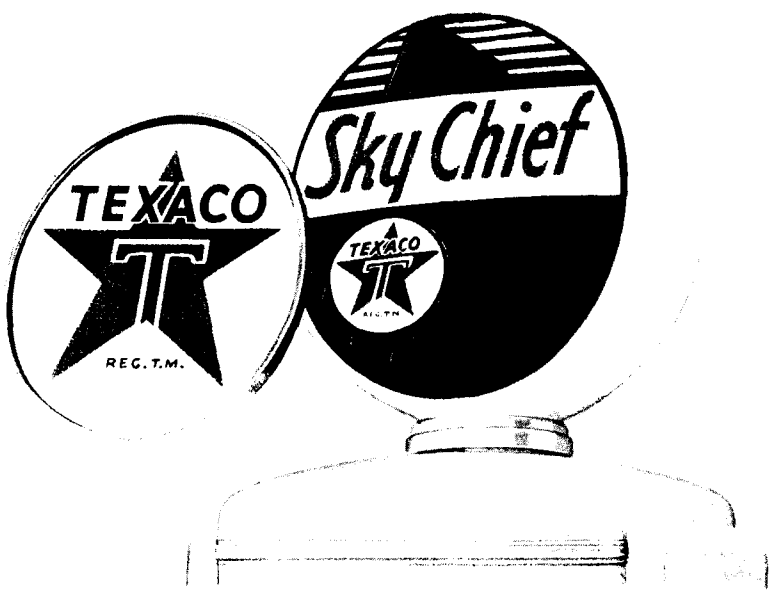

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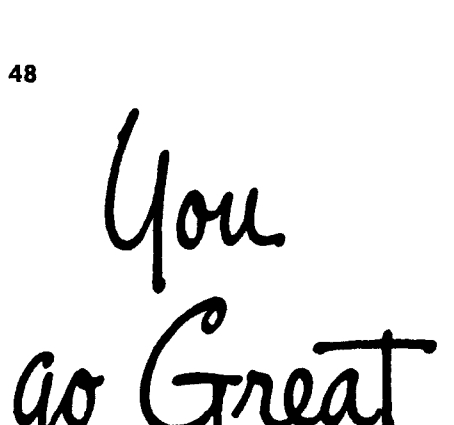

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very tired after her sleepless night and the activities of the day.

"Now go away, please," she said. They went like hunted culprits going back to prison. . . .

Paula spent an unhappy, restless night. She was twisted and worried in her mind, torn between justice and love, worn by the memory of the years of enduring the new chairs torn by cat paws, the doors scratched by the dogs, the shattered flowerpots, the broken dishes.

"It's not that I mind the animals so much," she whispered softly to the wind that wailed around the tent. "It's just that there is so much unnecessary work. It's that my family won't help look after them, that they are so inconsiderate." Then she remembered the faces of her family, lost and lonely and subdued. She remembered how forlorn their backs had looked when they retreated into the house . . .

She was wakened early in the morning by the sound of a large piece of paper being shoved under the tent flap. She rose up eagerly and reached for the note. It was from Diana.

"Dear Mother," it read. "Daddy and Sam and I are leaving on some errands. We will be gone all day. It's Saturday, you know. No school. We have done up the dishes and made the beds. Come up to the house and get warm. We worried about you last night. We love you. Diana."

Paula dressed hurriedly and went to the house. All was neat as neat. Paula smiled lovingly over the clean dishes put away in all the wrong places. The scrambled-egg dish put to soak and secretly hidden in the oven. The dog and cat dishes from under the stove carefully dried and put up on a high shelf.

Then she noticed the silence—the unendurable silence. She opened the door and called for Tiger. But no Tiger came. She ran upstairs quickly to the guest room. There was not a sign of the kittens. Not so much as a whisker. Both cats were gone. And Lovey, too—Lovey, who had made all the trouble.

Paula went back to the kitchen slowly and just stood there. She knew she should busy herself someway, but she did not know what to do. The dishes were done, the kitchen clean. Time lay ahead, like an enemy, something to be mowed down as one would mow weeds. She felt idle as a middle-aged woman whose children are gone, a woman whose life is empty.

Well, at least, she thought gratefully, she could empty the wastebaskets. That would be something.

IN THE basket in the living room she found a scrap of paper—the pathetic list made out in Sam's round labored handwriting. Paula read the items:

"The kittens and their mother—the egg woman.

"Lovey—back to Mr. Fowler's boy. Remind Daddy to give him a dollar for taking him back.

"The little cat—??? Mrs. Clarke? The Franks? Buddy Orenson from my grade? But he forgets things and maybe wouldn't feed him. Mrs. Clarke. Remind Daddy to tell her she can have that small strip of land by our garden that she wants.

"Tiger—??? The people out in the country that Daddy knows. We can go see him once in a while."

Underneath this last entry, Paula saw a tear smudge. An unmistakable tear smudge. She herself began quietly to cry.

"Stop, Paula, stop," she commanded herself sternly. Then, gathering her strength, she went to the phone and called the handy man. He had a small truck that he sometimes used.

The family car was in use, sorrowful use—the disposing of animals. She and the handy man would use the truck to gather in the animals again.

She clutched the tear-smudged note in her hand as she climbed into the truck with the handy man. She had brought baskets, blankets, leashes. . . .

Mrs. Clarke had the little cat. She opened the door to Paula just a crack when Paula knocked. Paula asked for the cat.

"Such goings on," Mrs. Clarke said, half under her breath. Then she smiled at Paula and opened the door wide. Paula realized, with a flash of intuition, that Mrs. Clarke was a real person, with a wry sense of humor.

"I remember," Mrs. Clarke said, as she gave the cat into Paula's arms, "that I left Mr. Clarke once and went home to my mother for a week because he threw his cigar ashes into my begonia plants that I was just starting from slips. I understand perfectly about the tent. And I'm not going to tell anyone—I'll just say it was for the kids."

Dick Fowler's boy was not so nice about the hamster. In fact, he was churlish. "First I make up my mind to part with him," he said, "and that's hard. Then your husband brings him back and that's hard. Making room for him and all. Then you come wanting him back."

Paula had to give the boy a dollar to close the deal.

The handy man drove the truck out into the country to the egg woman's. The egg woman greeted them warmly. "I couldn't stand it," she said, "the look on them kids' faces when they left the kittens. Or on your husband's, either.

"Listen, child," she went on, putting her arm around Paula's shoulder. "Every woman has got something she has to put up with. My late husband liked guns. Always buyin' 'em whether we had food in the house or not. I wish he was back. I've never been able to sell a gun of his." She put the cat and kittens into the basket and patted Paula's cheek.

Paula had decided that the people in the country who would take Tiger would be either the Petersons or the Squires. The handy man drove to the Squires first. But the Squires had not seen Paula's family or Tiger. So she and the handy man drove over the dusty roads, a long, long way, to the Petersons. As the truck stopped, Paula expected Tiger to come rushing toward her. She listened for his bark. But there was no bark.

The Petersons had not seen Tiger either.

Maybe my family sold Tiger, Paula thought sadly. No, they wouldn't do that. Maybe they had given him to Jim's friend, Al. Al was very fond of Tiger; he was always teasing the children, asking if they would give him the dog. Al would be good to Tiger. But Al lived a hundred miles away. They would not see Tiger any more . . .

Paula had the basketful of kittens on her lap. Lovey was gnawing hungrily on nothing, with his bright little eyes fixed on her. She would give him some lettuce when she got home. They could fix up that old washtub in the basement for him. He wouldn't be too much trouble.

But where was Tiger? Tiger was the most important pet of all. No telling what her family had done in their sudden zeal to make amends, to make everything right. Paula felt very lonely and apprehensive.

THE handy man drove her up to her house in the late afternoon. The children and Jim came out.

"We're making waffles for your supper," Sam said. "For a surprise." He looked bleak. His face was dirty all over except for the thin little trickles of cleanliness where the tears had washed the grime off.

She handed him the basket of kittens without a word.

She gave Lovey to Diana. "He's hungry," she said. "There's some lettuce in the icebox. He can sleep in the washtub in the basement."

The little cat jumped over the truck door and ran into the house, probably to lie on the new couch.

Jim stood very still, looking at Paula with wonder and with love. The handy man drove off. Jim and Paula were left alone.

Jim said not a word about Tiger. He just stood there looking at Paula. "I'm sorry, Paula," he said at last. "It's been perfectly awful the way we've taken advantage of you all these years." Then he added, "You were good to get the animals back. You didn't have to—"

"I know," she said wearily. "I know."

If there were any good news about Tiger he would tell her now. But he said nothing. Probably Tiger was a hundred miles away.

She went into the house, Jim by her side—a silent, hangdog Jim. He followed her into the kitchen. There underneath the stove eating a fine lamb chop was Tiger.

Jim looked at her in apology. "We couldn't give Tiger away," he said. "Much as we love you. Al wanted him, but at the last minute we had to renege. I'm sorry. But," he went on, suddenly glib and hopeful, "I bought a wire brush and comb. The children are going to comb him every day."

"Says you," Paula said, smiling at him, her husband of ten years. She was smiling because she liked him so much, loved him more than she ever had.

She opened the icebox door and found another lamb chop, picked it up and gave it to Tiger. Tiger licked her hand and settled back with a look of deep contentment.

"You're a nice girl, Paula," Jim said. His voice was very soft.

"You're nice, too," she answered. "But difficult." She went over and kissed him on the forehead. "But I suppose it could be guns."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Guns? Why guns?"

"Nothing I could ever explain," she said, kissing him again. He closed his arms around her and gave her a long, loving kiss.

The children came in and stood there immensely pleased and horrified, as children usually are when they see their fathers kissing their mothers.

Paula and Jim ignored them, and the children went back to their tasks. Sam to the chore of naming the kittens. Diana to the exacting job of arranging her mother's best blanket into a snuggle bunny for Lovey.

"I saw a beautiful great Dane puppy today," Jim said. "For sale cheap. A wonderful bargain."

Then both he and Paula began to laugh. It was good laughter that filled the evening air with light. THE END

FISCHETTI

And Improve on the Job

The self-made man deserves applause—
He's earned his bed of clover;
But there's no woman worth her salt
Who couldn't make him over.

—HELEN CASTLE

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The Big Bed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

up for kindling. Rats the size of possums nested in the old pop-bottle crates, and played beneath the gutted flooring. The Old Man always kept the front door locked, although the hinges had jerked loose from the rotting jamb, so that the door opened from the wrong side, turning on the padlocked hasp. The Old Man clung to the vague, planless certainty that someday, possibly tomorrow, the store would open again, and everything would be like it was when his daughter Delphie was living.

"Gonna get fresh stock," he'd say. "Gonna paint and fix up, get me a clean start."

Nobody listened any more.

"I'll more'n likely go to town tomorrow," the Old Man would say, probably not believing it himself. He hadn't been to Royalton for years. . . .

A footpath, winding downhill toward the creek, led from the store to the Old Man's house, a sagging jumble of gray boards and plaster chinks which dripped on the weeds of the yard. The cardboard panes cut for the windows always blew down in the spring, and the Old Man left them lying where they fell until the first cold spell of the following fall. Inside, the house had been divided into two rooms by a screen of loosely sewn gunny sacks. There was no furniture except some empty crates, a three-legged stool, and a big chair which spewed ticking over the floor. When she was home at all, Mary slept on a cot on her side of the gunny-sack wall, and the Old Man slept on an old mattress he'd tried to soften with newspaper stuffing.

"While I'm in town," he'd say, "I'm gonna look at beds and chairs and all such as that."

The sun had moved across the porch, slanting down over the Old Man's face. As he scrunched his chair deeper into the shade, he saw Chinch Wurley shuffling lazily toward him. Chinch sat down on the edge of the porch and began to roll a cigarette. It took him a long time. Whatever he did, he did slowly. "Hear you got a letter," he said. He spoke slowly, too.

The Old Man nodded. "From Mary. It come in the mail."

Chinch, who had learned his reading in the Army, watched the Old Man ease the letter out of his pocket. After a while, as though the words were knots he had to untangle, he said, "Lemme see it."

The Old Man handed him the letter, then leaned back with the frown he always had when somebody was reading mail to him.

CHINCH studied the sheet of lined notebook paper, his lips moving with the making of the words. In the time it took him most people could have read a long letter, and this one was short.

"She's got married," Chinch said.

"She what!"

"Man named P-O-T, Potter. Boards with her Cousin Sue Ellen."

The Old Man leaned toward Chinch, tapping irritably with his walking stick. "Well, read what she says."

"I told you."

"You told me, but you ain't read me yet."

Chinch, with that slowness that could drive a man clear out of his head, started folding the letter back into the envelope. "I ain't done much reading lately. I can't make it all out, just the sense of it."

Mrs. Feeney came by with a mess of greens for the Old Man's supper, and read the letter word for word.

"I wonder how Mary come to do such a thing?" the Old Man said.

"She don't say," Mrs. Feeney said.

Mrs. Ab Sowers stopped by just before dark, and she read the letter out loud, too, so the Old Man could study it closer.

"Getting married," the Old Man said, "it'll maybe ease 'er up a little."

Mrs. Sowers didn't say anything, but when she got home, she told Ab what Mary had done, and added something which had been said a thousand times since Delphie's death. "It's a pure pity Mary didn't take after her mother."

"She's maybe did all right for herself," Ab said, "getting off summers where nobody knowed her too close."

Mrs. Sowers sniffed, remembering the years of Mary's growing up. Mary was the kind of girl who'd go around in rags, not even clean rags, but let her get her hands on some money, say a Christmas check from her Aunt Laura, who'd married the streetcar conductor in Washington, and Mary would buy herself the finest silk dress in town.

"Airs," Mrs. Sowers said. She began to tap her foot, tapping out the things she didn't like about Mary. "Wearing all that fancy. Eating outa tin cans 'cause she's too lazy to garden. Big ideas." Her foot came down with a heavy thud. "And that gram'phone."

Mary, one Christmas, had spent Aunt Laura's money on a secondhand phonograph. After nearly six years it still worried Mrs. Sowers that Mary, who had so little, should have music.

BY THE end of the week, the day the truck came, the Old Man had heard Mary's letter read to him so many times by different people that he could say it by heart. He didn't pay much attention to the truck, just thought it was maybe stopping on account of engine trouble. The driver hopped out and started rattling the chain at the back of the truck. He had a colored boy helping him. Neither of them said anything to the Old Man. They set about unloading the biggest brass bed the Old Man had ever seen. It was wide enough to sleep a work horse.

The driver looked at the Old Man, saw he wasn't expecting the bed. "Your name Potter?" the driver said.

The Old Man shook his head and tried to explain about Mary and Mr. Potter, but his throat had gone dry with the shock of seeing such a bed coming right up to his door. He had to swallow several times to get enough wetness in his mouth to tell the driver his granddaughter had married a Mr. Potter.

"Well, this is the place then," the driver said, and he helped the colored boy carry the head of the bed across the road. They leaned it against the front of the store. It covered all of the door and most of one window. The Old Man took his hat off, stepped back out of the way. When the colored boy covered the other window with the foot of the bed, the whole front of the store became a shiny wall of brass tubing, like a jail made out of gold. The driver and the colored boy put the springs and mattress on the front porch, then nodded at the Old Man and hopped back in the truck. The Old Man, his hat in his hands, stood on the edge of the road, staring down at the glittering bars of brass. In a gentle, almost reverent voice, he started cussing.

Three of the more active Purdy children, who'd been sent home from school that morning, saw the bed, turned around and raced back to Cassville. From there word spread through the hills, the bed growing with the telling until the fields and kitchens were deserted, the people filing down footpaths to the road, and from there to the store. They flowed past the Old Man onto the porch, blocking his view of the bed. He had moved his chair to one corner of the porch, and just sat there, blinking and mumbling to himself.

"He must be a giant of a man," Mrs. Feeney said.

"And rich," Mrs. Cass said.

"It's over six foot across," Flute Figgins said. Flute, who'd come early in the day, had stepped off the width of the bed a dozen times.

Mrs. Falk came by after she'd finished

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sorting her mail, and when she spoke to the Old Man, it sounded like she was talking to a new preacher or a government man, it was that kind of respect. "I'd of brung you your mail, Henry, but you didn't get nothing."

The Old Man grunted and Flute stepped off the width of the bed for her.

"They gonna live with you, Mr. Haskins?" Mrs. Feeney asked.

"It's likely." The Old Man leaned back in his chair, crossed his thin legs. "I reckon the first thing Mr. Potter will wanta do is get my store fixed up fresh, and maybe build onto the house."

As the Old Man heard himself talking, he suddenly, for the first time, saw Mr. Potter, a large man in a blue serge suit, with low-cut brown shoes, a diamond ring, and a gold watch chain across his vest. He saw a big car out in front of the store, and Mary was stepping out of it. She was wearing a new silk dress and a big hat. The store was like it used to be, before Delphie died, but it was bigger, and painted. The house was painted, too, and there were flowers in the front yard.

"I'm gonna get me a light-up music box for the store," the Old Man said, and when he saw that they were listening to him, he let the words spill out like grain from a torn sack. "And a new stove, come winter. I'm gonna get a white and glass counter for my fresh meat, and a new suit of clothes, and get my name painted on the front of the store. I'll more'n likely have to spend the whole day in town tomorrow."

Mrs. Purdy shook her head in wonder and said, "Mary's sure married herself off good."

"It's no more'n I expected," the Old Man said.

The men, as it grew dark, helped carry the bed down to the house. They set it up in Mary's room, but the Old Man made them move it. He wanted it by the front door "so's it can catch the sun," he said, and he ripped the burlap covering from the doorway. Now people passing along the road could see the bed.

"You gonna sleep in it?" Flute asked.

The Old Man, leaning on his cane, looked down at the bed, which seemed even bigger now that it was inside the house. "Thas why Mr. Potter sent 'er to me. Mary must of told him I like to sleep wide."

THE women poked at the mattress and springs; when there was nothing more to be felt or looked at or said, they started home, moving with the thoughtful slowness of people who have been close to a strange and wonderful thing. The men got to drinking, and the Old Man, who couldn't stand much whisky, bounced up and down on the bed. He began to cackle. "Feel 'er. Just feel 'er." Suddenly, because of what had happened to him in the years since Delphie's death, he wanted to throw things. He found some empty pork-and-bean cans, hurled them at the wall. He took another swig of white whisky, kicked over the three-legged stool. He was surprised to remember he hadn't felt his rheumatism all day.

"Come to think of it," Flute said, "didn't there use to be some Potters over at Oak Grove?"

The Old Man snorted. "Them was trash people. No kin."

"What business he in?"

"Different things. 'Vestments."

The Old Man rolled into the center of the big bed, his arms stretching out, and no matter how far he reached on either side his hands fell short of the mattress edge. He began to cry. It had somehow come to him how cruel it was that Delphie hadn't lived to see the store fixed up, the running water in the house, the flush toilets, and particularly the flowers, all the things that Delphie had loved and wanted and died without.

"I'd near about give up hope," he said, and his fingers touched the softness of the bed as though it were a bride or a first-born child. . . .

The Old Man woke up in the morning with the blinking brightness of the bed in his eyes, and with a tightness in his stomach and a nasty wool dryness clogging his throat. In the half world between sleeping and waking he heard Mary's voice shrilling; he groaned, not sure whether it was part of a dream or real. The shrieking rage got louder, and the Old Man rolled to the edge of the bed. It was no dream. Mary was home.

"Now!" Mary shouted from the open doorway, where she stood, her back to the Old Man with Little Henry's shotgun pointed at something on the path that led to the store. "Now just you move one step. Thas all, one step."

The Old Man fumbled for his cane, found it under the bed. He hobbled toward Mary. His legs hurt him something fierce this morning. Over Mary's shoulder he saw a small, bald-headed man in a striped seersucker suit. The gun was pointed at the man's stomach. Slowly, with a sickening dread, the Old Man came to understand that this must be Mr. Potter.

"I'da shot him," Mary said, as the man turned and padded up the path toward the pickup truck parked in front of the store.

"He's littler than I thought," the Old Man said.

Mary let out a roaring laugh. She put down the gun and pumped some water for coffee. All the time the water was coming to a boil on the coal-oil stove, she stood over it, calling Mr. Potter names. The Old Man, watching through the window, saw that Mr. Potter wasn't walking toward the truck. Instead he had turned toward the store porch and was getting ready to sit down on the cane-bottom chair, but first he took out his handkerchief and dusted it. He sat like a woman, stiff, with his legs together.

"How was Cousin Sue Ellen?" the Old Man asked. He couldn't think of anything else to say.

Mary sputtered her coffee, started cussing again. "She just wanted to get him outta the house, find a new boarder. He uses too much hot water."

The Old Man could see Mr. Potter brushing the dust off his shoes.

"He come to me with his big talk and his fancy manners. I never seen such manners on a man, and 'tween the two of 'em, Sue Ellen telling me I'd live in a big house and wear silk from skin out, and him telling me I'd have my own car to drive, first thing I knowed they'd got me married."

"It's what you wanted," the Old Man said. "You wanted things nice."

Mary laughed like a rusty axle. "Precious little I'd ever get outta him. He's got 'surance money from his last wife, but there's only one way to get at it, and thas to break into the bank."

The Old Man ran his dry tongue across his cracked lips. "Leastways, it's a nice bed he's got."

"Only two things he wanted me for. That and mending. He must of saved up two years' mending on me."

Later in the morning, when Mary was sleeping in the big bed, the Old Man limped up the path to the store. Mr. Potter jumped up and offered him the chair, but the Old Man shook his head and settled down on the edge of the porch. He noticed there was a young man in the truck, sleeping with his head on the steering wheel and his legs stretched out across the front seat. Mr. Potter, after waiting politely, sat back down in the chair.

"Time was," the Old Man said, "I had eight, ten chairs setting here, but I kinda got behind on the store."

"Mary gave me the impression it was—larger."

"It's shook down a little since Delphie died. Everything has."

Mr. Potter slipped the pointed handkerchief from the breast pocket of his seersucker coat, dabbed at his face. His hands were small and white. He kept looking down at the house out of the corner of his eye. There was sweat on his forehead.

"I want my bed," Mr. Potter said.

The Old Man fingered his cane. "Now lemme tell you 'bout Mary. She's hard to get along with at first, like you know, but it's like anything else, you just gotta get her broke in, thas all."

"I've rented that truck by the hour. It's costing me a considerable sum of money."

"Mary's got more spirit than most. She's kinda growed up her own way."

"I don't intend to leave here without my bed."

THE truck driver went on sleeping. It seemed to upset Mr. Potter, watching a man sleep on his money.

"I've been married four times," Mr. Potter said, "five counting Mary, which I don't, and I've always gotten married into my own bed."

The Old Man, thinking hard, perked up. "You could maybe leave it here till you're ready to get married again."

"No."

"Now I tell you what," the Old Man said, not sure how he was going to finish, until he looked up at the truck again and the words came naturally to him. "It's gonna take Mary two-three days to quiet down so's you can even talk to her, and you don't want that truckman setting there sleeping up your money." He saw that Mr. Potter was listening. "So why don't you just pay him off now, and when you get your bed shook loose, you can hire yourself a truck in town."

Mr. Potter sat weighing it in his mind. He chewed his lower lip, looked uneasily from the house to the truck, then nodded and started toward the truck, rubbing his white hands together. He seemed pleased at the thought of waking up the driver.

"Now about sleeping you," the Old Man said when Mr. Potter came back. "I can fix you up in the store here."

"Fine. I'll help you bring up the bed."

"Well, I wasn't exactly figuring on the bed. We got a nice cot."

"But it's mine."

"I'm afraid Mary wants to sleep in the bed."

"I don't care what Mary—"

"You'll like the cot," the Old Man said, "once you get used to it."

The Old Man dragged the cot up from the house, and when it was dark, he brought Mr. Potter some beans and crackers and potted ham, then he hobbled down the path and pumped him a jar of drinking water. He showed Mr. Potter how to open the front door of the store, and spread an Army blanket over the cot to help soften it up. He dusted off what was left of the main counter, so Mr. Potter would have a clean place to lay his clothes.

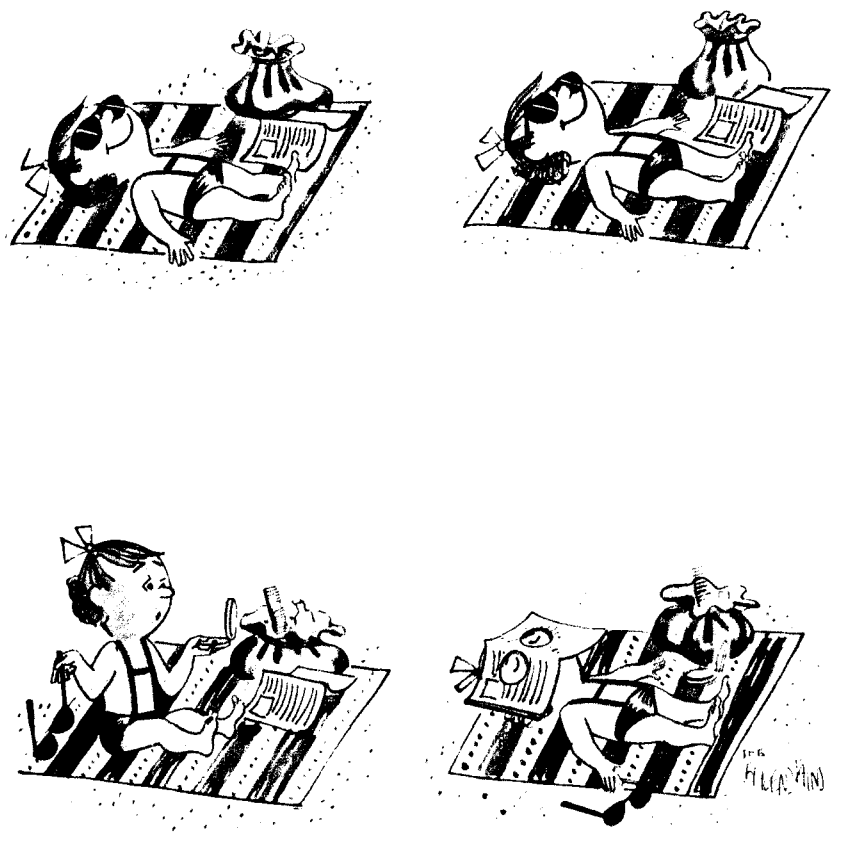
"Now," the Old Man said, "you just make yourself to home."

Mr. Potter sat outside in the chair. He didn't seem to be in any hurry to go to bed. He kept shying at the strange sounds inside the store. The Old Man sat visiting with him until he got so sleepy he couldn't sit up any longer, then he said good night and limped down the path which stood out whitely in the brightness of the full moon. Mary was sleeping in the big bed, the shotgun beside her. The Old Man dragged his mattress behind the gunny-sack screen, stretched out, kicked off his shoes, and waited for the sick tiredness to drain away. It was, he knew, one of those nights he'd sleep deep. . . .

The moonlight lay in the room with the twilit dimness of a cloudy day when the Old Man was jarred out of sleep by the shrillness of Mary's laughter in the next room and, from the store, like an echo, the shrieks of Mr. Potter. He pushed himself up from the mattress, padded to the doorway in his bare feet. Mr. Potter was on the store porch, kicking and throwing his arms around wildly, like he'd taken a fit in the night.

"A rat bit him," Mary said, and went bouncing around in the bed, holding herself

SISTER



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with her arms, as though afraid she might burst with laughing. . . .

Mr. Potter was sitting in the store chair next morning when the Old Man brought him some coffee and fried potatoes. Mr. Potter's face was pale, the dark underscoring of his eyes standing out heavily against the white jutting of his cheekbones. He drummed the arms of his chair with his little white fingers.

"A rat bit my leg."

The Old Man sighed. "I been laying off to get after them rats. Just ain't had the chance."

"It was as big as a dog."

"They grow to a size here, thas a fact." The Old Man nodded at the plate of fried potatoes which lay untouched in Mr. Potter's lap. "Mary fries a good 'tater."

"They're greasy."

The Old Man picked up the plate, carried it to the edge of the porch. He cupped his hand over the potatoes and let the grease drain through his fingers. "Now this is more the way they eat 'em in town." He rubbed his damp fingers across his shirt. "I'll take a gun to them rats."

MR. POTTER sat looking down at the potatoes. Finally, after taking a deep breath, he shut his eyes and started eating them. The Old Man thought that was a good sign.

"Once we start sleeping and feeding him free," Mary said, when the Old Man got back to the house, "we'll have him till the end of time."

"He don't eat much."

The Old Man had a can of tuna fish he'd hidden from Mary nearly a year ago. He waited until she was pumping fresh coffee water, then he dug it out from under a bad place in the floor, and smuggled it up to the store. Mr. Potter seemed to enjoy the tuna fish, ate most of the can. He was a clean eater, fussy as a mink.

"You've maybe noticed my location here," the Old Man said. "Right on the road."

Mr. Potter dried his lips with the tip of his middle finger. The Old Man sipped the fish oil left in the otherwise empty can.

"We get a lot of tourists in the summer," the Old Man said. "They nacherly stop along the road. Buy things."

Mr. Potter gulped a pink pill, then sat with both hands flattened onto his stomach.

"Iffen a man had some money to 'vest," the Old Man said, "he'd be smart to put it into a store. Like Delphie always used to say, some things people just gotta buy." The Old Man rested his chin on his hands, which were cupped over his walking stick. "Delphie took nacherly to store-running. People liked to come round where she was. She laughed a lot, 'joyed herself. It was like a play-party, wherever Delphie was. It ain't ever been the same without 'er."

Mr. Potter rode into Royalton with the mail, and while he was gone, the Old Man swept and tidied the store, then he got the shotgun and started to clear out the rats, but he had only two shells. He got a rat with one of them, missed with the other.

"Least I scared 'em," he mumbled to himself.

Mr. Potter didn't eat anything that night, said he'd had his dinner in town. He spread rat poison around the store, and when the Old Man brought him a fresh jar of pump water, he brushed his teeth with the brush and powder he'd bought in town. Mr. Potter seemed in much better spirits.

"I've been thinking about the store," he said.

"I cleaned it up some. Broomed off the floor and all."

"Yes, I noticed. But what I meant was, I've been thinking about getting the store in operation again. We'll have to get it painted, repaired."

The Old Man trembled.

"We'll go into town," Mr. Potter said. "Tomorrow."

The Old Man's eyes blinked stickily. Through all the years of his slipping away from the life he'd had when Delphie was living, he'd always held to the hope that tomorrow everything would change back to what it was, and now a man with money in the bank was saying tomorrow, and meaning it.

"I'll never stop thanking you," the Old Man said, and Mr. Potter, rather quickly, said he was tired, he thought he'd go to bed.

The Old Man staggered down the path to the house. He'd have to hunt up his town clothes, but he couldn't find them in the dark, so he lay fidgeting on the mattress all night. With the first red-gold streaks of dawn, he hopped up and went banging around the house. He found his good shirt and socks wrapped in a sugar sack Mary was using for a pillow. He yanked the pillow out from under her head. She woke up swearing, and when he told her he and Mr. Potter were going into town together, she lay back watching him with narrowed eyes.

"He wanted to know where I had been all his life and I told him I hadn't been born for most of it!"

COLLIER'S — JARO FABRY

"He's took a liking to me," the Old Man said, and some defensive instinct kept him from telling Mary what Mr. Potter intended to do.

Mary rolled out of bed, stretched, and headed for the pump. The minute she was up in the morning she had to have her coffee.

"So he's took a liking to you?" Mary said, and she told him all the things Mr. Potter was.

The Old Man put on his socks and shoes, then spread his good shirt out on the big bed and pressed out the wrinkles with the flat of his hand. He found his tie wrapped around a broken stewpan handle. He wet his hair and brushed it, and where it was thick and curled up on the back of his neck, he greased it down with the tips of his fingers. He took a piece of steel wool to his razor blade and got the worst of the rust off, but in his hurry he cut himself in three places. It didn't get on his shirt, though.

Mr. Potter didn't want any breakfast, just a little coffee to wash down the doughnuts he'd brought from town. He said they'd better walk into Royalton rather than wait for the mail, which wouldn't be along for another three or four hours yet.

Mr. Potter kept eying the house, where Mary was.

"We can start out walking 'er," the Old Man said, "and we'll maybe catch us a ride."

"Do you have a list of the things we'll need?"

"Not wrote down, but I got it fixed hard in my head. You see, I—"

The Old Man stopped abruptly. Mary was coming up the path. She was dressed for town, and when she spoke to the Old Man it was as though Mr. Potter weren't right there beside him on the porch. "You tell him I said I'm gonna be right behind him all the time."

The Old Man started to protest, but Mr. Potter said it was perfectly all right. He was, as always, very polite about it and didn't seem surprised. He acted as though he'd been expecting Mary all along. They started down the road, Mr. Potter and the Old Man in front, Mary a few steps behind. Nobody said a word the whole six miles. Mr. Potter hummed a little.

"I'll have to go to the bank," Mr. Potter said when they turned onto Main Street. "Get some of my money transferred."

MARY and the Old Man waited outside the bank, watching. They saw Mr. Potter stop at the railing in the front of the bank and speak to a young man in a white linen suit. Mr. Potter nodded, then went mincing past the tellers' cages to the big offices in the rear. He knocked on the heavy walnut door and opened it. The door closed behind him. Mary whirled and ran around the corner, racing down the street, with the Old Man hobbling after her. A truck shot out of the alley behind the bank and went bouncing past them, turning toward the Cassville road. Up front, alongside the driver, sat Mr. Potter.

"I should of knowed," Mary said.

The Old Man, even though he understood he'd been tricked, couldn't believe it; not of a man with Mr. Potter's manners, a man who tidied so much and ate so clean.

"He must of hired the truck yesterday," Mary said. "Had it waiting there for him."

"He lied at me," the Old Man said. "All the time I was cleaning and caring for him, he was just lying to get his bed back."

"What'd he tell you?"

"He was gonna fix up the store."

"And you believed him?"

The Old Man nodded and Mary started to laugh, but didn't, and somehow in that instant of not laughing, she seemed changed. She took the Old Man's arm, guiding him as though he were lost. She walked along slowly to keep even with his limp, and whenever she saw he was getting tired, she made him rest in the cool places beside the road.

"What he done to me," she said, "it don't matter so much, but you . . . you always counted so hard on the store."

The Old Man, staring down at the gray dust of the road, said nothing, but limped along a little more slowly than before. When they got home, Mary carried the cot down from the store and put it in the room where the brass bed had been. She fixed an early supper, gave the Old Man the cot to sleep on. "You're tired," she said.

The Old Man lay down on the cot and started easing around, trying to fit himself into it, but the cot just wouldn't give in, the way his old mattress had long ago come to do. "It ain't so much tired," he said, fretting at the cot's stubbornness. "It's more mixed up, kinda."

DRAWING the stool over to the cot, Mary sat down beside him. "We can maybe fix up the store some other way," she said, and it was the first time in all the years of his raising her that he'd ever heard anything in her voice to remind him of Delphie, her mother.

The Old Man shook his head. "No. Nothing's gonna change. Not for me." He lay back, looking at the spots of starlight in the roof holes. "Maybe for you. You'll more'n likely get you a nice house someday and your pretties." He knew, of course, that she wouldn't, but he said it because Mary was young, and the young have to believe that way.

Suddenly he yanked at his shirt collar, which had cut painfully into his neck. "Damn such a thing!" He hopped up from the cot and started wriggling out of his town clothes. "A man's got no business letting himself get rubbed raw."

He kicked free of the clothes on the floor, then dragged the cot into Mary's room, where it belonged, and spread his old mattress across a part of the emptiness left by the brass bed. Mary said he was welcome to the cot, but he shook his head. He was of an age now when he wanted things he was used to. He stretched out on the mattress which he'd gradually, over the years, worn to fit him exactly. "Fact of it is," he said, "I never was much of a bed-sleeper."

He began to rub the ring of soreness the shirt collar had left around his neck. It made him feel better. "You know, he was so polite all the time I was even beginning to take on his ways. You've maybe noticed my manners lately. He had me hopping up and down like a catbird and drying off my mouth every time I et something." The Old Man drew the tip of his middle finger across his mouth, the way Mr. Potter had done. "Another week and no telling what he'd had me doing."

He wriggled his bare toes, enjoying the relief of being shed of the town clothes and the fancy manners and the worry of running the store again. The store, he realized now, hadn't been his. It had belonged to Delphie, and he couldn't be Delphie any more than he could be Mr. Potter.

"I can't be no different from what I am," he said. "I've gotten too used to myself."

He wallowed down into the warm, familiar hollows of his old mattress, taking his ease. He felt right sorry for Mary, sitting there, aching with the raw sting of losing the fine house she'd thought Mr. Potter would buy for her.

It would take her a long time to wear herself comfortable. THE END

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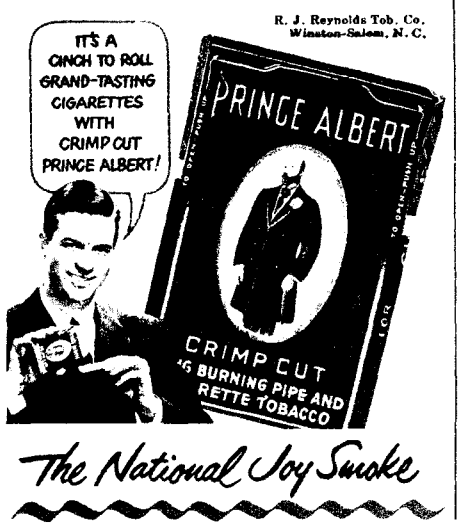
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Our Busiest Emotion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

jittery inside? Add to this situation its hundreds of possible variants in home, office and community, and maybe you'll find yourself in a similar tug of war—torn between being "nice" and being "successful," and seriously worried each time you must make the choice. And why shouldn't you be torn? Weren't you taught, beginning with babyhood, that you ought to be "nice"?

The hard part about these anxiety-breeding conflicts—practically all of which are set up in childhood—is that they are very often unconscious: their possessors literally may not realize they have them and that they are anxious about them. There are a great many people, for instance, who deep down in their hearts despise or resent their parents, their husbands, their wives, their children, themselves. This is not "nice" of them, and naturally they don't want to admit it. They therefore shove these "nasty thoughts" down into the unconscious, and anxiety takes over the job of keeping them there. It is hardly surprising that anxiety from this secret source is often generalized, or "free-floating." How can it be objective when its possessor does not even know what he's anxious about?

It is probable that all of us, since we have emotions and a conscience, suffer from a certain amount of conflict-caused anxiety. However, not all of us have it floating around loose. Some of us, for instance, "pin it down" in this manner:

4. *Some anxious people unconsciously crystallize their anxiety into one of the various phobias: illogical fear of high places, low places, open spaces, closed spaces, mice, germs, cancer and so on.* For some reason, the general public is apt to consider these phobias uncommon and funny: the fact is, they are neither uncommon nor funny. Unreasoning fear of cancer, for instance, is very common indeed.

Even dread of such obviously harmless creatures as mice isn't comical. The victim may have channeled a lot of secret uneasiness about life onto these animals, and confronting him with a mouse confronts him with a concentrate of this secret dread. Psychiatrists usually move slowly in removing these "senseless" phobias: sudden removal may leave the victim with nothing to do with his anxiety—except perhaps to get still more anxious.

5. *Another common "escape" path from anxiety is into the compulsions.* Here the anxious person finds relief from anxiety by doing something he knows doesn't make sense, but which he simply *must* do to put his mind at rest. All of us have gone back to the house to "make sure" we have locked the door which we *know* we have locked, or to turn off the light which we *know* we have turned off. Done now and then, this is mild and harmless enough. But there are people who spend most of their waking moments compulsively backtracking on their actions, remarks and thoughts.

There are people, too, who simply *have* to be right about everything—politics, religion, international relations, the best way to cook lobster, or whatever subject you dare to mention within their hearing. We often speak of these people as "awfully sure of themselves." They aren't: they are anxiety-ridden folk *trying* to feel sure of themselves by feeling sure of everything else. They don't have much fun in life, nor are they much fun to have around.

The same goes for the woman who channels her life supply of anxiety into "compulsive housework." Her floors are clean enough to eat on, except that most husbands aren't interested in eating on floors. At least not at the price of constant and almost hysterical waxing, polishing, shoving about of furniture, and expectant dread that a cigarette ash may fall on the floor.

Another common compulsion is *indecision.* Here the victim simply *cannot* choose between the blue tie and the black, the red dress and the green, the veal and the lamb. Indecision about such everyday matters may last for minutes or even hours, and keep a whole household on edge. Meanwhile, as long as he can stall off the decision, the victim himself does not feel too bad. After all, he has reduced his whole allotment of life's anxieties to a choice of blue tie or black—and managed to hold even that simple choice at arm's length.

6. *Perhaps the broadest and most traveled avenue of "escape" from anxiety is into the crowded realm of the psychosomatic illnesses.* Physicians are pretty well agreed that probably 60 per cent of the aches, pains and functional disorders they are called on to treat are derived from and attributed to bottled-up anxiety. An automobile motor that is violently "raced" day after day without the car's moving is going eventually to burn out a few wires, blow out a few gaskets and so on.

Similarly, a heart that the adrenalin of anxiety sets pounding repeatedly is going eventually to suffer discomfort or even damage. So is the digestive tract whose business is continually interrupted to prepare for a fight or flight that never comes off. So are the muscles that are repeatedly tensed and then not used.

Even physicians who will have none of Freud or psychiatry try to convince such people that they cannot get really well till they "stop worrying"—that is, manage their anxiety more constructively. Some physicians try to convey this in so many words; some toss in a kindly and reassuring "bedside manner."

Sometimes this does "cure" these anxious people—at least till their anxiety returns and gets back to work on the same or a different organ. Sometimes, too, the overt sympathy of the kindly physician will actually help keep such people sick: the sympathy comes to them in the form of what Freud called "advantage through illness," and getting well would mean giving it up. A few psychosomatics actually go through life collecting sympathy-type "advantage through illness" from family, employer and friends—and above all from themselves.

Incidentally, the big hope for psychosomatics is that more and more doctors and psychiatrists are "teaming up" to treat emotion-caused stomach ulcers, heart troubles and so on. "Family doctors" have always known of the havoc which snarled-up emotions can wreak on the human frame: more and more of them are now recognizing that it usually takes more than kindness and reassurance to get these snarls straightened away.

Similarly, psychiatrists are more and more taking the view that a "nervously ill" person is not just a distillate of conflicting emotions: he is also a human being made up of flesh, blood, bones and organs. Some happy day psychiatry and traditional medicine may get fully together, and do to the course of psychosomatic illness what has been done to smallpox and the bubonic plague.

7. *Many of us find that anxiety goads us into feelings and acts of hostility to other people.* All religions command us to be "nice" to one another; there is legal machinery to punish slander and physical attack. Hence most of us are careful to conceal the hostility we often feel toward others.

Much of this hostility is a manifestation of anxiety. What are most malicious gossip, professional jealousy and attacks on the

"Well, they're *exactly* what I'm looking for, but this is only the first store I've shopped in today"

COLLIER'S — LEONARD DOVE

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other fellow's race or religion but attempts by the attacker to make himself feel "superior" and therefore "safer"? And who is the fellow in your family, your business outfit or your circle of acquaintance who does the slickest and most persistent job of devaluing others by look, gesture, word, sarcasm or cruel humor? The fellow who feels safe and wanted, or the one who feels least so? And don't we all maybe turn in a "knife job" like this now and then, and feel somehow "safer" afterward? If we do not feel "safer" we have been gypped, for that was mostly what we were after. Finally:

8. *Anxiety is very much present, either as cause or result, in almost all nervous breakdowns.* Most nervous breakdowns are, in essence, a flight from the combined internal and external strains of life. The overstrained fugitive may travel the road of the schizophrenic into a world "all his own." Or he may slump into a "depression" and flounder in melancholy and sadness. Or he may become a "manic" and revel in thoughts of elation and power. Or he may become a neurasthenic, and feel overwhelmed by hopeless "fatigue."

Often these climactic crashes come because the person can no longer contain and manage the anxiety his internal conflicts have stored up within him. Almost always the breakdown also *creates* anxiety: the victim has himself, his family, his illness to worry about. And much more often than not, by proper "resolution" of all this anxiety, he can get well.

Prescription for Anxiety

So much for the various ways in which our anxiety can play tricks on us. What, if anything, can we do about this? Well, each fellow must hoe his own row in this life; but here's a composite *general prescription* a great many psychiatrists agree on:

The anxious person must accept the fact that *everyone* has *some* anxiety. Without it we would never sense danger or face up to responsibility.

We must learn to *use up* our anxiety instead of just sitting still and letting it churn us up. We can use up a lot, and to good purpose, by finding out what we are *really* anxious about and attacking that problem instead of the anxiety. Otherwise we are, in a way, taking aspirin for brain tumor.

If we are anxious to the point of illness because we are "all mixed up" inside, we had better seek professional help. Our "helper" may be a clergyman: many of these men intuitively understand the real workings of the human emotions, and many are studying psychiatry to the point of serving internships in psychiatric hospitals. Or our helper may be a family physician: the good ones have always intuitively known a great deal about emotional problems, and many are adding to this intuitive knowledge by specific study of psychology and psychiatry. Or we may go to a psychiatrist or to a mental hygiene clinic. In any case, we must go seeking insight, not mere sympathy. And we must go realizing that facing ourselves as we really are may be a painful experience—though rewarding in the end.

If we do delve into our emotions, whether alone or with help, we are going to find some of them far from "nice." But we must not let this make us ashamed—and anxious. We are not the first persons in this world who have nursed a welter of "sexual thoughts" or "had mean ideas" or resented people we are supposed to love. These secret (and common) "sins," when understood and faced, lose much of their power to breed anxiety.

We must face the fact that anxiety is a primitive emotion, and that even if civilization won't let us release it in primitive fashion—except on the battlefield and in athletics—we still don't have to keep our excess of it bottled up inside us. A lot of primitive anxiety can be whammed into a tennis ball or a carpet; a lot can be lost track of in creative hobbies. Incidentally, if you're a very anxious person, you may have to *force* yourself to take up a hobby, and at first you may feel "guilty" about letting yourself go and enjoying yourself. But go on and enjoy yourself, anyway; you have nothing to lose but your anxiety.

A lot of anxiety can be discharged by "ventilation"—by simply admitting to someone that you feel scared and anxious. This not only relieves you of scads of anxiety: it also exempts you from the anxiety of concealing your anxiety.

Scared Guys Won Battles

As you may know, the recent war was the first one in which it was "all right" for American troops to admit they felt scared when the enemy came at them with high explosives, guns, knives, flame throwers and so on. A great many of the nervous breakdowns in the armed forces were suffered by men who *couldn't* admit, even to themselves, that they felt scared. The fact is that anybody but an idiot would have been scared, and for a bunch of scared guys they won some pretty tough battles. You can do the same in your daily life—provided you don't burn up all your mobilization powers concealing the fact that you *are* mobilized.

Finally—and bear in mind that this tip comes from psychiatrists, not clergymen—*the surest way in the world to assuage your anxiety is to do things for people less fortunate than yourself.* This information has been around for some thousands of years, and most of us have heard it many times at our church, temple or synagogue. So far, however, not too many of us have made much use of it.

Perhaps now that we know that it has up-to-the-minute scientific approval, more of us might be willing to try it. THE END

Waterfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

my hands are beat to a pulp," I said. "But the boss is putting me on a fork truck this afternoon."

There was a long, unsmiling silence, then: "You're getting pretty damned palsy-walsy with that guy, ain't you?" Farmer muttered.

"I hadn't noticed it. All I'm trying to do is get some work. What's it to you?"

"Nothing," he said. "Let's eat."

We were finishing cups of strong black coffee when I said, "Who's Joe Cigar?"

"You're asking us?" Clancy lowered his voice.

"Yeah."

"If anybody else asked me that one, I'd say you were the guy who knew."

"Well, I don't. I never heard of him. But the foreman asked if Joe Cigar got me my union book."

"And what did you say?"

"I kind of let on that Joe's boss got me the book."

Farmer gave me a funny look. "You know a hell of a lot, don't you?"

"I don't know anything. I told you yesterday I was new in this town. But when guys ask me questions I don't understand, I give them answers out of my head."

"Never heard of anyone getting switched to a truck in half a day before," Hank said. "Let's get back to work."

SURE enough, when we re-entered the warehouse, the foreman was standing there. He motioned to me, and I walked with him to a fork truck. "Let's see if you ever ran one of these things before, Flynn."

Fortunately there isn't anything very complicated about them. They're nothing but tractors with a special gadget built on the front. Two long metal fingers, or forks, stick out. The forks can be raised or lowered. You lower them to the floor and shove the tractor ahead, so the forks go under whatever you want to lift. Then you raise the forks a little and off you go with your load.

You can raise the loaded forks about as high as a man's shoulders. If you want to dump the load on a shelf, or a platform, or a big truck, all you do is raise the load, put it where you want it, lower it, and back away, leaving it there.

The starter was in the usual place, and the gearshifts were as I remembered them.

"You'll do, Flynn," the foreman said. "From now on she's yours."

Another man came up, looked at the foreman, looked at me and said, "All right, Blondy, get off the truck and let me go to work."

"That's Flynn's truck now," the foreman barked. "Go over and take his place on the nets from the forward hold. And don't give me no yap!"

"So that's the way it is, huh?" the man complained. "Okay, I can take a hint." He turned to go away, then looked back. "Maybe I'll be seeing you later, Mister Flynn."

Running the fork truck was not only easier on my hands and back than stacking crates, but it was a lot more fun. It didn't make me many friends, however. There was a lot of resentment over my promotion to a snap job, and I could figure on trouble if the former operator carried out his threat to meet me sometime later.

The ship was unloaded and the cargo moved away from the pier by five o'clock. I ran my fork lift to a corner and parked it with some others, turned in my brass token at the window, and started out the main door. My pals, Clancy and Farmer, weren't anywhere around.

However, there were half a dozen men loafing in the shade beside the big pillars that hold up the express highway. One of them was the man who had been bounced off the forker so I could get a soft job. I tried to walk past, but he stepped out.

"Wait a minute, Flynn. I want to talk to you."

"Talk away," I said.

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you? You ain't going to be here tomorrow, are you? You're shaping up somewhere else, ain't you?"

"I'll shape up tomorrow just where I shaped up today."

"Not if you're smart, you won't."

"Maybe I'm not smart." I shifted my weight to the balls of my feet.

"Then I think maybe I'll have to smarten you up. How about a busted jaw for the first lesson?"

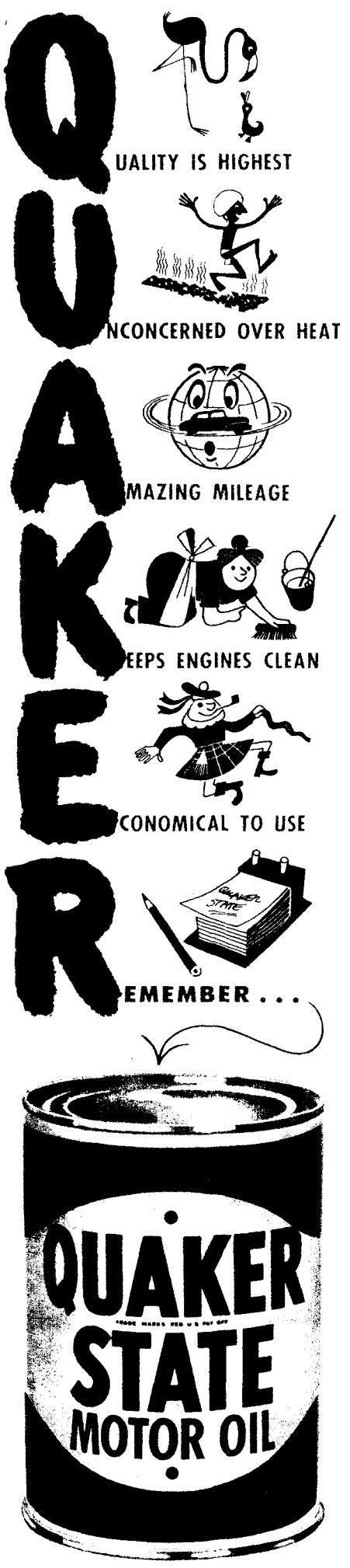
HE WAS half a head taller than I, and probably thirty pounds heavier. His only trouble was that he hadn't worked out in the police gym as much as I had. He knew enough about fighting to feint with his left before he swung a roundhouse right at my chin. After that, I guess, he was just confused.

I ducked inside the right, smacked him in the belly with my left, and turned my back to him. The belly punch took the fight out of him. His right arm fell over my left shoulder. He was a setup for the old flying mare, one of the first things wrestlers and rough-and-tumble fighters learn. All I had to do was grab that right arm, drop down on one knee, and he went over my shoulder and landed on his back on the street.

"Thank me for not breaking your arm, Mac," I said as I stood above him. "Get up if you want to try it again."

He made no attempt to rise. A thin stream of saliva drooled from the corner of his mouth, and there were nasty little spots of fire in his eyes.

"You're a wise son, ain't you, Flynn?" he



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growled deep in his throat. "I'll get you yet, damn you. We'll see who gets a busted arm—or a busted back!"

"Save it for the second lesson." It's wonderful how brave you can be with eighteen thousand cops behind you. Wonderful how dumb you can be, too. "Any of you guys want anything?" I was rubbing it in.

They didn't, so I walked across the street and headed for the bar of the Royale Hotel. I needed a cold beer. It had been a hot, hard day, and every muscle in my body ached as the tension of my brief fight wore off.

CLANCY and Farmer were standing at the bar, just as they had been the day before, nursing glasses of beer. They looked my way as I came through the door, and I nodded. At first I didn't join them, but ordered my own beer—without the white wine, this time. They had taken a dim view of me at lunch, and I didn't know whether they would welcome me back or not.

But they did. "Where've you been?" Clancy asked.

I moved over. "There was a guy who wanted to talk to me."

"What about, if it's any of my business?"

"It's no secret. He thought I should stay away tomorrow so he could operate the lift truck." Nobody said anything. "I talked him out of it."

"Didn't bruise your knuckles, I see," Farmer commented.

"I didn't have to talk very much," I said. There was an afternoon newspaper lying on one of the tables in the room, and the headlined words QUEENS MAN MURDERED caught my eye. I walked over, picked up the paper, and read about the death of Harrison Montgomery.

The reporter who did the story had used his head. He had linked Montgomery's murder with the killings of Mike Rizuki, Edward F. Jenson, and Lieutenant Arthur Meary. He guessed that the same person had either committed or ordered all four murders. He made it clear that the wholesale killings were connected with the grand jury investigations of waterfront rackets.

Then he pulled the stopper. *Private investigations by this paper,* the story went on, *have discovered that there is a new boss controlling racketeering operations between Fourteenth Street and the lower end of Manhattan. This man's name, according to reliable sources, is Blackie Clegg. More than that this paper has been unable to discover. Little as it is, it is more than the New York Police seem to know. In a short interview today the commissioner denied that he had ever heard of Blackie Clegg. The district attorney's office, which is supposed to be investigating waterfront rackets, refused to comment.*

I turned to the editorial page, and found that the paper was making the most of its Blackie Clegg scoop. Blackie Clegg was flatly accused of being responsible for the four murders, and the police department and the district attorney were challenged to bring him in for questioning.

"This is kind of a tough outfit for a country boy to be getting in," I said as I tossed the paper on the bar before the other two. "Who the hell's this Blackie Clegg? Any of you ever hear of him?"

They ignored the newspaper. "Let's have three more beers," Clancy told the bartender, "and turn that radio up a little so we can hear what's going on." When the beers came up he said, "Let's go sit down at a table. I've been on my feet all day."

We moved to a table in the corner, and the din of the radio kept our voices from the rest of the room. "You tell him, Hank," Clancy said.

"It's this way, Flynn," Hank Farmer began. "Last night we thought you were a pretty good guy. We don't know what you did before you came here, or what you were, and we don't care. Maybe you've done time, or maybe you're a cop. It doesn't matter to us. We got nothing to hide." He stopped and took a long pull at his beer, while I waited for what was coming next.

"But we're honest men," he went on. "We aren't crooks and we don't like to sit around drinking beer with crooks. Now don't get me wrong, but when you start talking about Joe Cigar's boss, and do it well enough to back the foreman down, and to end up with a soft job, then we don't know what to think!"

"Look," I said. "I was born with the Irish blarney tripping from my tongue. I was brought up to take care of myself. I'll run a bluff from here to breakfast, and sometimes it works. I never heard of Joe Cigar before today, and I never heard of his boss until it popped out of my mouth. And like I told you, my only trouble is woman trouble, and that's why I'm laying out here."

"All right," Farmer said. "I'll believe you until I know better. And I'll give you some good advice. If you want to stay healthy, forget that you ever heard of Blackie Clegg. If you see the name in a newspaper, put the paper away and keep your mouth shut. We've all heard about him, but we don't say anything. Understand?"

COLLIER'S **"We could do this same thing on our office roof and be whistled at besides!"** BARNEY TOBEY

We finished the beers and then walked back to the bar. "That radio's bustin' my ears," I yelled to the bartender. "Turn it down a little and give us some more beer. It's the coolest thing I've felt all day."

They drifted away after that, and I went back to my room, found the bath at the end of the hall, took a shower, and went out. The only clothes I had were the ones on my back, and they were beginning to get a little ripe after a hot eight hours on the dock. I went over to Seventh Avenue and bought myself some clean underwear, shirts, and a suit that didn't cost too much and wasn't worth what it cost. As part of the service the store fixed the cuffs on the trousers while I waited, and I took the suit back to the hotel with me.

On the way I also bought some work clothes and a pair of leather-palmed work gloves. If I got shifted back to the unloading nets I would be ready.

After I changed my clothes I called Mary, and arranged to meet her for dinner at a little restaurant in Greenwich Village. She wanted to know why I couldn't pick her up at the nurses' quarters, but all I told her was that it would be impossible, and that she shouldn't be surprised at anything she saw when we met.

Even with that warning her mouth dropped when she walked into the restaurant and saw my horrible blond hair. Then, when we got a table, it was all she could do to keep from laughing out loud. "No wonder you wouldn't come around to the house for me," she giggled. "You'd have scared every girl in the place. You were prettier the way you used to be. How long will it take for your hair to grow out again?"

"Not more than a couple of months, I hope. In the meantime you can call me 'Blondy.' That's what they call me down on Pier 47."

"Blondy," she laughed. "And to think that I would fall in love with a funny-looking thing like you."

We went for a little walk after that, but I took her within a block of her place and said good-by early.

My muscles were so sore and I was so tired that I wanted to get back to my lumpy bed at the Royale Hotel.

At least that was my plan. It didn't work out.

There comes a time in every detective's life when he pulls a boner and gets caught off base. It usually happens when things have been going almost too well, and he gets cocky. I should have known enough to walk back to the hotel by Fourteenth Street. There were lights there, and plenty of traffic. But maybe I was so tired that my brain slowed down too. Anyhow, instead of playing it safe by going a couple of blocks out of my way, I started back by way of Gansevoort Street.

Gansevoort Street bears a proud old name, but today the only thing it has to be proud of is the meat-packing industry. Now there's nothing wrong with meat packing. Nobody likes a steak or fried chicken any more than I do. But meat packing and residential districts just don't go together, and after closing hours Gansevoort Street is dead, dark and deserted. I was the only person on it.

My loneliness didn't last very long. I heard an automobile drifting up behind me and saw the shadows thrown by the headlights, but the old alarm in my head wasn't working. After all, automobiles are no longer a rarity in this age, even on Gansevoort Street at night.

It stopped beside me and I dropped my hand against my pocket—and then realized that I had run out of time. There were two men on the front seat and one in the back. The man beside the driver was pointing something black and shiny at me.

"Come over and get in, Blondy," he said. "And take it easy. This thing's loaded."

Very deliberately I took a drag on my cigarette, threw the butt on the sidewalk, carefully stepped on it, and then moved toward the car. My hands were in plain sight all the time, though, you can bet on that. I put them on the sill of the back door, got as close to the car as I could, and wondered whether it would be a good idea to duck and make a break for the back. The guy with the gun wouldn't be able to get me there, and maybe I could make a slight commotion.

"Get inside, Blondy," the gun-holder ordered. "If you behave yourself you won't get hurt."

What did I have to lose? You never learn anything if you don't get around and meet people. As far as I could see, Blackie Clegg wasn't in the car. I got in and closed the door. Gun-holder turned around to keep an eye—and his gun—on me. The wheelman slipped his gears into second and we drove away.

"I hope you're Tim Flynn," the man beside me on the back seat said. "Or else we've made a mistake and we'll have to let you out, instead of buying you a drink like we planned."

He had a sandpaper voice and, dimly outlined by the sparse outside light that came through the window, seemed to be a pudgy, fleshy man, with a shiny bald head and several chins. He was smoking a cigar. When he drew on it and lighted up the red ash at the end, I could see his little piglike eyes, looking at me. Just looking.

"That's what I'm called around here," I said. "But I'll be damned if I know how you knew it. I haven't been in town long enough to get acquainted."

"I wouldn't say that, Flynn," the sandpaper voice grated. "Because it seems to me you know a lot of people. I hear you even know Joe Cigar's boss."

I laughed. "You wouldn't be Joe Cigar, would you?"

"Naw. I'm Joe's brother."

"That's an old gag, Joe," I said. "I'm glad to meet you. I never heard of you until this morning, when that foreman got so nosy he pulled your name on me. Just to shut him up I said I knew your boss."

"Do you?"

"Hell, no. Like I said, I'm new around here. In this whole town I only know a couple guys I met on the dock today."

"How about that girl?"

ALL of a sudden I realized that I was playing with smarties. "She came in on the bus from Cleveland with me, on Wednesday," I said. "I made a date to meet her tonight."

"What's she doing at a nurses' home?"

Joe Cigar's tone was easy and relaxed but I wasn't fooled. And I wasn't tired any more, either. "She works there," I said. "She's a nurse. Where else would she live?"

"What were you doing in Cleveland?"

"Minding my own business!" I exploded. "Now let's knock off this messing around and figure out what's going on. I don't know. Suppose you tell me. Too much chatter makes my throat sore. I'd like to listen for a while."

"You talk big, Blondy, but, by damn, you talk good, too." Joe Cigar chuckled way down in his scratchy throat. "I like to meet a guy with enough guts to talk big when he's in your spot. Maybe we got a little proposition for you—after a while."

"Let's get that drink you were going to buy me, and then talk things over. I've got lots of free time. Any money in this proposition?"

The car stopped in front of a building on Seventeenth Street. "This is where we get out, Flynn," Joe Cigar said. "Come

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along with me, and don't make any breaks. The gunner will be right behind you."

We walked into a dark hall and up two flights of steps to the third floor. Joe knocked on a door, turned the knob, and walked in. The room was well furnished. The only thing out of the ordinary was the two windows that faced the street. The shades were pulled down so no light could get out. No air could get in, either. The place was hot, and filled with tobacco smoke.

A THIN man with a sharp nose and bad teeth was sitting in one corner of the room, listening to a radio. He was wearing socks and a soiled T-shirt, and he looked at us quickly as we came in. Joe Cigar mopped his bald head with a big white handkerchief, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and said, "Here he is, boss. This is Flynn. Either of you guys know each other?"

"Do you have to keep dropping ashes all over the deck, you sloppy bum?" the thin man growled. "I never seen him in my life."

"I'm Tim Flynn," I said. "I never saw you either. Joe said something about a drink when he brought me here."

"If Joe said so, maybe he better get you one. Go break out the bottle and the ice and stuff, Cigar," the thin man ordered. "Don't keep the guest waiting. Sit down, Flynn, and start talking."

I reached in my pocket and got a cigarette while I figured what I was going to say. Joe Cigar headed for a back room, and I could hear the noise of a refrigerator door being opened and then slammed shut. The driver of the car and the man who held the gun on me during the ride settled on a sofa in one corner.

"What do you want to know?" I said.

"I want to know who you are, where you come from, and how the hell you know so much," the thin man said.

"Why?"

Joe Cigar came in with some glasses and a bottle. I poured myself a stiff one and watched the thin man's mouth take on a hard set. He wasn't pretty to watch.

"Listen, Flynn, if that's your name," he said evenly. "You better talk. You may be a tough guy somewhere, but you ain't in no hick town now. You start talking or get a belt in the head. Take your choice. It don't make no difference to me if you walk out of here or get carried out. I want to know how you know so much about me."

"Maybe I could tell better if I know who you are."

"Maybe you could. So let's say I'm Joe Cigar's boss. That's right, ain't it, Joe?"

"It sure is, boss."

"That doesn't mean anything to me," I said. "I came to town, I got a job, and I'm minding my own business. All of a sudden your boys pick me up and bring me over here. That's all I know. What's the matter, did I do something wrong?"

"Maybe you're just a wrong guy, Flynn. That's what we want to find out."

"It depends on who you ask. That bum who wanted to give me some trouble at quitting time—ask him. He'll tell you I'm as wrong as a pair of flat dice." I laughed. "And if he tries to prove it again I'll break his back."

"You're pretty tough, ain't you?"

"In some places they think so." I wished he would come to the point, so I could get back to the hotel and go to bed.

"What are you doing in New York?"

"I heard it was a good place to hide. I'm the modest type."

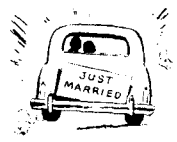
"Okay, boys." The thin man's voice began to sound threatening. "Look him over." Before I had a chance to put my drink down he had lifted an automatic from somewhere beside him on his chair.

The driver and the gunner and Joe Cigar

• DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Director, American Society for the Hard of Hearing	Deafness is commoner than we think—one out of every 30 of us has enough hearing impairment to present a problem in social adjustment.
Novelist, Dublin	There are no American-style shenanigans in Eire on St. Patrick's Day—it's observed just as any other holy day of obligation.
Journalist, Salt Lake City	The Mormon Tabernacle was not built without nails—there are hand-wrought spikes in the original framework.
Chemist, New York	Of the approximately 400 paintings attributed to Rembrandt in the world, less than 15 per cent are genuine.
Physiologist, University of Texas	Blood tests for drunkenness are unsatisfactory because the amount of alcohol required to cause intoxication varies in individuals from a twentieth of a per cent to 600 times that amount.
Scientist, New York	The English sparrow did not reach this country by accident—it was imported to destroy shade tree caterpillars (which it wouldn't eat).
Physician, Archives of Surgery	The tender spot diagnostic of appendicitis is more often found in the back than in the abdomen.
Scientist, Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station	It's not the light that fades stored fruit juices—it's the heat.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



". . . so I want you to know that even *I* can realize just how tough it must be to be the father-of-the-bride.

"First you work 21 years to bring up your daughter. Then you foot the bills for a wedding so some stranger can carry her off. And now you have to start worrying whether her husband will be able to give her the kind of security you gave her.

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"I've started a life insurance program with The Mutual Life, too . . . one that will give Sally a steady income if I'm not around and also safeguard your grandchildren's education. Like your *Insured Income* plan, mine is based on Social Security and my other assets—which certainly makes it easier on the budget. And if all goes well, someday it will pay for my 'reclining' years.

"So you see, Dad, Sally and I are getting off to a solid start in our married life. Many thanks for the wonderful wife—and the fine example!

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came over. Joe reached for my arm, but I was too fast for him and got to my feet, with my hands halfway up, before he could connect. For a moment I had a foolish impulse to smack him one on the jaw, but the gunner had his persuader in his hand too.

"Kick off your pants, Blondy," Joe said. "And be careful while you're doing it. This ain't no kids' club."

"If you want 'em off," I said, "take 'em off."

"If that's your dish—okay. Take off the panties, boys!"

Cigar grabbed me around the neck from behind with a mugger's hold, cutting off my wind, and the gunner slapped me one across the side of my jaw with the palm of his big, hard hand. It knocked me dizzy. The wheel-man clamped my arms down so I couldn't use them, and the gunner unlatched my belt. I kicked him in the knee and he slapped me again. That time I gave up, figuring he would slug me with his gun if I kicked him again, and I couldn't see any percentage in a broken nose, or blood all over my new suit. They got the pants off me, all right, and my coat too.

"What do you find?" the thin man asked.

"This is a mighty cute little water pistol," the gunner said as he pulled the gun out of my pocket. "What did you do, Blondy, save up a hundred box tops and mail them—?"

Bang! My gun went off in his hand, and drilled a little hole in the wall across the room. "Well, wadda ya know," he said, surprised. "It wasn't a water pistol at all. It's a real little heater, with bullets in it and everything. Why, you might even be able to hurt somebody with it, if you wasn't careful." He dropped it into his pocket. "I'll just take care of this for a while, so nobody don't get shot."

"I want it back, when I leave here," I said.

"Oh, sure, sure," he agreed. "When you leave here."

They found my money, and my cigarettes, and my matches, and the other junk I had in my pockets, sniffed them over, and put them back. Then they turned me loose. "You can put the pants back on," Joe Cigar said.

I DID, and then I sat down in the chair and rubbed my face where the gunner had cuffed me. "One of these days we're going to meet up all alone, buster," I said. "Then we'll have a little rassle and see who has the sorest jaw!"

"Oh, sure," he said. "One of these days. But what the hell's eatin' you, anyhow? You ain't hurt. You oughta seen the last cop we had."

"Shut up!" the thin man barked.

I forced out what I thought was a convincing laugh. "Cop? Did you juvenile delinquents think I was a cop? Oh, brother," and I slapped my leg. "I've been taken for a lot of things but never a cop."

"It might be a good idea if you stopped thinking it was so damned funny and started proving you're not a cop," Joe Cigar said. "And say, boss," he added, "we're fresh out of beer. How about one of the boys going around the corner to get some?"

"I'll go," I volunteered.

"I said shut up," the thin man growled. "Gunner, go and get about a dozen bottles of cold beer. And be damned sure it's cold this time. And don't take all night."

The gunner got up and walked out.

"Now listen to me, Brother Flynn," the boss man said in a chilled voice. "Maybe you'd better get wise. It don't matter to me whether you do or not, and about the only difference it will make to you is whether you walk out of here or go out in a sack, like I said before. You might think it over."

I reached for my half-finished drink and thought it over. "What do you want to know?"

"Where are you from?"

"West Coast."

"That's a long stretch of land. What part?"

"Seattle and around there."

"Ever hear of a guy they used to call Tom Thumm?"

"Sure. The hijacker. Got shot by a truck guard back in '45." I'd read all about Tom Thumm. And then, all of a sudden, I knew who the guy across from me—Joe Cigar's boss—was. I knew enough not to let a single muscle in my face move, or my hands fidget, or anything to show through my eyes.

"Did you know Tom?" he asked. "Ever run into him when you were in Seattle?"

"No. I got pulled out in '42 and drafted into the Army. I don't think Thumm was in Seattle then—at least I never heard of him, but then I didn't get around much."

"Ever hear of his brother, the one they called Jack Thumm?"

That was the question I'd been waiting for, because darned few people except cops and the feds remember Jack Thumm. But some people know that a guy by the name of Jack Thompson used to work for Al Capone, and that after Al forgot to pay his income taxes and got stuck on the rock pile, Jack Thompson vanished.

There's a story going around that no one was more surprised when Tom Thumm got shot by a truck guard than Tom himself. It was supposed to be a tame guard, but he killed Tom just as dead as a wild one would have done. Shortly after that there was talk of Jack Thompson taking over Tom Thumm's rackets.

There was also a little bit of talk—very little—about Jack Thompson and Jack Thumm being the same guy. But nobody wanted to come right out and say that Jack had got his kid brother killed.

Not even the law was going to say it until they could get Jack Thumm in a back room and coax him into telling that he had not only killed his brother, but half a dozen other guys. There was something about a kidnaping they thought he could help with, too, to say nothing about a big slice of all the organized rackets from Bellingham to Tacoma.

If Jack Thumm had been brought to New York, and if he was working for Blackie Clegg, then Blackie Clegg was a very tough guy indeed.

So I said, "Hell no, I never knew he had a brother," and held my breath. Because the guy across from me was Jack Thumm, or I'll kiss your foot in Macy's window.

"I guess you don't get around much, Blondy. It don't make no difference. Where'd you get all that money you have with you?"

"Left over from the war. There used to be big money in cigarettes, and Army trucks when you could get them. I stayed over until about a year and a half ago, but then things started getting a little tough."

"I wouldn't know," he said. "I sat it out. There was bigger money here. It ain't so big or so easy now. What you said about things getting tough you can say all over again—for me."

"Things are getting tough all over," I repeated obediently. "What's your trouble?"

"My trouble is cops and wise guys. At first I thought you were a cop, but maybe I've changed my mind. I'm not going to give you a chance to grow up a wise guy, either. There's too many of them around here. I can run my business without their help."

The door opened and the gunner came in with a paper box full of beer bottles. Joe Cigar opened one and gave it to Thumm, his boss. Then he took one for himself. My whisky was too warm to drink, so I walked over and helped myself to one of the beers, borrowing an opener from Joe.

"You were gone long enough to *make* this beer," Thumm said. "What the hell took you so long?"

"Aw, boss, I got it as fast as I could," the gunner said. "Only the Greek didn't have none that was really cold, so I had to drive a couple of blocks over to another place. But I done the job. It's cold, ain't it?"

"Yeah, it's cold," Cigar admitted.

I looked at my watch. The gunner had been away for a little more than twenty minutes. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, and suddenly I was sleepy again.

"If you don't have anything more to ask me," I said, "I'd like to get on my way. I've got to go to work in the morning. Being just a growing boy, I need my sleep."

"Why, sure," Thumm said. "We just wanted to talk to you. You can drift any time you want to. All I wanted to know was why you made that crack about Joe's boss, and I guess you just made it up, that's all. Want another beer?"

This was a little bit too easy, and I couldn't figure it. I stood up and said, "Thanks. One's all I need. If I can have my gun back I'll go. And if there's any little jobs you might want done, from time to time, you know where to find me."

"Yeah," Joe Cigar nodded. "Down at the Royale Hotel."

"We might have a little something now and then," Jack Thumm said, "for a guy with a strong back and a weak mind. Give him his gun."

The gunner handed my pistol to me, and I dropped it in my pocket. "So long," I said. "Thanks for the drink. Say, what's your name?"

"You guessed it the first time, Flynn. It's 'Boss'—'Joe Cigar's Boss.'"

NOBODY stopped me as I walked across the room to the heavy door. I turned as I went out, and they nodded at me as though I had been coming and going through that door for years. It wouldn't have surprised me, going down the stairs, if part of the ceiling had caved in on my head, or the floor had exploded under my feet.

I had the jumping creeps. Three thugs had picked me up. They had taken me to a little room where I met one of the worst thugs of all. The boss had asked me a few simple questions. Then they let me go.

It didn't seem to ring true—there was a bum string somewhere in the piano. If I had been Jack Thumm I wouldn't have turned me loose until I had roughed me up a little. All I got was a couple of slaps. It didn't add up.

When I got back to my room at the Royale the first thing I looked at was my pistol. The clip was one bullet short—the one that had gone into the wall when the gunner had wanted to see if the gun was loaded. That was all. I ran an oily rag through the barrel, filled the clip, took off my clothes, and went to sleep, too tired to worry about the evening any more.

Was I ever stiff when I got up! Every muscle in my body hurt. In fact, an investigation would have disclosed muscles in my body that are not found in the bodies of other men. It was sheer torture to tie my shoes, and to pull an undershirt on over my head. But I made it, and had time for some breakfast and a look at the morning paper before the shape-up began. No more murders, I was glad to see. At least none that got in the news.

Clancy and Farmer were down at the dock when I limped in, together with the rest of the gang that had shaped up and been picked the day before. "I hate you guys," I said, smiling painfully. "What did I ever do to you that you should talk me into a job like this? My aching back!"

Clancy laughed. "You must be one of them lace-curtain Irish, that can't stand a little lifting and shoving. Why, lad, it's likely you have no muscles at all." With that he reached out and grabbed me by my upper arm, perhaps the sorest part of my body, and squeezed. I howled. They laughed again.

Sometimes I almost wish I had been an accountant instead of a cop. "You'd better get the kinks worked out, Timmy," Hank Farmer said, "before your friend Culio comes around."

"Yeah? Who's Culio?"

"That guy you had the little talk with yesterday, after work."

"Oh, *him*. Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him so far," Hank said. "Maybe he won't be back. Maybe you scared him away."

"I don't know about that," Clancy said. "He had a lot of friends in this section of

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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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town." There was something in the way he said "this section of town" that made me look at him closely, but he made no other sign at all.

We shaped up on schedule and went to work. Culio didn't appear, and nobody seemed to want to argue about my job on the fork lift, so I broke it out and got under way. Trucks full of cargo for the freighter were waiting to be unloaded. We reversed Friday's operations—filling instead of emptying the ship's hold.

IT WAS a little after nine, and I had made maybe a dozen trips, when I spotted four cops, in uniform, walking onto the pier. Behind them came three men in civilian clothes, and I spotted them for cops, too. They all looked pretty rugged, and kept feeling for their guns to make sure they were loose and ready. One of the uniformed cops was a sergeant, and you figure that something pretty important must be cooking when such a gang gets out so early in the morning. The sergeant said a few words to one of the men working on the dock, and then the seven cops fanned out in a half circle and started toward me. They all had their hands on their guns.

Before they started closing in, the dock had been a madhouse of noise. But when that seven-man fan started, all noise stopped. Instead of it being Pier 47, it might have been Tomb 47.

The noise from my forker sounded out of place—like a grunting hog in a church. I cut the engine and sat still, both my hands resting on the wheel.

"Looking for me?" I asked.

"Is your name Tim Flynn?" the sergeant said.

"Yeah. What did I do now?"

"Get your hands up, get down off that seat, and walk over here—slow and easy!" Six pistols came out and pointed at me. The sergeant, wanting to be a hero, I guess, didn't pull his.

There wasn't much for me to do, except as he suggested. One of the cops gave me a quick frisk.

"You live over at the Royale Hotel, Flynn?" the sergeant asked.

"Yeah."

"You have a fight yesterday with a guy named Culio?"

"Sure. Right after work."

"Seen him since?"

"No."

"You're a liar, Flynn! Along about one thirty this morning you shot him right through the head with a .32-caliber bullet. I'll also make a little bet that bullet popped out of the .32 automatic we found in your coat pocket, in the Royale Hotel."

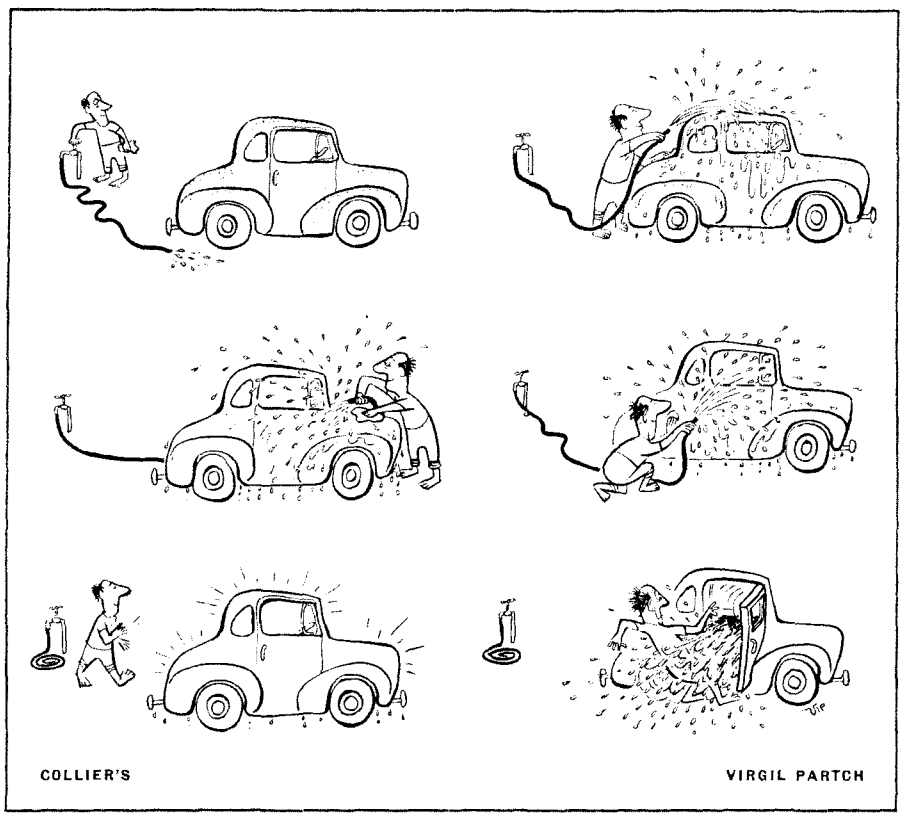
Suddenly a lot of things became crystal-clear to Mrs. Malone's little boy Freddy. I didn't even offer to take the bet, because I knew damn' well that at just about one thirty someone *had* shot Culio with my gun. But I kept my head shut.

They put the cuffs on me, and marched me into a car, and we all rode down to their precinct house. The sergeant was just as pleased with himself as he would have been if I had given him some trouble.

They took my fingerprints, and the information for the blotter. Then they shoved me on a bench along one side of a back room while they all told one another how wonderful they were, catching a killer. Even the lieutenant—the headman at the precinct—joined in the festivities. There was a lot of chatter about "good work, men . . . the commissioner will like this . . . promotion for some of you guys . . ." and all that.

To me it spelled a mighty rotten apple in the barrel. Jack Thumm, or else Joe Cigar, had framed me. Whether they thought I was a cop or not didn't matter. I knew more than I should. So they had sent the gunner to kill Culio with my gun—while he was out for beer—and then they tipped some cop that I had done it.

It made a nice deal for them. If I was turned loose, they figured I was a cop too. If they knew that, then my usefulness on the job was finished. If I didn't get out, they didn't have to worry about me either.



It was as nice a little frame as you ever saw, and fit me like a suit of long underwear. Only it was too hot, in June, for long underwear, and I was uncomfortable. The more I thought about it, the more I began to wonder what cop had been slipped the word. The frame fitted so well that it must have been tried on for size before I got it. You couldn't very well pick a guy up, lift his gun, send another man out on a murder job with it, and then call a cop and tell him to find the body and make the arrest unless you knew the proper cop to call.

I guessed it was the sergeant, because he was acting so modest, and also because he was wearing hand-stitched English shoes. That's pretty elegant for a sergeant's pay.

After the big chatter died down some of the gang left the room. The sergeant growled at me to get up and go with him, and I followed him into a little room even farther back. Four cops followed me.

The new room didn't please me one little bit. There was only one light in it, and that hung down from the ceiling and consisted of a 500-watt bulb. There weren't any windows, either. The furnishings were very simple—a table and maybe half a dozen straight wooden chairs.

"Siddown!" the sergeant shouted. "I want you to answer a couple of questions. I want you to tell me the truth, and I don't want you to lie to me! If you do I'll break every bone in your body! You just answer my questions and you'll be all right. You don't, and you'll be the sorriest punk this side of hell, I'm telling you! Now this guy here is going to write down everything you say, and anythingyousaycanbeusedagainstyou. Understand?"

"Yeah," I said. "I get it."

"All right. I hope you do." He turned to the police stenographer. "You ready?"

"Let 'er go," the stenographer said.

The sergeant sat down across the table from me, lighted a cigarette, took off his coat, and rubbed his hands together. The stenographer was on my right. The other three cops took chairs here and there. Smoke began to fill the room.

"What's your name?" the sergeant asked.

"Tim Flynn."

He pushed his face across the table until it was only half an inch from mine. "Dammit!" he roared. "You better get the hell down off your high horse, kid! When I ask your name I want your *full* name!"

"Timothy James John Xavier"—I paused and wiped his spittle from my face with the side of my hand—"Vincent Callahan O'Flynn," I said. "Only I usually drop the 'O' and just call myself Tim Flynn."

The sergeant looked at me and his fat face got fatter and redder and I thought he would explode. "You're going to be the sorriest little punk in the world in just about ten minutes, Mr. Timothy James John Whatever-the-hell Flynn!" he almost screamed. "And sometime late this afternoon I'm going to ask you to repeat that name and if you get one syllable of it wrong you're going to wish you was dead!"

"Timothy James John Xavier Vincent—" I began.

He reached up and adjusted the light cord, so he could pull the bulb and its shade down and rest them on the table. The 500 watts poured directly into my face, and I couldn't see a thing.

"Maybe you're new in New York," he began. "We're different, maybe, from the cops in Seattle. We don't like fresh punks!" Suddenly his big hand came out of the darkness and slapped me alongside the face, almost knocking me off my chair. "See?"

"That's my name," I said. "You can check it. The Army's got it."

"We'll see. Why did you kill Culio?"

"I didn't kill him."

"The hell you say. Did you have a fight with him yesterday afternoon?"

"Sure I did."

"Why?"

I told him, and answered some more questions about my first day on the docks.

"Then you found out where he lived and went gunning for him, and when you found him you shot him, is that right?" he asked.

"I never saw him after that."

"The hell you didn't. He was shot with the same kind of a gun that you have, and a cop on Seventeenth Street says he saw both of you a little after one!"

"The cop's lying," I said. *Bang!* He hit me again.

FOR the better part of three hours, I must have been in that back room, with that light shining in my eyes. When the sergeant got tired of asking me questions—and so hoarse that he couldn't talk—another cop moved in to take his place. And when *he* got tired another replaced him.

Me? I just got tired. Tired of the same questions over and over and over.

". . . where'd you get the gun . . . have you ever been arrested before . . . you shot him, didn't you . . . you shot Culio, didn't you . . . tell us the truth and you can go lie down . . . you shot him, *you shot him, you shot him*—didn't you!"

And when I said, "No," I'd get banged alongside the head.

I tried to get them to ask me what I had been doing with Joe Cigar and Jack Thumm, but either they didn't know I had been in the house on Seventeenth Street, or else they were too smart to ask me. Then I told them I had been with Cigar and some other people, whose names I didn't know.

They asked me where, and I told them the street number. One of the cops left, and after a little while he came back and said that the house belonged to two old ladies, and the apartment I claimed to have been in was rented to some guy and his wife—and both of them claimed that they were home all night. It didn't seem to me that the cop had had time to get to the house on Seventeenth Street and back again, but I didn't figure I'd gain anything by making a point of it.

So I didn't get anywhere. I got tired, and my head ached from the light in my eyes, and the repeated blows on my cheek. I was too tired to get mad—and I knew if I got mad and stood up and took a poke at somebody I'd be in real trouble.

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But I learned a couple of things. I learned that the sergeant was a bully, and a bum, and not a very good sergeant. The other cops in the room were a little too informal when they talked to him. Their manner wasn't a good police manner—if you get what I mean. I've been in the back rooms of precincts before—on the other side of the table—and I know what goes on. It was going on here, but it was more like a movie than the real thing.

Something stunk, and I was willing to bet a year's pay it was the sergeant who stunk the worst, and his palsy-walsies in proportion to how much they knew—or how much they were getting when the money-man came around.

FINALLY it stopped—and three hours isn't long. Some of these little affairs go on for a couple of days. This one closed up when the door opened and somebody walked in and said, "Did he confess yet?"

"Naw," the sergeant growled. "But he will. Won't you, Flynn?"

"Naw," I echoed. "I won't."

"Oh, yes you will," the cop across the table began, but he was interrupted by the newcomer, whom I couldn't see.

"Not now he won't," the new voice said. "Get him cleaned up and take him up to Homicide West. They want to talk to him up there."

"What the hell do they want with him?" the sergeant complained. "We caught him. He was just about ready to sing. Call them back and say we'll be up in half an hour. Tell them the prisoner's resting."

"Come up and tell them yourself. There's a lieutenant and three other guys out front and I don't want to argue with them."

"All right, all right. Tell them to keep their shirts on. Listen, Flynn," he said to me. "If you know what's good for you, you'll admit you shot Culio right here and now. We're God's little pink angels around here, compared to where you're going. This is your last chance. What do you say?"

"My name," I confided, "is Timothy James John Xavier Vincent Callahan O'Flynn—only I've dropped the 'O.'"

He dropped me, then, with a straight right to the jaw. If I had been in his shoes, I might have done the same thing.

It wasn't hard enough to knock me out, but I ended up on my butt on the floor.

"Real wise!" the sergeant muttered. "Get him on his feet, give him a drink of water, straighten out his clothes, and bring him up. I'll talk to the Homicide brass hats."

Boy, I felt like I was going home. Homicide West was the place for me, and if my boss, Inspector Stratford, wanted to eat me out for getting a bum murder rap pinned on me, that was okay too. They wanted me back home.

I didn't even mind when the three cops in the back room yanked me to my feet and straightened out my cramped back with a good kick in the tail. Somebody put a pitcher of water on the table and I grabbed it and took a long swallow. Then I sloshed some on my hands and face, dried them on my shirt, and we walked out. On the way we passed through the room where I had gone first, and they gave me my cigarettes and money and personal junk. That cigarette tasted good.

The lieutenant from Homicide West was my old buddy Potts—who never had been too much impressed with my brains. I didn't know the men with him.

"Is this Flynn?" Lieutenant Potts said, looking at me.

"Yes, sir," the sergeant answered.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Sign him over to me and I'll take him away. Send your transcript up as soon as you have finished. Let's get going. No, you don't have to come along, Sergeant. If we need you we'll let you know."

WHEN Inspector Stratford saw me, he said, "Good Lord and all the saints in heaven! What have you done to your face, Freddy?" He peered at me over his dead cigar. He looked at Lieutenant Potts. He looked back at me, standing in front of his desk. "You are Freddy Malone, aren't you? Those fingerprints didn't get mixed up somewhere, did they?"

"No, Chief," I smiled—which made my sore face hurt. "I'm Freddy Malone all right, and if you don't believe me you can take my prints again, or ask me some questions. Only don't take me into a back room to ask them, and don't put a spotlight in my face when you do it. I'm tired of that stuff."

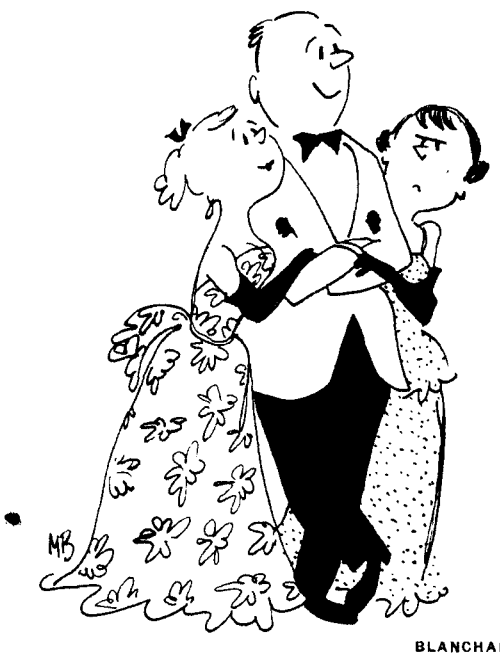
"You talk like Malone," he admitted. "If we painted your hair brown again you'd be as ugly as Malone. Now sit down and tell me what happened. Did you kill that guy Culio, or whatever his name was?"

"No, I didn't kill him. A nasty hood they call 'Gunner' killed him, I think, and with that little .32 of mine."

"Tell me all of it, starting with the beginning. Potts, you listen to this too."

So I started reviewing everything that I'd done since he had seen me last, on Wednesday afternoon. Sometimes he stopped me while he sent out for a file or some extra information. For example, we found that Culio was a waterfront tough with a record of beating up people, sometimes because he didn't like their looks, sometimes as a favor for somebody else. He had a killing coming to him.

When I got to the house on Seventeenth Street, Stratford interrupted me again. "Look, Potts," he said. "I want you to send five good men down there right now. If nobody is at home in that apartment, tell them to go in and search it from top to bottom. You can't fire a bullet into a wall and not leave some trace. If there is



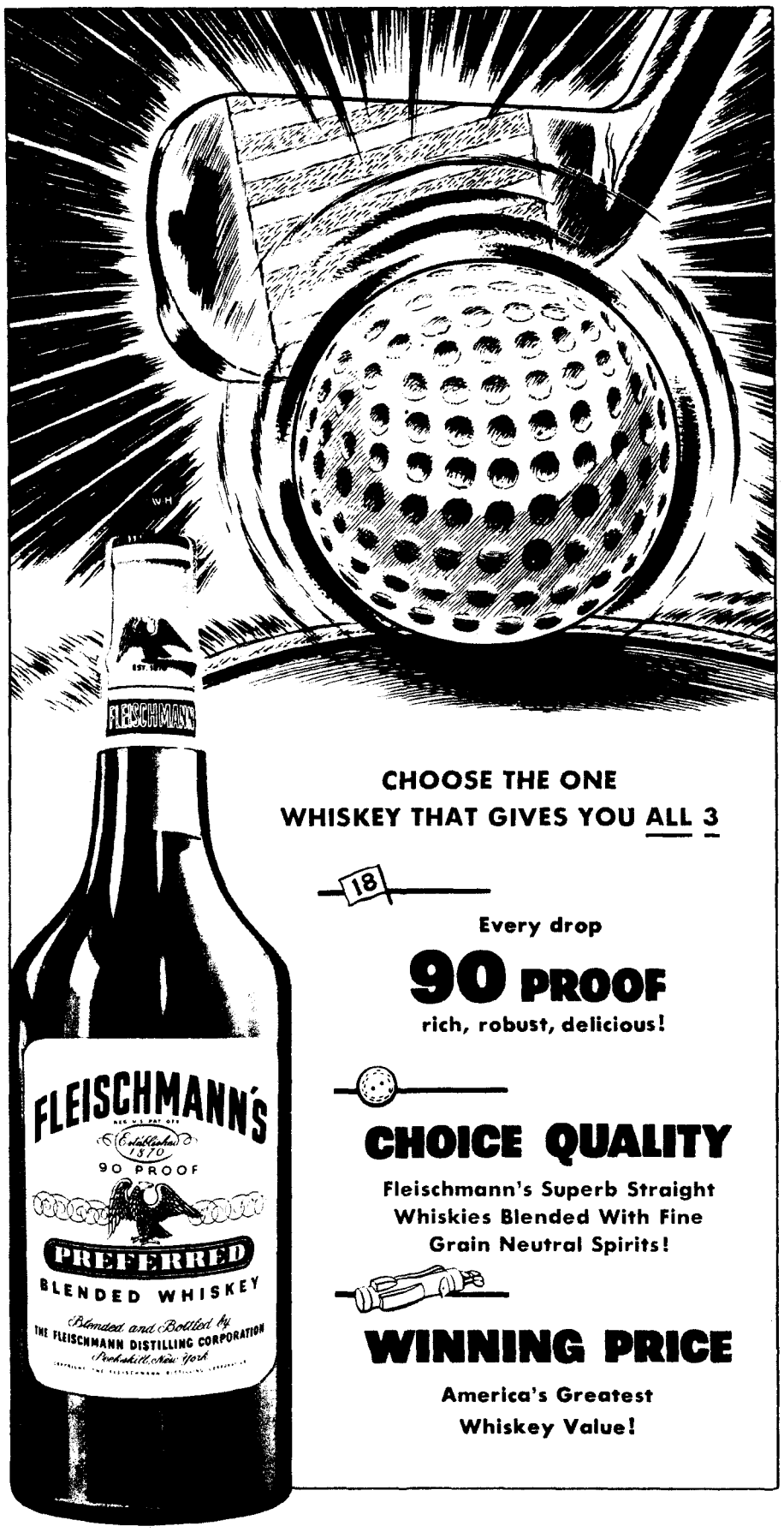
BLANCHARD

To a Lady, Poaching

Don't try that "big, strong, handsome brute"
Line on *my* guy. It isn't cute.
Besides, it clearly doesn't fit.
And, anyway, *I'm* using it.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

WINNER 3 UP!



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somebody at home—either the man or his wife, or both—tell two of our men to bring them up here, and the other three to do the job. And I want it done before three o'clock this afternoon."

Potts started to leave, but Stratford called him back. "And I want a three-shift watch on that house and the people in it."

"I've heard of this Joe Cigar," Stratford continued to me after Potts had left, "but not much. Wait a minute." He picked up his phone, called a number. "This is Stratford," he said. "Two things. Send one of your good men up to see me right away, if you can. I've got something hot. And what do you know about Joe Cigar? . . . uh-huh . . . yeah . . . okay, thanks."

"Who was that?" I asked. "The D.A.'s office?"

"Yeah," he said. "I should have had them up here before this. They'll probably be sorer than boils. This guy Cigar is small-time stuff, so far as they know. He thought he was going someplace, once, down there on the waterfront, but he never got very far. Fact is, they say he thought he was going to be the headman in that section, but the Syndicate moved another man in over him, and then this Blackie Clegg moved in over *that* man."

"Tough place to get a promotion," I said. "Well, this gunner dropped my gun in his pocket, and then—"

"You had any lunch?" he interrupted.

"No."

"I'll send out for some stuff," he said. He picked up the telephone again, ordering sandwiches and coffee. "Let's save the rest of the story for the district attorney or one of his bright young men. As long as it was only a killing, we didn't need them. But now that we have Joe Cigar and Jack Thumm, the picture changes. I don't think anyone knew Thumm was in town."

LIEUTENANT POTTS came back, and the chow came in, and soon an assistant district attorney entered and introduced himself. His name was Bob Levitt. He had a cup of coffee while Stratford outlined what had happened. Then I took it up again.

When I finished, Stratford looked at Levitt. "What do we do now?" he asked.

"Well," Levitt said, "I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm having three shifts of two guys each put on that sergeant. Like Malone—or Flynn—here says, he stinks on ice. I'm afraid that, one of these days, there's going to be some changes made in that precinct."

"Not now," I said. "Wait until I get hold of Blackie Clegg. And the Gunner, and Joe Cigar, and a couple of others, of course."

"What are you going to say when they ask you why you aren't in jail?" Stratford said.

"I'm going to say that my lawyer got me out on bail, and if they wonder why a nobody like me has a lawyer and can raise bail—that's okay with me. I might even attract a crowd."

"I wondered how we were going to get you back in circulation," Stratford said. "Tell you what we'll do. I'll call up those bums that arrested you, tell them we're convinced we have a case. You go into the jug tonight, through the line-up tomorrow morning, and into jail again after that. As soon as you are in, Levitt here will have some honest-to-God lawyer spring you. You'll be out for lunch tomorrow, and you'll be able to read all about yourself in the Sunday-morning papers."

"All right," I said. "But if I have to go into the tank with a lot of bums for the line-up tomorrow, don't put me in until late. I rate Saturdays and Sundays off."

So I spent the night in a detention cell, and nobody knew I was a cop. But I did manage to have a cell all by myself, and didn't have to put up with the drunks and bums and human junk who were picked up during the night. There are some advantages to being a murderer—you don't have to associate with common criminals.

The next morning I went through the line-up and got photographed. The charges against me were read, and I went back to jail again. Half an hour later I was out. I thanked my lawyer, whom I had never seen in my life, and he in turn was very happy, he said, to have me for a client. He assured me that he could beat the murder rap for me, but didn't quite know what to do about the gun-carrying charge. We made an appointment to meet later. As far as I knew, at that time he thought it was a real case. He had been hired by telephone, and a messenger had delivered a box full of bonds to cover the amount of bail.

Several weeks later I learned that he was married to one of Bob Levitt's cousins.

The tabloid papers gave me a big play, and I made page 3 of the Tribune and page 8 of the Times. Of course, they didn't have the news that I was out, but they had a lot to say about how I got in. Most of them were glad to learn that the police had finally caught one of the waterfront racketeers and killers, and expressed hope that it was the beginning of an extensive drive to wipe out crime in New York.

They gave a lot of credit to Sergeant Bennion—the first time I learned his name—for making the arrest. Bennion, it seems, had received a mysterious tip. For a moment I wished I could call up a couple of editors and tell them that Bennion had received something else, too. He had a double tail on him, twenty-four hours a day.

But I didn't. I just sat in the park in the warm Sunday-morning sun, and read all about Tim Flynn, notorious hoodlum.

Then I bought lunch and walked slowly back to the Royale Hotel. Old Double-Ugly, the one-eyed clerk, looked at me, looked again, and slowly stood up. "I read that you was in jail," he said, with great respect in his voice. "It says here in the paper that you was pinched for shooting that no-good Culio."

"Don't believe everything you read in the papers. I got sprung this morning. They don't have a thing on me. And just in case you should be a stool pigeon I'll tell you this—I didn't kill Culio. And that gun they found in my coat was planted."

"Gee, that's something, Mr. Flynn, ain't it?" he said. "Imagine them cops doin' something like that. Well, your old room's still waiting for you."

"It damn' well better be. If I find out you put someone else in it last night I'll come down here and bust your lip. Any mail or stuff come for me while I was out?"

He reached under the counter and took out a small box and handed it to me. "Couple of hours ago some man—I never seen him before—left this here for you. Said if you didn't show up in a couple of days he'd be back to get it."

"Thanks," I said, taking the box. As I walked up the stairs to my room I shook the box close to my ear, but whatever was in it didn't rattle. For a while I thought maybe it might be a bomb, but there didn't seem to be any reason why anyone should go to the trouble to send a bomb to me. Guns or lead pipes are handier.

So I opened it, carefully, and there was a .32-caliber automatic, with extra clips, all set and ready to go. It wasn't the one I had before, but its twin sister. I felt better—like somebody had sent my right arm back—and thanked Stratford.

After a shower and a shave and a change into clean clothes, I went downstairs and into the bar. With the exception of Smoothie, the bald-headed bartender, I was the only one there. "Beer," I said.

Smoothie put his paper down, glanced casually in my direction, and drew the beer. Then he glanced at me again and knocked the head off it and ran in some more beer. You could see that I had attained a certain standing in the community.

"Just reading about you in the papers, Flynn," he said. "I see that one side of your face is a little larger than the other. Bennion and his boys?"

"Yeah," I said. "Not much, though. There's been worse. Someday I'll break his arm for it, if I catch him alone." While I was talking I was resizing this bartender, who seemed to know so much. Big, he was, and bald as a man could be. He might have been fifty-five, give or take a couple of years—you can't tell how old a bald man is. And there was a lot of intelligence in his dark eyes. "He'd look good in a broken arm," I said.

COLLIER'S

"I'd like to buy a present for a young lady. Could you suggest someone?"

MICHAEL BERRY

"You won't ever get the chance," Smoothie said. "That kind travel in gangs." He drew another beer for me, and a short one for himself. "He had to have six guys behind him, didn't he, to take you in—and you without a gun?" I nodded. "I've seen the day when one cop, alone, could take two guys as big as you and drag them off, one in each hand, without ever showing a gun. But now we got Bennion. Phooey!"

"I guess you've seen 'em come and go," I said.

"Yeah. I've seen your kind come and go too, Flynn." He looked me in the eye. "Who the hell are you, anyhow? It's none of my business, but not many white-wine-and-beer characters blow into this town, get framed like you did, get slammed in the clink, and then get out as fast as you did unless they know somebody."

"You were right the first time, Smoothie," I told him. "It's none of your business. I was happy working on the dock, living here, drinking your beer. Then trouble walks up and meets me. You know so much—tell me why. You say I was framed—tell me how you knew that!"

SMOOTHIE yawned, then gave me a sleepy smile. "Lots of people come in here and talk. I just make drinks, draw beer—and listen. I hear you didn't kill Culio."

"Who tells you that?"

"People who know other people."

"Look, you old jerk," I said. "Let's drop the double-talk. Name some names. I gotta go back someday and talk to the judge. What I need is guys who'll say I didn't bump that Culio louse."

"They'll be tough to find."

"The hell with you," I said. "It was Joe Cigar who framed me, and you know it as well as I do. He did it because I shot off my mouth to get a job on the dock."

"Joe plays kinda rough, doesn't he?"

"Joe may *plan* rough," I said, "but that tame gorilla of his does all the work. If you see any of them, tell them to look out for me. And tell them they won't catch me walking down the street in my sleep again, either!" I turned away from the bar and started to walk out.

"Hey," the bartender called. "Come back here a minute."

"What do you want? Don't give me any more of this yak-yak that doesn't say anything. I'm—"

"You might try the next block up," he whispered when I returned. "Try Eighteenth Street, between Eighth and Ninth. There's a little place on the corner that sells cold beer all night long."

I reached across the bar and grabbed him by his white jacket. "Why the hell are you telling me this, Smoothie? What's it to you? I warn you, you bald bum, if I go up there and it's another frame—I got friends, Smoothie. They got me out of stir and they don't want me to get killed. They'd be awful mad at somebody who got me killed—even if he was only an old jerk like you."

He spread his hands apart as I let him go, and shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I didn't say a thing, Flynn. Not a thing. I don't even know this guy you call Joe Cigar. He never did me any harm. Good-by." He walked to the other end of the bar, picked up his newspaper, and sat down.

I turned away again and walked out the door into the bright sunlight, trying to figure the latest angle. Why, I wondered, had the bartender put the finger on Joe Cigar and his boys for me? Joe, as I had learned in Stratford's office the day before, was only a little big shot who had gone off on the wrong track. Could it be that Smoothie was on one of the other tracks? Was the bartendering job a blind? It might be a good place to stand and listen to casual conversation, and learn what was going on in that part of town—but it didn't shape up to be too important in the big organization that ran the rackets in that part of town.

The hell with it, I said to myself. Tonight I'm going to go to bed early and sleep all night.

But I knew that I wasn't.

(To be continued next week)

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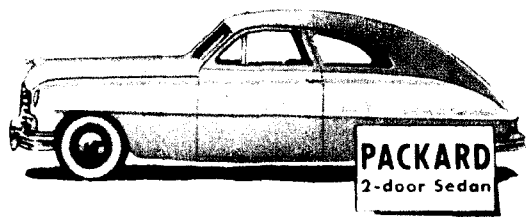
these fingerprints tell you nothing

CLUES—*He's a 6 ft. veteran who got his movie start as a young boxer in "Golden Boy". He's married to a famous star whose first name is Brenda.*

...but you may recognize these eyes!

IF YOU DO... YOU MAY WIN IN THIS NEW CONTEST

GRAND PRIZE TO BE AWARDED AT END OF CONTEST SERIES



HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1 Give the name of the movie star whose eyes,are shown above. Then, complete this statement in 25 additional words, or less: "I think it is important to protect the pouring top of the milk bottle with a Sealright "Sealon" Milk Bottle Hood because . . ."

2 Mail entries to "Eyedentification" Contest, Post Office Box 6538, Chicago, Illinois. Your entry must be accompanied by a Sealright Milk Bottle Hood, or a reasonable facsimile.

3 Your entry must be postmarked before midnight, August 15, 1950, and be received before midnight, August 25, 1950.

4 Entries will be judged on accuracy in identifying the movie star, and on the originality and appropriateness of the required statement about protecting the pouring top.

5 All entries will be judged by R. L. Polk & Co., Chicago, Illinois. Decisions of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Sealright Co., Inc.

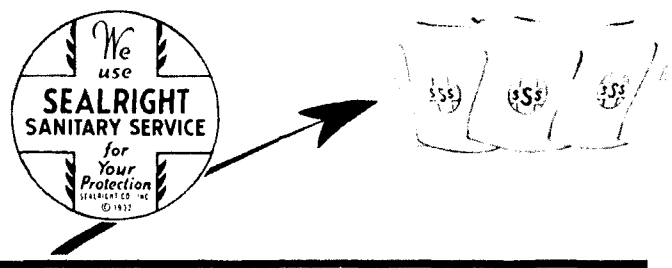
6 Any resident of continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Sealright Co., Inc., their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal and State regulations.

7 This is one of several Movie Star "Eyedentification" Contests. The next contest will be announced in the August 26, 1950 issue of Collier's Magazine.

8 The GRAND PRIZE will be awarded to the writer of the winning entry at the conclusion of the series, and before December 15, 1950. Prizes in the July-August Contest will be awarded on or before September 30, 1950. All contest winners will be listed in the December 16, 1950 issue of Collier's Magazine.

Fingerprints are not like eyes, and most of us don't give them a second look. But fingerprints can be a real sanitation hazard if they come in contact with food... particularly with milk or milk bottles!

If your family isn't receiving this protection, ask your milkman about it. Ask him, too, for a contest entry blank. If he can't supply you, send your entry on a penny postcard or by letter. No matter how you send it—all entries will have an equal chance to win.



BIG PRIZES TO WINNERS OF JULY-AUGUST CONTEST
(July 21—August 15)

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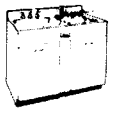
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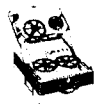
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The Most Tantalizing Disappearance of Our Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

it condemned in a street-widening project, for $2,850,000.

Although Crater was merely the receiver and ostensibly had nothing to do with the appraisal and sale in this deal, there were rumors that he had disappeared because he feared an investigation of the Libby's Hotel situation. Subsequently, however, after his accounts were audited and found to be in order, Mrs. Crater was paid $10,286.02, his lawful fee figured on the basis of 5 per cent of the total amount of money handled during the five months he managed the accounts. An inquiry failed to uncover proof of any skulduggery in the Libby's Hotel matter and the city paid the $2,850,000 on January 12, 1931. Still, the suspicion lingered that backstage there had been political shenanigans in that transaction.

On September 4th, nearly a month after the justice's disappearance, the search for his trail focused on the ocean liner Bremen returning from Europe with Senator Robert F. Wagner aboard.

In 1920, Wagner had hired Crater, then a promising Manhattan lawyer, as his secretary when Wagner was still a justice of the New York Supreme Court. The senator-to-be was struck by the fine legal mind and engaging personality of the young man from Easton, Pennsylvania. A graduate of Lafayette College and Columbia University Law School, Crater soon stood out as one of the most brilliant newcomers in the New York legal field. After Wagner went to the U.S. Senate in 1927, he reopened his law office in downtown Manhattan. Crater also resumed private practice. He rented space in Wagner's suite, and maintained a side-line career as an exceptional law-school lecturer at Fordham and New York University.

When Supreme Court Justice Joseph M. Proskauer retired from the bench in the spring of 1930, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt was called upon to name a successor to serve until the fall elections. Always an opportunist, a personality trait that did not endear him to many of his contemporaries, Crater made a strong bid for the appointment and the job he had set as his life's goal. He induced the New York Bar Association to forward a recommendation to the governor in his behalf, and also enlisted the aid of prominent Democrats.

Senator Wagner, always a strong influence on Roosevelt, was supposed to have interceded for Crater, although he maintains to this day that he did not. "I was, however," says the former senator, "pleased with the appointment, inasmuch as I considered Crater well qualified for the job."

Efficient on the Bench

Roosevelt appointed Crater on April 8, 1930. In three months on the bench, the new justice more than lived up to his promise. He handled cases fairly and with a dispatch seldom seen in the Supreme Court. His nomination and election in the fall seemed a wise and certain choice.

However, just before Wagner sailed for a month's vacation in Europe on August 1st, Crater dropped into the senator's New York office on lower Broadway to wish him *bon voyage*. According to friends of the judge, Crater came away from that meeting somewhat depressed. Was it possible, they wondered, that the senator was forced to tell Crater then that, because of impropriety in public or private life, he was unacceptable to the party for nomination as Supreme Court judge? And, seeing his cherished judgeship slipping away, had he disappeared voluntarily or committed suicide?

Wagner scoffs at that hindsight theory. "We did not talk politics the day Crater came to my office," he recalls. "Our chat was quite good-humored and informal. Politics was not mentioned."

The next development in the Crater case was one so bizarre that police believe it to be the key to the whole riddle of the missing judge. Mrs. Crater, who returned from Maine to New York in January, 1931, for the first time since the case broke into the news, advised the district attorney on January 21st that she had come across a package from her husband in a top drawer of her bedroom dresser. In a large Manila envelope on top of some clothing she reported finding $6,690, mostly in bills of large denomination; his five-year-old will leaving his entire estate to his wife; his insurance policies and, the greatest surprise of all, a penciled note labeled "Confidential" *from the judge himself*.

"What happened to those letters I gave you to mail this morning?"

COLLIER'S — LEW FOLLETTE

Unmistakably in Crater's handwriting and obviously written under great strain, the scrawled three-page memo listed 21 of the judge's alleged debtors. "Get in touch with them for they will surely pay their debts," the note instructed Mrs. Crater. The mysterious missive ended with an ambiguous "Am very weary. Love Joe," and had an underlined postscript, "This is all confidential." There were two mentions in the note of the Libby's Hotel matter.

The first read: "There will be a large sum for my commissions when accounts are passed. Geo. Frankenthaler [now a New York surrogate and the only Republican ever elected to that post] is my attorney." Obviously that item referred to his legitimate fee for work as receiver. However, the second entry was less easy to plumb. It read: "There will be a very large sum due me for services when city pays the 2¾ millions in condemnation. Martin Lippman (an attorney for the American Mortgage Loan Company) will attend to it—keep in touch with him." Lippman later denied to Mrs. Crater any obligation to the judge, as did all other listed debtors on the note—except those responsible for disbursing the Libby's receivership fee.

But how and when did that note, the money and the rest of the papers come to rest in that drawer? The apartment had been turned upside down twice by the police and once by the grand jury. The testimony of that panel is, of course, secret, but Milton Joseph, foreman, told the press shortly afterward that he recalled he and four of the jurors made a thorough check of the suite. Joseph said he and his men had even shaken out the pages of books and searched the hems of clothing. He was positive the dresser in question was gone over carefully.

Detective Edward Fitzgerald, who along with another officer also had cased the Crater residence, recalls that he personally examined the drawer in which Mrs. Crater reported finding the Manila envelope. "I remember it particularly well," the retired Fitzgerald now says, "because the drawer was covered in front with a bureau scarf and contained some women's clothing and a palm fan. It was a hot day when we were there, so for a joke I took out the fan and tossed it over to my partner so he could cool off. There was no envelope in there then."

Was the envelope there all along and somehow overlooked by the authorities? That's what Mrs. Crater contended at the time. Or did Crater himself or some person or persons involved in his disappearance or murder break into the locked apartment sometime during those five months and plant it there? The latter theory is the one the police favor.

On January 9, 1931, the grand jury investigating Crater's absence was discharged, unable to arrive at a solution. As time passed, the Crater story dropped off the front pages, but the official files on Case No. 13595, the most famous disappearance of modern times, continued to grow. Lured on by the rewards (since withdrawn) of $5,000 posted by the city and $2,500 posted by the old New York World for information leading to discovery of the missing judge, cops and crackpots throughout the world sent a flood of all sorts of fantastic clues into Police Headquarters.

On April 23, 1937, Mrs. Crater eloped to Elkton, Maryland, with a widowed electrical engineer named Carl Kunz. Then on July 6, 1939—two years beyond the usual seven-year waiting period for such a ruling—Crater was declared legally dead by Surrogate James A. Foley. The evidence reviewed by Foley included a deposition from Mrs. Kunz. She told of all the efforts to find the judge and declared that, after she had not heard from him since he slipped from sight, she believed him dead.

The case popped back into the headlines briefly later that month when Emil K. Ellis, a New York attorney representing Mrs. Kunz, served Crater's insurance firms—the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company—with court summonses and complaints. It was Ellis' contention that the judge had died "by external, violent or accidental means," and therefore his beneficiary was entitled to double-indemnity settlements as per that clause in the policies. Ellis was willing to go to court to prove this.

Investigating the case on his own, the attorney said he had found evidence to support the following theory. Crater, unbeknownst to his wife, was very friendly with a former show girl who tried to blackmail him. The judge asked her to leave town with the $5,120 he withdrew the day of his disappearance. She spurned this offer and, in an attempt to get much more money, had a couple of strong-armed boy friends talk to the jurist. A scuffle followed, and the judge was killed by an accidental blow from one of the gangsters. The conspirators then took Crater's body, according to the lawyer, to New Jersey where a fake death certificate was issued and the body cremated.

Rejecting this claim of double indemnity without more substantial proof of violent death than what Ellis showed them, the insurance companies agreed to pay the face value of the outstanding policies still in effect. These firms had made extensive investigations of their own into the whereabouts of Judge Crater without any more success than the police. Therefore, they were willing to settle. Ellis then advised his client to accept this offer without a court struggle for double indemnity.

How the Insurance Was Paid

Because of the mysterious nature of Crater's disappearance and the absence of his body, the widow agreed to post a large bond to protect the insurance payments in the event the judge ever turns up alive. That latter transaction closed out the judge's insurance. Mrs. Crater shortly received a full settlement totaling $20,561—$5,000 from Fidelity and $15,561 from Mutual. Under the heading "Place of death of the deceased?" on the surrendered policies was written "Upon information and belief, New York City"; and under "Immediate cause of death?" was typed "Unknown."

Today in the Missing Persons Bureau on the second floor of Police Headquarters in lower Manhattan, the Crater investigation has become the most voluminous of the 200 "open" cases on record. Although the bureau has handled some 29,000 cases per year since it was first established in 1917, those 200 open files represent the only ones unsolved.

Acting Captain John J. Cronin, an alert eyed, thin-faced 24-year veteran of the force, now commands the bureau, and Detective Charles Meyer, as part of other duties, has charge of the Crater investigation. Meyer, who took over the case in 1940, is the fourth detective assigned to direct the long and still continuing search for the vanished judge. Any clues or tips sent to the police on Crater are passed on to Meyer for a thorough run-down.

"And some of the clues can be pretty fantastic," says Captain Cronin, thumbing through the fat file of supplementary reports accumulated on Crater. "The judge has been identified as a gold prospector in California, an amnesia victim in Missouri, a tout at a Hollywood race track and a traveler on a steamer to Italy. At various times he also has been reported in hospitals, morgues, asylums and even monasteries in practically every state and several foreign countries, including Spain, China, Mexico, Canada, Africa and South America. For some strange reason, we've had more tips on Crater from California and Canada than from any other places. But 'Crater' always turns out to be some other person."

Some of the zany tips received in the past include one from a self-styled "radiation perception expert" in Jonesboro, Arkansas,

Next Week

HIROSHIMA, U.S.A.

Can Anything Be Done About It?

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"You Signaled, Dear?"

By SANDY SANDERSON

IRWIN CAPLAN

She tries to give me a hint but I don't get it

MARRIAGE is a delicate thing. It's a cocoon woven with many fine, silken threads of understanding. Most of the strands are invisible to outsiders, or supposed to be, including a gossamer line of communication called "signals."

The only trouble is that most of the time in my family cocoon this particular thread is also invisible to me. This annoys my wife.

When we have guests I never seem to get the signals (subtle winks, smirks, eye rollings, nudges, twitches and coughs) for This Is Your Fourth Drink, or Mother Wants to Go Home, or Your Stories Are Getting Off Color.

I am always contrite afterward—when I see her lower lip start to tremble—and hie myself to the kitchen to take my medicine. But it's like suddenly discovering quicksand oozing through your toes; it's too late then.

The last time it happened was at the Hutchinsons' welcome-home party. "Honestly, sometimes you humiliate me to death," the love of my life said in a denunciatory tone, accompanied by an impatient stamp of her foot.

I added ice cubes to the nightcaps slowly, reliving the evening in my mind. Wrong fork? Tuck the napkin in? Refuse second dessert? Laugh too long at Smith's shaggy-man story?

I made no answer immediately. I find that if she permits silence for 30 seconds I have no problem. I just put my arm around her.

"Don't try to change the subject!" she exclaimed.

"My love, wherein have I erred tonight?" I replied wearily.

"That delicious sense of humor of yours—all those *sotto voce* quips to Mary Ann while Hutchinson was telling about the bicycle trip through France!"

"Did you signal?"

"A dozen times I put my finger up for you to shush."

"Thought you were scratching your nose . . ."

Well, that's the way it goes. I think she's probably too sensitive about my asserted gaucheries. For instance, that same night every male at the party was casting a high eye on mine hostess' low décolletage, but to hear my mate tell me about it I was the scandal of the powder room.

"Oddsfish!" I said. "Do you want me to put on blinders?"

She stalked away.

Seemed she'd been putting on a hear-no-evil, see-no-evil act from across the room. And here I'd thought she was just checking her make-up.

I suppose all couples have communications troubles in some form. Take Mike and June, who used to get into a lot of silly, small arguments.

One day Mike said, "Look, the last word in our dictionary, is 'zymurgy.' Has something to do with brewing, but when we see we're getting into an argument one of us says, 'Zymurgy!' and we quit talking. Get it? The last word."

It worked fine. If a discussion got too heated at home or even with company present, one of them casually introduced the word into the conversation and they changed the subject. Everybody thought them a little odd, but it worked. Mike proudly explained it to us one night.

Then his mother-in-law came to stay, and there was a party with a political discussion. Just as Truman was about to be impeached for cause, June's mother, an impatient Tammany precinct boss, strode into the group and thundered, "Zymurgy!"

We were all struck dead. A shroud of silence fell over us. Mike's face got white and then red and his lips got blue. He picked up his coat and left the house, and June hasn't seen him since.

Precisely to prevent this sort of thing my wife has lately attempted to codify her signals, verbal and otherwise.

For instance, I now know that anything that begins "When my husband was in college . . ." means that I am dropping ashes on the rug, because I once burned up a dean's parlor.

Among other signals, a tug at the ear means I've told that joke before; arms like a cradle ask Do You Suppose the Children Are All Right?; pointing down means that her or my slip shows; making ripples in a stream with the fingers portrays Did You Turn Off the Lawn Sprinkler?

Well, I'm doing better. I get some of them, the sensible ones—like, for instance, looking at your watch for a long time or yawning in your host's face when you want to go home.

But last night at a small affair we were introduced to a delightfully nubile female, who evidently had some slight acquaintance with my wife.

Under her breath my spouse began to hum, "Here comes the bride . . ." So I ventured, "Understand you and some lucky guy are to be congratulated!"

The girl's eyes narrowed to slits and she froze me on the spot with a snarling "Do you think you're being very funny?" and stalked away.

"You idiot! What did you say that for?" my mate burst out. "She's just been divorced!"

"But you hummed Lohengrin . . ."

"Oh, that!" she replied brightly. "Why, don't you remember? Tomorrow's our anniversary. . . ." THE END

If she tugs her right ear I've told the joke before

who located the judge in San Francisco without leaving home. Another was from a lady in Newton, Illinois, who said she served dinner to a bearded tramp who resembled Crater. "I didn't pull them," she wrote, "but I think those whiskers were false." During the war, a soldier sent a post card reporting that the missing judge was "running a bingo game in North Africa." On still another occasion, police were told by long-distance telephone that Crater was in Room 761 of a Montreal hotel. Canadian police, alerted by teletype from New York, broke into the room only to find a honeymooning couple there.

"The phony lead is the bane of our business," says Captain Cronin. "We have received some promising clues on this case, but they always proved worthless on further checking. For example, there is a sheepherder in northwest Oregon who is a spitting image of Crater. We've checked on him so often that we no longer bother the poor fellow. For a while, though, he must have spent half his time proving he wasn't the runaway judge.

"We actually haven't got a hot clue in the whole file. We haven't even been able to establish a good reason for his disappearance."

"On top of that," adds Detective Meyer, "everything has worked against us. There were no fingerprints of Crater on file anywhere. There was no dental chart either, since he had false teeth. Without those two references, identification of persons, dead or alive, often is mighty tough."

What *did* happen to Judge Crater? Police are skeptical of suicide or amnesia theories. The judge was a strong-willed man, not likely to crack and take his own life regardless of circumstances. Besides, if he was a suicide, Mayor Jimmy Walker's original question—"Where is the corpus delicti?"—remains unanswered. True amnesia victims are rare, police say, and they invariably turn up sooner or later. Murder, the theory still held by Crater's widow, Mrs. Kunz, who now makes her home in Waterville, Maine, is a possibility. But, again, there is the absence of a body. "Murder will out" is the expression, but to date no positive evidence of it has been uncovered.

An Ex-Commissioner's Theory

A voluntary disappearance is yet another possibility. Former Police Commissioner Mulrooney, now an official labor arbitrator between New York hotels and their employees, leans to that explanation. Mulrooney still considers the case a challenge and even today carries a photograph of Crater around in his wallet because, he says, "You never know but that someday you might run into him. I'd give my right arm to find him."

Friends ask significantly: If Crater has not been slain and did disappear voluntarily, why doesn't the judge, who would now be sixty-one years old, come out of hiding—if he has not died of natural causes? All the alleged scandals of 1930 are ancient history now, they add, and there never has been a warrant for Crater's arrest for any crime. That's a reasonable point of view, assuming he's still alive and has a desire to come back. One possible though perhaps flimsy explanation might be that the statute of limitations does not cover criminals who disappear and live under assumed names. If Crater should return after having lived all these years under another name, and be indicted for any crime now, he undoubtedly could be made to stand trial regardless of the unusual lapse of time.

Despite all the theories about Crater's fate and the reasons for his disappearance, the only fair summary of the case seems to be the inconclusive report the grand jury submitted after detailed study.

"The evidence is insufficient to warrant any expression of opinion," the report said, "as to whether Crater is alive or dead, or as to whether he has absented himself voluntarily, or is a sufferer from disease in the nature of amnesia, or the victim of a crime." THE END

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Malzev's Mystery Mountains

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"This serves as notice that you are required to report to the Labor Center at Aue (for mining work) within five days of date. This notice can be canceled only by the Labor Office. You are instructed to bring blankets, eating utensils and working clothes when you report. Violation of this order is punishable by fine or imprisonment under Articles 19 and 20 of Allied Control Council Law No. 3."

Thus Malzev's minions cynically misused an Allied directive permitting the conscription of labor for "urgent reconstruction work" in order to impress workers for a project blatantly violating the Allied agreement to demilitarize Germany. Thousands escaped, but Wismut at one time had an estimated 25,000 slave laborers (15 per cent of the total working force) on its rolls.

Solving a Housing Problem

Once laborers were enticed or dragged into Malzev's monarchy, the next major problem was to find places for them to live. Ruthlessly Deputy Director Essakia undertook to solve the problem. The old and the crippled, useless for work in the mines or processing plants, were peremptorily evacuated from their homes and sent to camps or crowded villages elsewhere. Into the houses made vacant the newly imported miners were jammed literally to the eaves. Dance halls, schools, churches, public buildings and stores were converted into impromptu barracks. Shanties were thrown up overnight; tents set up to house the interminably arriving overflow.

In a few towns, like Aue and Johanngeorgenstadt, the bulk of the permanent population was forced to evacuate; in others up to half were compelled to leave their homes.

Sometimes the householder received a relatively polite note of apology from the local housing office; sometimes he was coldly evicted on a few hours' notice. The method was a matter of indifference to Wismut, Inc., so long as the needed quarters were vacated.

In those frenzied days of early exploitation—while the Kremlin was still trying to assemble its first A-bomb—there was seemingly little system in the mining operations. On both sides of the border, at Joachimsthal as at Johanngeorgenstadt, there was only one rule: Get the best ore out and get it out fast! Some of the shafts, which might ultimately have yielded respectable amounts of uranium, caved in entirely because of hasty methods of excavation. In others, pockets of gas snuffed out miners' lives because the most rudimentary precautions weren't taken. The following matter-of-fact narrative of one miner tells the story of primitive and brutal methods well:

"I am a driller," runs his account, "and also act as the foreman for eight others in my subsection. Our equipment is heavy and every day we have to carry it down a ladder for 70 feet. Then we have to drag it through a long gallery so low we have to crawl, and half full of water. There are no drainage pumps.

"I have one assistant working on my drill. He holds it while I operate it, for we have few automatic supports for our drills. We drill 'dry' and we have no dust masks, so that after an hour we look like mummies. Dust settles in our eyes, ears, up our nostrils. Even if we could smoke—it is forbidden—we wouldn't because we would cough our lungs out. There is no air conditioner or dust remover.

"If I lay my drill down, even for a moment, the Russian supervisor comes up behind me: 'Why aren't you working?' Our section foreman is the only one who gets along with him; he is able to speak Russian. And the Russian is the only one who gets along with the section foreman, who is a Communist 'activist' and pushes us for work which we simply can't do. Yet, if we grumble, he runs to the Russian and the Russian comes at us shouting, 'Sabotage! Sabotage!' Every once in a while, some miner whose work is too slow disappears and we never see him again, never hear what has happened to him . . ."

That miner's tale was told 18 months ago. Since that time, subtle changes in the organization and operation of Malzev's monarchy have been recorded by those whose job it is to find out what goes on behind his steel curtain of security. Those changes indicate that the mining of uranium has no longer become such a hit-or-miss affair; that while the pace of activity has not slackened, there has been a noticeable attempt at systematization. Wismut, apparently, is shifting its emphasis to a long-term program. Today Malzev is trying to put his mines on a more businesslike basis; the Soviet masters of the Ore Mountains act very much like men in the uranium-extracting industry to stay.

Recently, for example, the headquarters of Wismut was secretively moved from Aue to the little town of Siegmar-Schoenau, adjacent to the industrial city of Chemnitz and *outside* the actual mining area. It is here that the mysterious Malzev now has his main office, a fact that only a handful of the top technicians in the mines realize.

There were apparently three principal reasons for the move. First, the communication and transport network from Siegmar-Schoenau is far better than that in the Ore Mountains. Second, Malzev's monarchy is in the process of expansion; not only does it include the Erz Gebirge but also some new shafts and processing plants at Freital, near Dresden, and some even newer diggings in the Harz Mountains to the north. Control of these operations is easier to exercise from a less remotely located site than Aue. Third, security and secrecy are easier to enforce in a place where the population is not so intimately connected with the work at hand.

Security controls have now been systematized in the Ore Mountains into *four* distinct, closely co-ordinated armed groups. There are the regular Soviet troops, an estimated 18,000 of them. There are the picked units of the Russian MVD, including both uniformed and plain-clothes contingents; guesses at their strength run from 1,500 to 5,000. There are the companies of German "people's police"; and, finally, there are units of special mine police, under the command of Gotthard Schudy, a former adjutant of Nazi General Rommel.

The total strength of this security force is placed at between 30,000 and 40,000. This, for an area less than half that of Rhode Island, makes Malzev's mountains probably the most heavily "protected" region in the world.

Ringed In by Defense Forces

The entire Erz Gebirge is now ringed in a double defense perimeter. The "outer ring" consists of roadblocks at every possible point of entry into the area, manned by "people's police" detachments. An "inner ring" is guarded by motorized patrols of tommy-gunned Soviet troops. These regular defenses are supplemented by prowling squads of uniformed MVD men, who appear suddenly from nowhere to check identity tags, search houses and probe through trucks, cars and busses. The uniformed MVD also guards headquarters buildings and supply installations.

At the shafts themselves, each sheathed in barbed wire, Soviet troops man the watchtowers and operate the machine guns and the searchlights which focus balefully on the pits at night. In front of the pit heads mining police make rigorous security checks of all entering or leaving the shafts; they also check for "sabotage" or theft in the mines. And, co-ordinating the security forces and spying on them in turn are the cold-eyed agents of the plain-clothes MVD. They have complete power of arrest; no such formalities as warrants curb their activities. They are the eyes and ears and hands of Malzev.

To tighten security, those who are recruited for the mines are given special

COLLIER'S

"I do hope someone decides to make a movie of your book. I'm just dying to know what it's all about"

ALBERT KINZER

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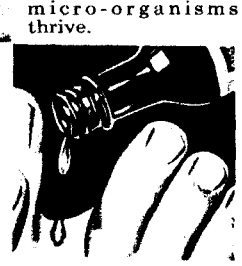

Ah, my Absorbine Jr.

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identity tags—and then their regular identification cards are taken away. This, plus the fact it is almost impossible for miners to obtain clothes other than rubberized work uniforms, cuts down on "contract breaking" and escape from the area.

It becomes easy for the police outside the Ore Mountains to identify a uranium miner and return him to Malzev's minions. Usually a "contract breaker" is given only minor punishment; he may be deprived of his regular free days for a period or be docked a percentage of his wages. "Repeaters," however, may be transferred to the most dangerous mines or fined heavily or even be tried and sentenced to work the shafts as prison labor. A few of the most incorrigible simply "disappear."

In only one respect has security been relaxed. The best workers, or those who have gained the trust of the authorities, are now issued passes to leave the area with far more frequency than in earlier times. Many are permitted to leave for one week end a month; some are even given two-week "furloughs." In rare, "deserving" cases the families of miners are permitted on circumscribed visits.

Oddly, despite the obsessive emphasis on security and the omnipresence of police and barbed wire, the most careful and thorough reports no longer portray Malzev's mountains as a vast prison enclosure. The most recent information emphasizes rather the wild, "gold rush" atmosphere around the diggings; a free-spending hard-drinking recklessness and immorality reminiscent of the roaring Klondike.

Certainly the most important factor in this change is the sharp reduction in the incidence of forced labor. In 1948, some 15 per cent of the mining force was impressed into service; today not more than 2 or 3 per cent of the workers, at the highest, could be classed as strictly involuntary. (These are principally eastern German convicts working out sentences of hard labor.) The inducements of high wages and bonuses —now really being paid—and rations of food and cigarettes far better than anywhere *else in Russia's Germany have at* last brought in a force of volunteers large enough to meet the demand.

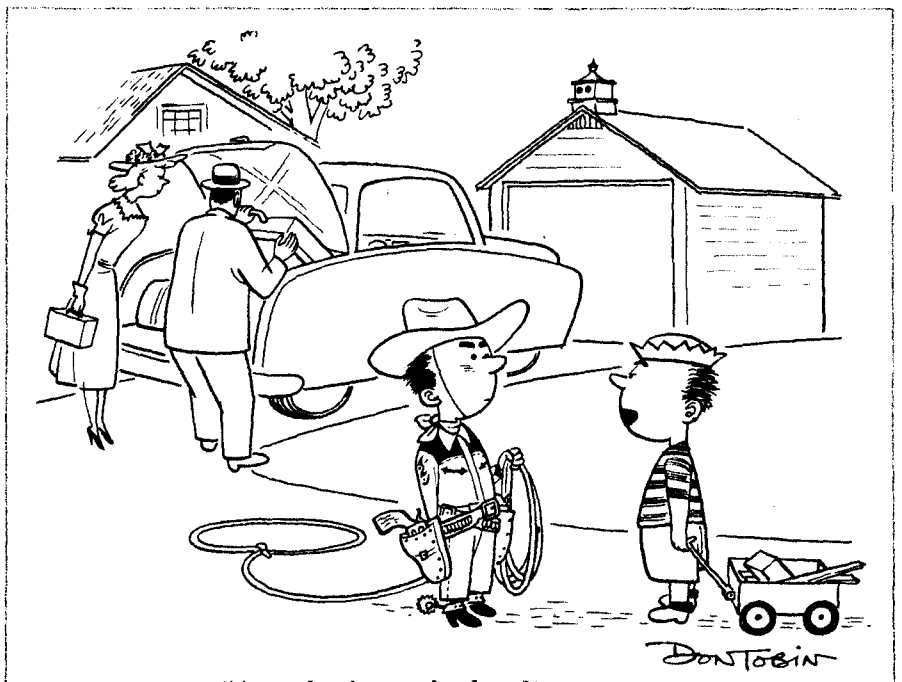
Less Constraint on Workers

The labor could hardly yet be called "free"—contracts must be signed for a year and those miners who seek to run out before their contract is up are hunted down relentlessly; those who refuse to renew contracts often find it impossible to find jobs elsewhere—but the compulsions are far more subtle and far less apparent than before. Workers today *do* generally sign contract renewals on their own accord.

Nor is the brutal use of female labor as widespread. In the early days of helter-skelter operation, women were actually forced to work down in the mines; today there are no longer any women employed underground and the number of those doing hard physical labor generally, whether at the pit heads or in the ore-processing centers or on the construction gangs, is on a steady decline. Again, the motive hardly appears to be one of humanity; it is simply that enough tough young men, between eighteen and thirty years old, are now volunteering, to make the use of women unnecessary and even uneconomic.

To pull in those volunteers the wage rates and rations have to be high, indeed, for the casualty rates are still shocking (more than 1,000 have been killed in the mines to date), the standards of medical care pitifully inadequate and the conditions of work in the shafts still primitive and excessively dangerous.

Cave-ins are frequent, as are explosions produced by the combustion of gas pockets. Methods used in drilling and loading the rock are backward; the accident rate in the operations is inevitably high. The pits are still drained badly, if at all. For the most part no equipment exists to ventilate the shafts properly and eliminate the rock dust in the air. The rate of silicosis and



COLLIER'S **"Aw, they're only handing you a line, Deadeye—Atlantic City ain't anywhere near Tombstone, Arizona"** DON TOBIN

tuberculosis is extremely high. There are also some cases of burns and poisoning from contact with radioactive materials, though the incidence of these has been generally exaggerated.

Yet, bad as are the conditions of work, there is evidence that Malzev is seeking to improve them—again for the coldly calculated purpose of increasing long-term output. Some pumps are being brought in to suck the water out of the tunnels, new drilling equipment is being purchased and an intensive recruiting drive is on for medical personnel to work in the area. The greatest limitation on the improvement of conditions in the mines today is not caused by indifference, but by the technical inadequacies and lack of modern equipment in Russia's Europe.

Housing facilities are still as primitive as the conditions of work, but here, too, are evidences of systematic effort at improvement. Permanent-type barracks are being constructed under the stern-eyed supervision of Essakia's crews; family quarters are being constructed for German mining engineers and supervisory personnel as well as for the Soviet engineers who boss each shaft. Provision is being made, in infrequent cases, for "shock workers" who have consistently exceeded the all-holy production "norms" to bring their families into the Erz Gebirge. In a few areas where the diggings have been abandoned or reduced in intensity, some *évacués* have been permitted to return to their former abodes.

Those who do come back, however, find little peace and no quiet in their old home towns. From dawn to dusk, there is incessant din—the trek of the miners to and from the shafts, the movement of Soviet troops, the rumble of trucks, the intermittent blast of explosives from the pits themselves, the hectic trading on the towns' shopping streets where mine-stores have occupied the bulk of the business premises. From dusk to dawn, there are the wild sounds of an almost desperate revelry, the echoes of alcoholic song or quarrel, deep oaths providing counterpoint to shrill female cries.

Officially, professional prostitution is banned in Malzev's mountains and the ladies of the night are given short shrift if they try to enter his domain. Actually, "unofficial" prostitution is rampant among the women workers in and around the Wismut workings. Morals are low and crime high.

Surprisingly, perhaps, there has been comparatively little effort in Malzev's monarchy to give the workers "political education"—to Communize them. Only one political party, the Communist-run Socialist Unity party, has been licensed to operate in the area; but pressure on the workers to join has not been great, nor have they been urged to political activity.

White Collars, Red Politics

There are exceptions to this rule. The white-collar workers—the German administrative and technical personnel—are subject to considerable political discipline. They are encouraged to form Communist "study groups" and are strongly "advised" to undertake party work in their spare time. There are also "activist brigades" organized to increase production and "set examples" for the other workers. They are in the vanguard for such enthusiastic projects as "Stalin shifts" on Sunday (and the major recipients of such bounties as the special "Stalin packages" of meats and fats).

Yet, for the most part, the miners are left to their own off-duty dissipations, so long as they fulfill the norm during the eight hours of daily on-duty time when they belong to Malzev body and soul. The Comrade General is a single-minded man; and his major assignment has been to produce uranium, not Communists.

How well has he succeeded? To answer that question, of course, the most intensive efforts of Western investigators have been directed. And, of all the secrets of Malzev's mystery mountains production figures are the most jealously guarded.

From behind the steel curtain of the Erz Gebirge, Western intelligence has been able to pry a score of lesser secrets. It is known, for instance, that Wismut is now actually operating between 80 and 95 of the 200 mine shafts which have been sunk; that the others have been abandoned. It is known that the mining area is divided into four main districts and these subdivided into some 55 *Objekte* (projects).

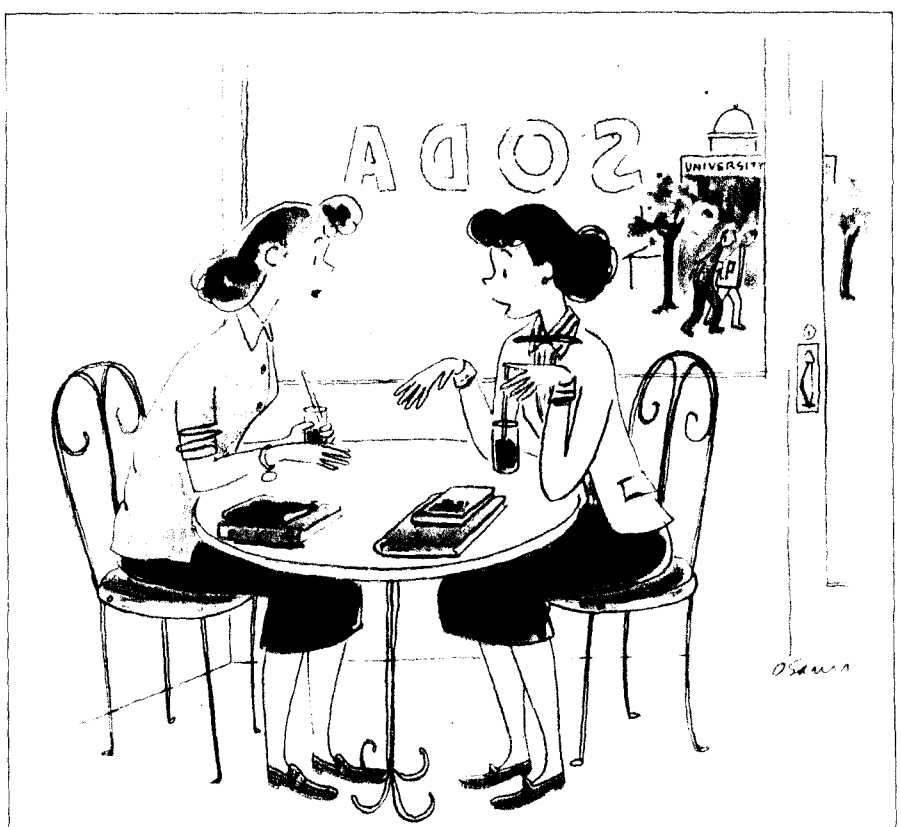
It is known that not all *Objekte* are similarly organized; that some undertake the preliminary exploration for new resources, that others do the actual mining, others the aboveground construction work and still others process the ore-bearing rock. It is known that the main processing centers are at Aue, Schneeberg, Lengenfeld and at Freital. It is known that the processing is chiefly mechanical and that chemical separation is not undertaken till the crude ores reach the Soviet Union.

It is known also that the top-quality ores are packed in lead-lined boxes and sent by plane or direct train to the East unprocessed. It is even known that the uranium content of the rock has been somewhat disappointing to the Soviets; that, except for some early rich pockets dug out of Joachimsthal, only a few isolated deposits have contained as much as 2 per cent of uranium oxide; that most diggings have been what would be termed submarginal in the United States.

Yet, if any Western analyst knows a final answer to the Big Question—How much uranium have the Russians been able to get out of the Erz Gebirge?—he is keeping as tight-lipped a silence as Malzev himself.

There is only one conclusion which *can* be firmly drawn from the evidence at hand. That is that Malzev and his masters have decided it worth their while to keep digging away at the Ore Mountains. It may not have been a difficult decision. After all, the eastern Germans, not the Russians, are footing the bill for the operations in Saxony and the Czech diggings are relatively small and inexpensive for the Soviets to support.

Easy or hard, the decision has been clearly made. Russia is in the Ore Mountains to stay: there is no indication that Mikhail Mitrofanovich Malzev will be looking for a new job for a long while. THE END



COLLIER'S **"Tom and I figured out we can get married and live on his salary if I get a job"** KATE OSANN

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My Last Race

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

and acted as though he were really glad to see me.

For an hour we sat around batting the talk back and forth, each one trying to get in as much as possible. After the first couple of minutes I really relaxed, and I wondered why I had never come before. Mrs. Mitchell invited me to stay for supper. "We want to get to know you much better, Terry," she said, and, looking at Barby, I hoped that went for the whole family.

Then Barby and I were alone, and we didn't say much. Finally, she stood up and said, "Come upstairs. I want to show you something."

It was Mitch's room; but it was more than a room now; it was a shrine, and everything was probably exactly the way he had left it the last time he was home. On his desk were some high-school textbooks between two hunting-dog book ends. A bookcase with everything from Tom Swift to H. G. Wells and Dickens. His shotgun on the wall; and pictures, dozens of pictures, most of them framed behind glass. Mitch as a baby, as a football player, Mitch in his Air Corps uniform the day we had graduated from Kelly, Mitch as a racing driver.

I recognized most of the last; I had some of them myself. Barby lifted one off its hook and said, "Here, look at this one," and I peered at the shot of Mitch and me taken the day he won the Western Division championship in Denver in '47. "There are others with you in them," she said. She reached into a drawer of the desk to pull out two huge scrapbooks. I glanced over her shoulder as she leafed through the larger one. "Gosh," I said. "It's all here. How did you do it?"

"A clipping service," she said. "I've been subscribing ever since Charlie first started racing. I kept it up while I was in college until—well, until he died."

I said, "It's too bad Mitch didn't know this. He might have—" I flushed and broke off.

"I know," she said. "He didn't like us very much. He wasn't home more than a week from the time he got out of the Army until he was killed." She replaced the books. "But it's pretty understandable. He didn't fit here at all."

"You're wrong," I said hastily. "He liked you all right. He used to talk to me all the time about you. That's how I knew you right away. It's just that—well, it's just that he didn't fit. Like you said, he didn't fit."

AT DINNER I answered questions. I had dreaded this, but it wasn't bad at all. Mitch's folks were easy to talk to. They knew the big things from the scrapbooks, but they were eager to know the details. I told them how he felt about things, what he used to think about, dream about, talk about. I left unsaid all the business on booze and girls.

"Well," Ed Mitchell sighed when we were drinking coffee, "he did what he had to do. No one could have stopped him, I suppose."

It was the best way of looking at things, or at least, the most comforting. Then I changed the subject. "You'll laugh when I tell you one of the reasons I came." Then I told them about the motorcycle.

Ed Mitchell did laugh. "It's a poor enough heritage, Terry. It's in the barn. Barby, why don't you take Terry out there to see it?"

I mentioned helping with the dishes, but I was argued out of that in a second.

In the barn Barby switched on an overhead light and led me past a sad-eyed week-old calf to a dusty corner where, despite its being in several piles, I recognized the outlines of a motorcycle. "That's the way my brother left it," Barby said, and I shook my head in mock despair.

"And there I had such hopes," I said. I looked at Barby. "I could probably get this thing in running order, but it would take a long time. I'd have to spend a lot of time here. Think anyone would mind?"

Barby smiled and turned to leave the barn. "We'd all hate that," she said.

Then the Mitchells insisted I stay overnight and wouldn't take no for an answer. I was put into the extra guest room, and as I sank into a deep sleep I was thinking how comfortable a feather bed was and how good I felt—for the first time in such a very long while.

At breakfast I said to the Mitchells, "I'll be back to protect my interests," and Mrs. Mitchell said, "You're welcome any time, Terry. Charlie told us you didn't have any folks, and, well . . ." She piled more hot cakes on my plate.

That was a Tuesday, and I spent the rest of the week in the racing centers, selling stuff to old friends who didn't seem at all surprised I had quit driving. I wasn't the only one, it seemed, who thought racing wasn't my racket.

LATE Saturday afternoon I was back at the farm, having checked my bag and made reservations at the hotel in town. I parked the car right behind a heap that looked about ten years old but was so worked over, its original identity was lost. It even had overdrive jets projecting from the hood. In California we would have called it a hot rod, but here I didn't know.

I found Barby and Mrs. Mitchell in the kitchen, and they were certainly glad to see me again. Then I was introduced to a young man who had been sitting in the corner, his chair tipped against the wall. "This is Tom Mies," Barby said, and he stood up to shake hands. A big guy about four or five years younger than I, which would make him about twenty-five, with a shock of curly hair and a strong grip. His face was puzzled as he looked at me, as though he didn't know whether he should be glad to meet me or not. By the way he looked at Barby I knew the reason why. This is the suitor, I thought, and for a moment, I disliked the guy intensely.

To make conversation I said, "That your heap outside?" and he nodded.

Barby said, "Tom's a racing fan. He has the bug the way Charlie had it."

Mies said, "I hear you quit driving," like I was a criminal.

I said, "My insurance premiums were getting so high, driving wasn't profitable any more," and he just said, "Huh."

A heavy silence, broken only by the clatter of Mrs. Mitchell's pie pans, hung over the kitchen until, finally, Mies got up and said, "I better be goin'. I'll pick you up at seven thirty, Barby." He said good-by to us and left.

When he was gone Barby said, "I'm sorry I didn't know you'd be back tonight, Terry. You see, I promised Tom to go to a dance with him."

"Don't be silly," I said, though I was disappointed. "You go ahead. I have no right to bust up your plans."

So all evening I played checkers with Ed. Just before midnight we heard the roar of Mies's car in the driveway, and at least ten minutes passed before Barby came into the house. During that time Ed jumped three of my kings and beat me another quick game.

When she came into the living room Barby looked flushed and happy, and I said, rather abruptly, that I better be getting to the hotel.

Driving back to town I kicked myself all over the place for being such a meathead about a girl I'd just met, for acting like a jealous school kid. Then I remembered I hadn't just met her, not really. I'd known her for a long, long time.

I didn't fall asleep for what seemed hours and hours, and I was only able to relax when I admitted that I was in love with Barby Mitchell. . . .

The next day, Sunday, I spent in the barn

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working on the motorcycle. Looking at the rusted mess, I seriously considered forgetting the whole thing and going back where I came from. Then Barby came into the barn and sat on a milking stool to watch me, so I got to work. We talked and she lighted my cigarettes for me when my hands were too greasy to light my own. Pretty soon we were talking as though we had known each other all our lives, so I decided it was time to get some facts established. I said, "Barby, what's with you and this Mies character?"

"I don't know," she said a little faintly. "He's a nice boy. His folks have a farm down the road. He was a football hero when I was a freshman in high school." She paused. "He's been sort of coming around ever since he got out of the Army."

I carefully wiped something that might have once been a spark plug. "So? You going to marry him?"

She flushed. "I don't know. He's asked me to, but Mom and Dad are against it because he wants to be a racing driver. He really plans on being one."

I felt a new bond between me and the elder Mitchells. "It's a living," I said. "If you live, that is. Does he drive any now?"

"He goes on the outlaw tracks around here. He was such an admirer of Charlie's. He thought my brother was the greatest going."

"He was," I said. I stood up to wipe my hands. "I promised your dad I'd help with the chores. That's enough for this thing now."

Working out in the field later with Ed Mitchell I found my thoughts going around in circles and getting nowhere. I knew I was in love, but I didn't know what to do.

I had Mies worried, because from then on, whenever I was at the farm he managed to be there too. I arranged my work so that I could spend a lot of time in Auburndale. Most of it I could do by phone, once the contacts were established. The strange thing was that I didn't feel funny coming around as much as I did. The Mitchells always urged me to hurry back when I left, and they meant it. I didn't feel like a moocher, either, because I helped Ed a lot with the spring work—work he would have otherwise had to pay for.

With Barby it went a little further. I knew she was glad to see me come and sorry to see me leave, but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted no big-brother stuff in that department. We took in a couple of movies together, but there was never any real closeness.

RIDING back to the farm one night I remember wondering what would happen if I stopped the car and reached over to her. I wondered so hard that I broke out into a sweat, and it was a real physical effort to keep the car on the road. I kept thinking that she *must* feel a little bit of what was in my mind if there was anything to this mental telepathy business. But she just sat in the corner of the front seat, her hands carefully folded on her lap, and neither of us ever said a word.

And I'd work on the motorcycle every time I had a chance, and it began to look as though I might have something when I finished. I *hoped* it would be a motorcycle.

One day, just as I was about to throw the whole wiring system into a scrap heap, Mies and Barby came into the barn. Mies said, "Looks pretty bad. Nothing you can do with that." He was looking at the wire.

I looked at the twisted mess like I'd never seen it before.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I think I can rewire 'er okay with what I've got."

"Why waste your time with this junk, anyway?" he asked. "A couple hundred bucks buys you a good secondhand bike, and you save all this trouble."

"I like trouble—thrive on it."

He sniffed. "I have a '47 Harley I bought brand-new."

"Congratulations," I said nastily. I reminded myself I shouldn't be mean to this guy. After all, I was the outsider.

"Charlie left it to him," Barby said to Mies. "That's why Terry is working on it."

"Now there was a guy," he said enthusiastically. "What a great driver!"

I glanced sideways at Barby. "He's dead," I said. "There are no great, dead drivers. Only dead, dead ones."

"I read about the way he was killed," Mies said indignantly. "If it hadn't been for that crazy Wallace blowing a tire Charlie never would have been hit."

I looked up at him angrily. "What do you know about—" Then I changed my tone. "He was overdue," I said mildly. "Long overdue." Barby looked as though she might cry, so I didn't say any more.

Mies broke the sharp pause. "How come you're breakin' your neck sellin' auto parts, Evans? There's a lot of dough around here. I'm riding in Chelton on the independent over there. You could get a car easy. I heard some owners say they'd like to get you to ride."

"Independents?" I asked. "You mean outlaw, don't you?"

He flushed. "We call 'em independents. The money ain't marked."

"I'm retired," I said, and he looked at me kind of funny.

THAT Friday night I was at the farm for dinner, and when the dishes were done, I asked Barby, "Are you going over to Chelton to see your boy ride?"

She pretended she didn't hear me say "your boy." "He asked me to, but I told him I didn't know."

"Let's drive over. I'd like to see what happens around here."

Mom Mitchell stared at me. "You wouldn't get in a car and drive, Terry?"

"I never break New Year's resolutions," I said.

On the way to Chelton, a town about eighteen miles from Auburndale, I said to Barby, "Every once in a while I get the unpleasant feeling that I act like too much of a big shot." She looked at me questioningly, so I explained, "Around a guy like Mies, I mean. He resents me like hell, but I can't help it that I was lucky enough to travel with your brother and have a little glory scrape off on me. He thinks I'm big-dealing him when he asks me to drive and I refuse. No matter what I'd say he's sure it's because what he's doing isn't big-time enough for me." I slowed for a curve and continued morosely, "When what I really mean is I wouldn't drive anywhere, any time, for any dough."

"I think he knows that," Barby said.

"No he doesn't," I said.

"Well, I do," she said.

The races at Chelton were held at the high-school stadium that had a big cinder track built originally for kids in spiked shoes but large enough for racing midgets. As an outlaw track it wasn't recognized by any association, and the rules of payment and ethics weren't necessarily observed. The drivers were mostly kids like Mies on the way up or older drivers on the way down racing for gasoline and cake money. It gets pretty rugged on these tracks, because part of the business of staying alive depends on the skill of the other drivers. Get on a track with palookas and your chances skid.

It was after eight o'clock when we arrived. The stands were well filled, and the time trials had already begun. Before taking our seats I stopped by the pits and told an attendant to inform Mies we were there and to wish him luck. I meant it.

This was the first time I'd been on a track since Mitch was killed, and it felt a little like coming home. The same sounds from the crowd, the smell of castor oil, the high-pitched whine of racing motors. I asked Barby if Mitch had ever raced here.

"No, they weren't racing at this track when he started before the war." She looked at me a little queerly. "Worried about ghosts?"

"Just wanted to know," I muttered, and, briefly, she touched my hand.

A few minutes after we arrived, Mies came out for his time trial. Before climbing into his car, a beat-up blue Number 9, he squinted into the lights to try to spot us. We waved, but I don't think he saw us.

I had to admit he handled a car well, getting just about everything possible from that heap. His time was the best and earned him the pole position. In his first heat he won in a breeze, but in the semifinal he had trouble with an old joker whose seamed face was familiar but whose name wasn't, and Mies took a bad second. He was mad.

I said to Barby, "He should never have let that old guy take him on the first turn. That was his one and only mistake."

She grinned. "Kibitzing as a spectator or professional?"

"A strictly disinterested party." I stood up. "I'll get some hot dogs and Cokes."

In the final Mies showed he was not to be fooled with, and he took care of the old driver by crowding him to the outside on a straightaway and then bumping him into a spin on the next turn. I felt sorry for the old driver and vaguely angry at Mies. The old guy probably needed the dough bad. Anyway, when it was over, I told Barby, "Mies is all right, but if he keeps up the way he's doing, he's not long for this world."

"Charlie was like that, wasn't he?"

"Yeah, but Mies is not one tenth the driver your brother was. At twenty-five Mitch copped the Indianapolis. If Mies tried stuff like that on a few drivers I know, he'd wind up with his face as part of the concrete wall."

Barby looked worried, and I suggested we go down to see Mies. I didn't want to, but she seemed eager, so I spent the next half hour listening to a very boring account of how he did it. Then I took Barby home.

The more I thought of Mies the unhappier I got, and for one insane instant, I actually considered getting into a car and showing him the fundamentals. But then I figured maybe he'd show me, so I forgot that. It made me ill to think of driving, anyway. The next time he rode I said I didn't want to go, and Barby went along with him.

I WAS away for over a week, then, and when I got back it was the morning of Mom Mitchell's birthday. Late that afternoon I went into the house and found Barby working over a pan of spuds. "Put on some slacks," I said. "You are about to participate in one of the great events of this or any other century."

"Do you have a hydrogen bomb?"

"No, a motorcycle about to be launched."

She jumped up. "Oh, Terry, does it run?"

"I don't know yet. I want you to be there when I try." She was hurrying for the stairs. "I'll be right out," she called.

I'd wheeled the motorcycle out of the barn, and when she came running from the house I whistled. "Now I know why I fixed this thing: to see you in slacks."

She made a mouth at me. "You should have just asked a long time ago."

The motorcycle wasn't pretty, in spite of my labor of love. It needed a paint job, and wires stuck out here and there where they shouldn't. I straddled the scratched leather seat and twisted the hand choke. "Pray," I told Barby, and she closed her eyes and held up crossed fingers.

I kicked down on the starter and nothing happened. A little harder this time, and the old motor coughed. Grunting with effort I slammed my foot down, and when there was an answering roar I adjusted the choke and throttle on the handles and yelled, "Yippee," and Barby laughed. "Hop on," I called, and we waved to Ed and Mom Mitchell who were watching us with smiles on their faces. When I felt her warm body pressed against my back, I turned to Barby and wiggled a little bit and she made a face. She put her arms around my waist, and with a roar we were off.

Riding a motorcycle is like flying in an open plane, the wind whipping across your body, and your contact with the ground only increases the feeling of speed.

I got that baby up to ninety-three before I got scared and slowed down to a respectable fifty. When we finally got back to the farm, Barby climbed off and laughed in pure joy. "Oh, Terry, that was *wonderful*."

I looked at her animated face, all bright with happiness, and I thought: Barby, how

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I love you when you look like that. Then I turned to the bike and patted it. "Not bad for a great-great-grandma." And we held hands walking into the house.

That night we had a party for Mom, and Mies was present. I had gotten Mom a fancy black slip in Philly, and she was thrilled, saying it was just what she needed. We were eating ice cream and talking about things in general when Tom Mies said, "I hear you got the motorcycle fixed up."

I'd had a couple of old-fashioneds of my own mixing. "Do I detect a sneer in your voice?" I asked him.

"Oh, no," he said. "Just commenting."

"She goes," I bragged. "Really goes. I'll bet—" I realized I was about to say something I would regret and broke off.

But it was too late. A gleam came into his eyes. "Want to try 'er out?"

"How do you mean?" I asked him cautiously.

"I'll bring my Harley over tomorrow. There's an old track a couple of miles from here—used to be a farm where a guy raised trotters. We could have fun."

"I'm not interested," I said shortly.

MIES had been drinking my old-fashioneds too. "Scared?" he asked. And then I got sore, real sore. "Hell, no, I'm not scared." Ed and Mom were shaking their heads violently, but I would show this bum. "I'll race you any time you say."

"Good," Mies said. "I hafta go home now. See you tomorrow, ten o'clock." He said good night all around and left.

Ed said, "Gosh, Terry, you didn't have to do that. We all understand you don't want to race any more." Mom nodded anxiously at me.

"I feel like it," I said. "It just so happens I feel like it." I stood up and started to leave the room. "I want some air."

Barby found me out near the barn. "Terry, why did you do that? You make Mom and Dad feel awfully bad." She rubbed the dirt with her toe. "Charlie used to act like that."

"Gee, Barby," I said, "how much can I take from that punk?"

"That isn't really the reason," she said.

I snapped my cigarette butt to the ground. "So it's not the real reason," I said. "I'm doing it because of you, and don't ask me to explain that, because I can't," and without giving her a chance to say anything, I turned and went to my car.

I didn't sleep too well that night.

When I arrived at the farm at a little after ten the next morning, Mies had already been there for an hour. He was working over his machine, which was bright, shiny and heavy. When he saw me he grinned. "Beginnin' to think you weren't comin'."

Paying no attention to this remark, I nodded sharply to Barby, who was standing a few feet away. Then I disappeared into the barn and emerged a minute or so later wheeling my motorcycle. Next to Mies's it looked a very poor, distant relation. I fueled up at Ed's gas pump, and Barby said, "I'll drive Dad's car over." Mies and I got on our bikes, and we were off.

We left the highway, with Mies leading the way, and rode slowly over a rutted dirt road that took off across a field. I didn't see the track until we were right on it. Actually the track itself was quite smooth, a fact which I discovered after riding over it three times, but the field around it was heavily overgrown. While I was cautiously going over the ground for bumps and holes, Mies stood next to Ed's coupé talking to Barby. I could see by the occasional digs in the dirt that someone had been riding this track recently, and when I pulled up to the car and mentioned the tracks, Mies said, "A couple of us work out now and then here."

I said, "Well, how are we going to work this deal?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Just get going, and at a certain mark, we'll take off, I suppose."

"Okay," I said. "Once around for warmup and position. We'll make the front of the coupé the line, and we'll go around five times." I tried to look disdainful. "We won't bother tossing for position. You can have the inside to start. Good enough?"

"All right." He didn't look too sure of himself this morning, I noted. Maybe he hadn't thought I would actually show up.

Straddling my motorcycle I started moving out. I took a last look at Barby's face. We hadn't said a word to each other all that morning, and she was staring at me.

We went around once slowly, and as we reached the car our front wheels were even. Mies was sitting stiffly in his saddle, and I tried to loosen my own position. At the line both bikes leaped forward as though propelled by an outside force. I had noticed Mies wearing a special shoe on his left foot, the one you drag on the ground when making a turn, and I regretted my own lack of foresight in wearing plain leather ones. Going around the first turn I thought my toes would break off, and he picked up a couple of yards on me.

I wasn't worried. I figured I could take him just about any time I wanted. His cycle was a lot faster than mine, but speed counts only on a long straightaway. In a short run like this over bumpy ground the extra speed doesn't help at all. On the next turn I dragged my heel on the ground and found I got better traction.

Concentrating strictly on my riding, I held my own over the straightaway and managed to pick up the lost yards on the next turn. Then I began to wonder how to pass him. Obviously it would have to be done on one of the turns so I fell back and got right behind him. I guess this got him worried because he kept tossing quick looks back over his shoulder.

"Suffer a while," I thought and I settled to wait until the last lap.

As we passed Barby for the fourth time I started edging up and getting my front wheel as close to the inside as possible. Mies knew what I was doing, all right, and crowded over as far as he could. But I knew that with his heavier machine he wouldn't be able to hold in as tight as I could with mine, and the second he went outside, I would be in like a burglar.

Sure enough, on the south turn he started sliding out, and then I had him. Skidding around into the backstretch all I had to do was put on the speed, and good-by, Mr. Mies.

But, no, I had to be a hero. I had to be the guy to pour salt on the wound. So instead of pulling ahead I stayed even with him and even tossed a nonchalant glance at his angry, determined face. We approached the last turn, and Mies turned in toward me. "You jerk," I remember thinking. "Keep the hell away . . ."

My mind was on Mies, and when I lowered my foot to make the turn, I felt my heel slam against something. A giant hand wrenched me from the saddle, and I began doing slow flips through the air. I knew enough to curl into a little ball, and although my flight couldn't have taken me more than a second or two, it was time enough for me to lecture myself on the fact that I was undoubtedly the world's biggest lumphead, and that led me to wondering just how big a lump on the head I would get when I landed. I began to hope it wouldn't be too bad, and then—crash! Blackout.

I FELT awful. I felt the world going around in sick little circles with flashes of red and white in the background and rumbling sound effects. Then the flashes slowly turned into blue sky; the sound effects were someone saying my name, "Terry, Terry," over and over again. I opened my eyes.

Right above me was Barby's wonderful face, and there were tears in her eyes. Over her shoulder I could see the anxious face of Tom Mies. He said, "Are you all right?"

I didn't know for sure, but I said, "I think so."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm really sorry."

Maybe, I thought, he wasn't such a bad guy after all. "That's all right. You'll go far," I told him, and then I added, "if you live long enough."

"Terry," Barby said again, and her arm was cradled under my neck. "Darling. You didn't have to do anything—I mean, you should have—" She stopped trying to talk and just looked down at me.

I'm an awful fool, I thought. And then I said aloud, "I'm an awful darn' fool," and she was nodding to me and smiling a little now and rubbing her hand lightly over my forehead, and Mies's face was fading off in the distance until I didn't see it any more and didn't even care. THE END

BUTCH

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The Amazing Dr. Sperti

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

could find the component which acted as a cancer suppressor, then they would have the key to the whole riddle.

In the light of then existing knowledge they assumed that the X-factor would be located somewhere in the protein constituents of the extract. However, after exhausting all possibilities, Sperti ran into a complete dead end and reluctantly dropped the project.

But that was only a skirmish in Sperti's fight against cancer. His next campaign was based on a discovery by Nobel prize winner Dr. Otto Warburg of Germany. Like Ehrlich, Warburg was interested in cellular behavior and experimented with many animal tissues to determine oxygen consumption of the cells. He rightly guessed that the cells of rapidly growing embryonic animals would have the greatest oxygen intake, and to prove this he perfected a sensitive device —the manometer—to measure cell respiration precisely. By this method he demonstrated that cells taken from chicken embryos consumed several times as much oxygen as those from mature birds.

Indeed, Dr. Warburg's work suggested that the rate of cellular respiration is a very accurate index of age.

New Theory of Cancer Cause

Then he proceeded to make a study of cancer cells. Since these grow and proliferate very rapidly, he assumed that their oxygen consumption probably would approximate that of embryo cells. To his astonishment, the manometer showed nothing of the sort. Instead, the cancer cells used less than half the oxygen that many normal cells require! This was momentous news indeed—in fact, it was the first real discovery of how cancer cells differ from noncancerous ones—and Warburg pronounced a theory to the effect that a failure of cell respiration probably was the cause of cancer.

This concept was challenged on all sides and a great controversy raged over the validity of Warburg's experiments. In laboratories all over the world parallel tests were run, with conflicting results, and the upshot was that the new theory was widely discredited. But Dr. Sperti refused to join the skeptics. Instead, the Institutum painstakingly repeated Warburg's experiments, validated the findings, then launched original projects.

One thing in particular Dr. Sperti wanted to know: What happens to cells when they die? Do they immediately stop "breathing," or does some oxygen consumption continue? To find out, he exposed test tubes filled with yeast cells to ultraviolet rays for varying lengths of time in order to kill a certain percentage of them. Thus, a three-minute exposure killed 25 per cent of the cells, six minutes killed half of them, and so on. Presumably the oxygen intake would be closely related to these exposure periods, and would correspond to the percentage of live cells surviving in the test tube.

But on the very first experiment the researchers ran into a baffling phenomenon. They exposed yeast cells for six minutes, killing half of them, then made an oxygen-intake reading which showed that the 50 per cent of live cells in the tube now were using *twice* as much oxygen as all the cells had before irradiation. Figuring that there was an error somewhere, they repeated the experiment—and got the same inexplicable result. Over and over, using different strains of yeast and different exposure periods, the researchers labored to find some fundamental flaw in their procedure. But, in the end, there was only one possible conclusion: The dying yeast cells gave off some substance which enormously stimulated the "breathing" of the surviving cells.

It soon was discovered that when an entire batch of cells was killed, oxygen consumption dropped to zero. But add these cells to a batch of living ones and their respiration rate is doubled or tripled. Dead cells alone, however, are completely inert and have no effect on respiration.

The Sperti research team proved this by placing yeast in a liquid solution, irradiating it with a lethal exposure, and then filtering out the dead cells. They mixed the cells with fresh yeast and measured the respiration—no change from normal. But when the cell-free fluid was added, the fresh yeast cells instantly reacted with a fantastic increase of respiration. Here was absolute, final proof that injured or dying cells discharge something which acts as a powerful tonic on normal cells; here, perhaps, was a clue to the mystery of wound healing, and the way in which the body repairs damaged tissue.

Now Sperti had the answer to the failure of his effort to find the active X-factor in his old mouse-spleen mixtures. By concentrating on the proteins he unwittingly had

"I wish you wouldn't always adopt a financial attitude toward the price of things!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

ignored the real source of the tumor-suppressing agent. Armed with fresh knowledge, the I.D.T. researchers swung back to their earlier work and commenced the years of animal experimentation which led eventually to the successful treatment of human skin cancers and to the present striking results with internal cancer in rabbits.

Along the way, the researchers made numerous incidental discoveries, of which the most interesting probably was the biodyne burn ointment. This was found by accident, when a flask of ether exploded one day in the Cincinnati laboratory, seriously burning one of the nuns. It happened that a batch of cell extract had been prepared in the form of salve for use in skin cancer experiments and, since this was the first thing at hand, fellow researchers smeared it over the nun's burned skin. To the surprise of everyone present, her pain let up immediately, and she made an uncommonly fast recovery with no scars remaining afterward.

Later the ointment was tried out by many doctors, and is credited with having saved several lives. During the war the Royal Canadian Air Force used it extensively in the treatment of the most extreme cases of fliers who were burned by flaming gasoline after crashes. The I.D.T. has a gruesome file of before-and-after photographs showing perfect recovery from these worst of all burns. The material was not released, however, because the R.C.A.F. was afraid it might have a bad effect on enlistments, which are voluntary.

So, today, Dr. Sperti apparently stands within striking distance of one solution to the cancer problem—or at least as close to it as anyone has come. Whether he can travel the rest of the way is anybody's guess; certainly the end is not going to be reached tomorrow or the day after. For one thing, the cause of cancer remains unknown, although Dr. Sperti told the Third International Cancer Congress (in 1939) that: "It seems clear . . . cancer-causing agents have the power to injure large numbers of cells, and to keep them injured over a prolonged period of time, resulting in the secretion of a large quantity of growth-factor and an unbalance in metabolism. This, we feel, may be the cause of cancer."

Also unknown is the precise manner in which the organ extracts act on cancerous growths. "We don't know whether they affect the cancer cells directly," says Dr. Sperti. "Or whether they possibly set up some extra activity in normal cells to combat the cancerous ones."

But with its basic work completed, the Institutum now is free to concentrate on one of the greatest chemical hunts in history—the isolation of the X-factor in the animal extracts so that internal human cancer someday may be treated by simple injections. Since the early days, the researchers have progressively refined and concentrated their preparations so that effective dosages today are much smaller than they were a decade ago. Nevertheless, they still are much too large for human use, except in the skin cancer work, and it is unlikely that they can be reduced further until and unless the active principle is found.

The man who has guided this research—and whose personal efforts and inventions have paid for much of it—is something of a Horatio Alger hero in the world of science. George Sperti was born just fifty years ago in the town of Covington, Kentucky, where his Italian immigrant father earned a modest living as a tailor. He says he made a horrible record in the Covington public schools, but young George enrolled in the University of Cincinnati, just across the Ohio River, and was destined to become internationally famous while still a student concentrating on electrical engineering.

The Engineering School operated on a cooperative principle, with students alternating between 10 weeks of class work and an equal period spent in the field on a variety of industrial jobs related in one way or another in their academic programs. Sperti's field job was in the meter department of the Union Gas & Electric Company, where he spent part of his time repairing defective meters in the shop, and the rest reading meters in Cincinnati households.

Wanted: a Reliable Meter

One problem confronting the electric industry was the lack of an accurate meter for measuring power consumption by factories and other large users. The home meters were efficient enough, but no one had built a satisfactory industrial meter; the newest and best model available had a variable error as high as 15 per cent.

Though some of the best scientific minds in the country had tried to eliminate this error, young Sperti brashly told his shop superintendent that he intended to construct a foolproof, accurate meter. This announcement failed to blow any fuses in the Union Gas & Electric Company, but the superintendent did agree to let Sperti rummage through the scrap heap and take any old meter parts he might find.

Sperti managed to salvage some material from this source, but improvised most of his parts, and had no money to buy even the simplest tools. His mainstay was an old hack-saw blade, wrapped around with friction tape at one end to serve as a handle. With this makeshift implement he cut thin strips of aluminum from the handle of a discarded saucepan, and used them as conductor bars; finally shaped a base for the meter from Mrs. Caroline Sperti's breadboard.

At length came the day when Sperti unwrapped his meter at the Union Gas & Electric Company and set it up for testing. Up to this point, everything had been in the boy-inventor tradition—poverty, homemade parts, burning conviction, anxious parents. To make it perfect, the first test should have been a failure, with Sperti crushed but determined to start all over again. It was something of an anticlimax when the meter functioned perfectly at the initial trial.

The pay-off was that Westinghouse Electric bought Sperti's invention for about $30,000, and overnight the humble tailor's son became a national celebrity.

Turned Down Many Good Jobs

Following the sale to Westinghouse, Sperti had his pick of dozens of impressive jobs, but elected to stay on at the university, and after graduating he accepted a modest fellowship with a tiny stipend. Then, at the ripe old age of twenty-five, he was named director of the university's Basic Science Research Laboratory and kept the post for 10 years. Sperti staffed his lab with bright young men, insisted that instead of specializing in separate fields they operate as a team and tackle each research problem from several directions simultaneously.

During this period Sperti first became engrossed with cancer research, and from his early experiments grew his second major invention—in this case not a machine, but a process. He then was investigating the effects of various kinds of radiations on cancer cells, hoping to discover an X-ray wave length which would have a specific effect on cancer without affecting normal tissue.

This turned out to be hopeless because of the almost infinite number of wave lengths to work with, and Sperti abandoned his original objective. But meantime he had learned much about radiation in general, and particularly about irradiation of foods to increase their vitamin-D content. The method then was to bombard foodstuffs with massive radiations covering the entire ultraviolet spectrum. This actually destroyed vitamin D, and made many irradiated foods unpalatable; milk, for example, lost all its natural flavor and ended up tasting like overdone beefsteak.

Sperti discovered that vitamins were produced by a narrow band of rays; rays outside this band were responsible for the flavor deterioration. It was simple for him to find a way to filter out all the harmful rays and leave only the vitamin producers —simple, but no one had thought of it before, and General Foods bought the process for $300,000. This money Sperti turned over to the university, to further the work of the laboratory.

Even this gift (and Sperti made many others) was insufficient to maintain large-scale research and, during the depression, the lab was starving for lack of funds. Meantime, Sperti had been working with the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, late Archbishop of Cincinnati, on plans for creating a graduate school of scientific research to be a unit in a federation of Catholic educational institutions known as the Athenaeum of Ohio.

Apart from wanting to establish a new center for advanced education and research, the archbishop wished to give a rebuttal to the perennial argument that science and religion are incompatible; specifically, that a man cannot be a good scientist and a good Catholic simultaneously. This was in line with a pronouncement by Pope Pius XI that: ". . . the church blesses and fosters every healthy initiative and has no fear of the progress, even the most daring progress, of science, if only it be true science."

Thus, in 1935, came into being the unique Institutum Divi Thomae. It was named in

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honor of Saint Thomas Aquinas, famed scholar and educator of the thirteenth century, and was organized along the lines of a medieval seat of learning, with students and teachers all working and living together in a semicommunal relationship. However, there is nothing medieval about the curriculum.

The I.D.T. is one of the world's toughest schools to enter, with only about 25 students handpicked from hundreds of applicants throughout the world. The academic year lasts 11 months and work is practically continuous, with mealtime discussions often turning into three-hour seminars and dormitory bull sessions devoted to subjects like conic sections and the nature of gamma rays. To get a master's degree, an I.D.T. student must publish several original papers in recognized scientific journals, while for a doctorate he must write and have published a monograph and several additional papers bearing on his major field of research.

The casual visitor to the Institutum invariably is struck by the sight of demure nuns manipulating laboratory apparatus, husky priests with rolled-up sleeves manufacturing precision equipment in the machine shop; generally he assumes that the school is exclusively for Catholics. While under Catholic auspices, and partly supported by the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, the I.D.T. is nonsectarian. Head director Sperti is a devout Catholic, but research director Dr. Elton S. Cook is a Congregationalist, and both the teaching staff and the students are about evenly divided between Catholics and non-Catholics.

"There are no distinctions here," says Dr. Sperti. "If a man or woman is qualified for our work, we don't consider religion, race, national origin or anything else. We are all scientists, and science knows no personal discriminations."

The one exception is that the Institutum will not knowingly hire or admit an atheist. "I respect the right of the individual to believe—or nonbelieve—in atheism," says Sperti. "But I don't want to work with an atheist, because I feel that a man who denies God is not, and cannot be, a true scientist."

Physically the Institutum is a mere toy compared to the big industrial and university research centers, and visitors marvel that so much significant work has been done in such cramped quarters. Cincinnati headquarters consists of two congested laboratory buildings, an administration building, and a fourth building containing lecture rooms, the library, faculty offices and additional laboratory space.

Gambling Club Is Now a Lab

Elsewhere the I.D.T. has an animal farm for breeding experimental mice, rats and rabbits, and in Palm Beach it maintains a marine biological laboratory located in the late Colonel E. R. Bradley's Oasis Club, once an ultraexclusive gambling establishment. The Institutum didn't seek out these opulent surroundings on purpose, but settled there because Colonel Bradley made a gift of the property. While the working schedule in Palm Beach is fully as rigorous as in Cincinnati, an assignment there is considered something of a holiday, and the I.D.T. tries to let everyone spend time in Florida.

Besides carrying on its own teaching and research activities, the Institutum initiates and supervises outside projects in some 15 small cottages and hospitals all over the country, and publishes a monthly progress report, called the Chronicle, which coordinates the separate undertakings in the affiliated laboratories. Thus, about 200 skilled researchers constantly are at work on various phases of the Institutum's major program.

I.D.T. annually spends about $200,000. A fraction comes from the Cincinnati Archdiocese, another fraction from private donations, rarely totaling over $50,000 annually. The remainder comes from the profits of Sperti, Inc., a holding company comprising a strange and wonderful assortment of enterprises, including the well-known Sperti sun lamps, ultraviolet germicidal devices and similar equipment; the Rookwood Potteries of Cincinnati, famed makers of fine ceramics; Schock, Gusmer Company of Hoboken, New Jersey, a leading U.S. manufacturer of brewery apparatus.

Another subsidiary—Sperti Foods—is one of the world's largest producers of yeast for enrichment of animal feeds, and soon will manufacture primary vitamin B_{12} for human consumption. At present it is readying a new frozen orange juice concentrate for national distribution.

Sperti, Inc., also manufactures a burn ointment and a variety of cosmetics.

Research Aided by Products

At first glance this hodgepodge of businesses seems to make little sense, but as a matter of fact practically all the Sperti products are related in one way or another to the I.D.T. research program. For instance, the Sperti sun lamp evolved from the early work with selective radiation of foods; and the ointment and cosmetics contain active ingredients that are offshoots of the basic cancer research. Even the brewery equipment company has a logical place in the picture, since it was acquired mainly for the purpose of giving Sperti, Inc., an entree to the brewing industry, in order to obtain certain superrich strains of brewers' yeast for experimental purposes.

The yeast strains (many brought over from European breweries decades ago) are the most jealously guarded possessions of every brewing company and, as an outsider, Sperti, Inc., had no chance of getting the desired samples. However, by becoming part of the industry via Schock, Gusmer Company it has been able to get all the yeast it needs.

The Institutum-Sperti, Inc., relationship admittedly is unusual for a scientific research body, but then the I.D.T. itself is like no other school of its kind in the U.S., and Dr. George Sperti makes no apology. "I don't think that pure research loses any of its purity by supporting itself," he says.

But the most remarkable thing of all about the I.D.T. is Dr. Sperti himself. Had he taken the profits from his inventions for himself he now would be a very wealthy man, and even with the usual salary of an executive guiding an operation the size of Sperti, Inc., he would be more than well-to-do. Yet his only income is an annual honorarium of about $5,000 for serving as a consultant to the company, and he regularly contributes about half this sum to the general funds of the I.D.T.

Sperti's life is one of abstemious simplicity. A bachelor, he lives with his aged mother and sister, Mildred, on a farm near Cincinnati when not in residence at the Institutum, and his chief problem seems to be keeping a fishpond on the place properly stocked. Mildred Sperti, also unmarried, works for I.D.T. as a secretary, and George Sperti wishes he had more relatives to hire, "Because you don't have to pay them so much," he explains.

Fishing and horseback riding are Sperti's main recreations, and occasionally he goes off on yachting trips with some of the Palm Beach tycoons who are interested in the Institutum. Otherwise he is completely dedicated to the cause of science.

Apparently such dedication is an excellent physical tonic, for at fifty Sperti could pass easily for thirty-five. His face is serene and unlined, his eyes clear and candid, his voice persuasively rich and warm, his manner relaxed and urbane. It is impossible to imagine him being ruffled by anything, under any circumstances, although he can become almost incandescent with excitement over the contents of a lab test tube or the readings on a Warburg manometer. He is equally at home on the fantail of a millionaire's yacht and in the solemn conclaves of the world's most learned men.

As a friend succinctly puts it: "I often think that George Sperti is the happiest man alive." THE END

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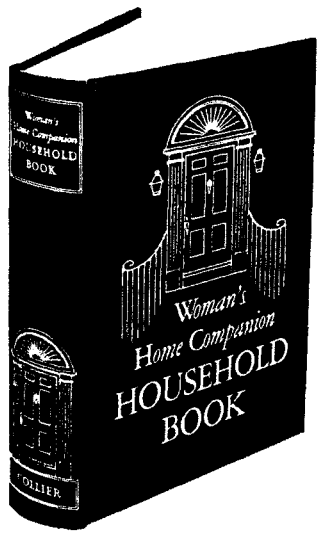

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ROCCO PADULO, JR.

Keep the Change, Lady

WE OFTEN HEAR IT SAID that gambling is natural and instinctive. We hear the argument that there is no sense in trying to destroy an instinct by legal prohibition. And we say, "Well, maybe so." But we still object to scenes like the one pictured above.

The picture was taken, secretly and hastily, in a La Salle, Illinois, cigar store. It shows a factory worker's wife who had finished her grocery shopping and had dropped in at this store to invest her change in a "game of chance." Maybe there wasn't much change in the first place. But when she left, the one-armed bandit had it all.

This photograph doesn't represent an isolated case history. Gordon Schendel told of some similar incidents, and several worse ones, in his Collier's series, Illinois Shakedown (April 15th–22d). The situation isn't confined to Illinois, either, although that state has the unsavory distinction of harboring more slots than any other. Since Mr. Schendel's articles appeared, Governor Stevenson's administration has smashed slightly more than 300 of Illinois' estimated 20,000 slot machines. If this is the beginning of an all-out drive on the slots, and only if it is, we commend the governor on his somewhat belated crusade.

We're not what you would call fanatical on the subject of gambling. We don't get indignant when some playboy drops a few thousand at a plushy joint in Reno or Las Vegas. Our heart doesn't bleed when a guy who can afford it loses a large head of lettuce at the track. But we hate to see suckers feeding the family budget to the slots.

Strictly speaking, slot machines aren't even gambling devices. The odds aren't mathematical, as in poker or dice. They're mechanical. The slots are coin traps, rigged so that over the long haul—and usually over the short one—you can't win.

We don't like them. We don't like their ready availability in too many places. We doubly don't like the conscienceless characters who grow fat on housewives' nonexpendable nickels and dimes. And we equally dislike the political laxity and corruption that let the racket thrive.

Congress has passed a law forbidding the transportation of slot machines in interstate and foreign commerce. But that doesn't get rid of the slots now in operation, or the new ones that probably can be bootlegged in wherever they are welcome. It isn't Congress' business to do that, anyway. The solution is up to the citizens of communities and states where these machines flourish illegally.

Citizens can't fight the gambling syndicates directly. But they can elect officials who promise honesty, and they can keep an eye on them to see that they live up to the promise. It isn't an impossible civic task. And if it's done properly, it can make a lot of families richer, and a lot of racketeers poorer, by hundreds of millions of dollars in small change.

A 'Right' That's Wrong

THIS IS OUR TWO CENTS' WORTH on a much chawed-over subject: the "right" of dues-paying baseball fans to insult the players, and the players' "duty" to respect that "right."

The subject comes up almost every season when some athlete gets fed up with the insults and retaliates. This year Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox has been a prominent culprit. Ted made two errors during a double-header, and the fans took exception to his performance. Whereupon Ted so forgot himself as to make "obscene gestures of derision"—to quote Dan Daniel of the New York World-Telegram and Sun, who was quoting somebody else—in the direction of the stands.

Mr. Daniel was plainly incensed. "Williams," he wrote, "never has accepted the law of the ball park, which says that the customers always are right. They may hoot and they may boo. But the object of their ire or derision must throttle his feelings."

We aren't defending Williams' "obscene gestures" when we suggest that this so-called law of the ball park is cockeyed. For the fans don't always stop with hooting and booing, as Mr. Daniel well knows. Under stress of emotion some of them can become articulate and specific. They can, and frequently do, speculate in detail on a player's character and personal habits, his parentage and his more remote ancestry.

Sometimes they forsake words for action. This writer was at a game in Cleveland, back in 1940, when two overwrought spectators dropped a crate of vegetables—crate and all—onto the head of Williams' teammate, Mr. Birdie Tebbetts, then with the Detroit Tigers. The blow throttled Mr. Tebbetts' feelings temporarily by knocking him out. But, as we recall it, he caught up with these two customers later, under the stands. We can't blame him for rejecting the law of the ball park on account of an aching noggin.

Ted Williams, to get back to more recent history, is paid in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year. He gets that kind of dough because he is one of the game's greatest hitters and because he can field his position without getting skulled, even though he boots one now and then.

Williams isn't paid in six figures because he holds the American League record for throttling emotions. Nor does he get a bonus for being an example and an inspiration to American youth.

The front office pays off on certain specialized skills which have nothing to do with Spartan fortitude or Christian forbearance. Some very good players have been very bad boys, according to the rulebook of strict ethics.

There seems to be a tendency among some copy-hungry sports journalists to exaggerate the athletes' influence on public behavior. We think the average fan pays his money to see a ball game. He may find a momentary sense of superiority by booing his muscular and financial betters, and there's nothing wrong with that. But any "law of the ball park" should impose a few curbs on the spectators as well as the performers.

If the customer in the stands could somehow be made to realize that his rain check is not a license to indulge in personal insult and mayhem, we believe that untoward incidents on the field would cease to be a problem or a source of outraged indignation in the press box.

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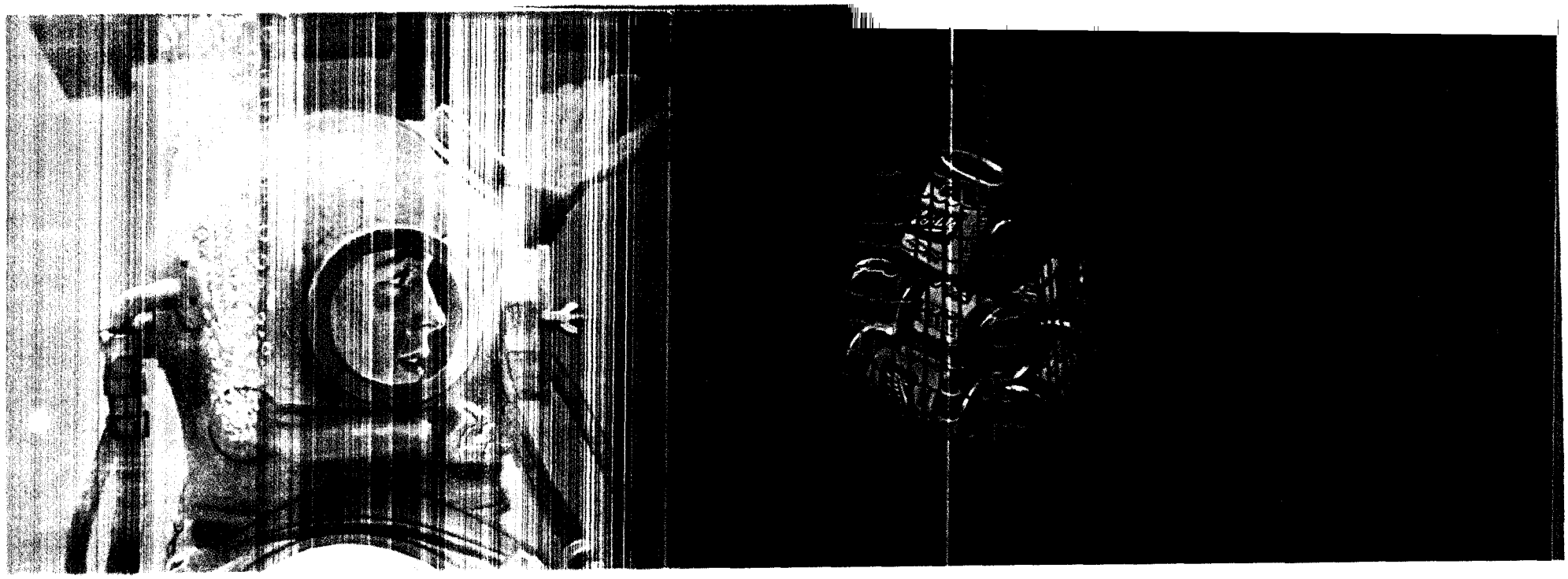

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